

THE ATLANTIC REPORT

ON THE WORLD TODAY



Rome

ITALY has suddenly come of age. It was a solemn ordeal, of which people were acutely conscious. Unlike an American campaign, the rostrum was silent the week before the June 2 plebiscite, but the people themselves took up the argument; in every square, far into the night, there was the nearest thing to a forum Italy has ever experienced. It was Union Square multiplied by ten thousand. Opponents brought together by chance disagreed fluently; but there was scrupulous courtesy and at worst some good-natured chaffing.

Wandering through the streets of Florence on that unforgettable first night after the proclamation of the Republic, one could realize the depth of the pent-up feelings and hopes which had been awaiting release. Shops and windows were festooned with greenery wreaths, with colored-paper knots, stars, streamers, and flowers arranged with unstudied grace, with dolls and bright silverware put out in surrealistic simplicity, with floodlit vegetable displays in national colors. Old flyspecked prints of Garibaldi, Mazzini, and Risorgimento battles were brought out of back rooms into the light of day.

Between the orderly voting and the final proclamation of the Republic there had been an ugly moment. Of what happened behind the scenes during those strange days the American press seems to have taken little notice, although the crisis in Rome was far more serious than that in Naples. The King was willing at first to take ill fortune with good grace. But as it became clearer that there was a substantial number of disputable ballots, court circles took heart and asked for a second referendum. Meanwhile they began talking about the feasibility of a *coup de force*.

The prudent decision of the Supreme Court not to proclaim the Republic as official at the meeting staged for this purpose on June 10 was a surprise

even to the Cabinet but became partially explainable when it was known that someone had warned the justices that in the event they were on the wrong side they would be the first to be executed.

The inner circle

In all these emergency machinations the King himself did not take the initiative. The leading role was played by that inner circle existing in all royal courts but which to modern Americans would seem to be a tale of the times of Marie Antoinette. Yet such circles have played a decisive role in many contemporary crises, including the British abdication in 1936. In Italy they brought Mussolini to power in 1922 and then deposed him in 1943.

What are such circles made of? Added to the confidential advisers are retired die-hards, jurists, generals, admirals, key men of the Army Intelligence, military aristocrats, feudal landlords, and a small knot of senior political figures closely tied up with the traditional order. One should not forget certain titled ladies with extensive connections, handling the country's problems as they do their own family affairs, who have been gadflies and busybodies in many Italian political adventures, especially in the Spanish intervention in 1936. Of all these figures, only the Minister of the Royal Household had any constitutional responsibility.

This group of monarchists had brought intrigue and propaganda to a feverish pitch during the week preceding the elections. A large part of the middle classes, people who would have backed impeachment of the monarchy a few months before, had been worked into a panic and went around warning others not to "jump in the dark." They were persuaded by now that if the Republic became a reality they would lose their jobs, their eyes would be gouged out, and their daughters would be handed to the multitude.



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The monarchists worked up the frenzy sedulously. Knighthoods and crosses were distributed in quantity; grave threats were circulated in certain other quarters. Ex-Fascist bigwigs with followers who had hitherto merely sulked against the monarchy for its "betrayal" in 1943 now openly rallied to the cause and went around prophesying "the end of the interlude" and mass anti-Fascist executions. They were backed by irresponsible court groups pressing hard on the King to "reassert authority" and break once and for all the power of the upstart common people.

This was a strange contrast to Humbert's avowed and probably sincere wish of becoming a socialist King in the Scandinavian pattern, but the handicaps of a dynasty are not all on the surface.

Monarchy versus the people

Then there was the presence of the British, aloof but extremely visible in the display of military means, and it was understood by both factions that if they came to blows, the occupant would restore law and order — on the side of the monarchy.

Both sides played their cards accordingly. De Gasperi, the Prime Minister, was visibly wavering. At this critical juncture it was the people who saved the situation. The huge creature which had lain apathetic for years, bewildered and stunned by so many changes, disgusted by politicians and liberators alike, now gathered itself together, and the more it was belabored by the scarehead monarchist propaganda, the more it began to know its own mind.

There were parades, hundreds of thousands strong, almost frightening in discipline and compactness. National symbols and patriotic anthems showed that the people had decided not to provoke civil war.

The court group had been banking to the last minute on the *carabinieri* and parachute battalions with the backing of the Navy and grenadier regiments for a swift coup. De Gasperi was courting death when he went to challenge them legally at the Royal Palace on the evening of June 11; but the next day it was clear that the end had come.

The armed forces had not responded. The police force, the faithful *carabinieri*, even the cuirassiers of the palace guard, went on taking orders from the government. The British were backing out and so was the Pope. The Left by now had grown confident of its organization and was prepared to counter force with force. The fleeting chance of the monarchy had disintegrated. During the night of June 12 the British themselves advised Humbert to go. The next day the King took a plane Lisbonward.

Today the whole monarchy issue is a thing of the past. The vague fears and inhibitions which caused

so many to vote monarchist against their professed ideals have yielded to stable reality; forces which gathered around the throne in a last effort are now scattered, resigned to the new order of things.

The South and the North

The monarchists had always known that they would have Northern and Central Italy against them. They had even thought for the moment of splitting the South away, but it was really Southern Italy that let them down: there the percentage in their favor was 65 instead of the expected 85.

The attachment of the South to the House of Savoy does not spring from ancient fealty (this, if at all, should have been the case in Piedmont, which actually voted against the monarchy), but from a deep-seated apprehension of having the machinery of government wrested from it by a politically more advanced North. The monarchy seemed to provide a stable frame for the feudal clients and bureaucratic mandarins from the South who fill the Italian administration, while the Southern masses have their own reasons for fearing economic control by the North, which to them used to mean big tariffs and high prices.

Such is the background of the much overplayed riots in Naples, in which a few people were killed and a number of republican priests stripped and dosed with castor oil. Actually, in the political melee the Christian Democrats came out on top, but the Church hierarchy seems to have taken some hard knocks.

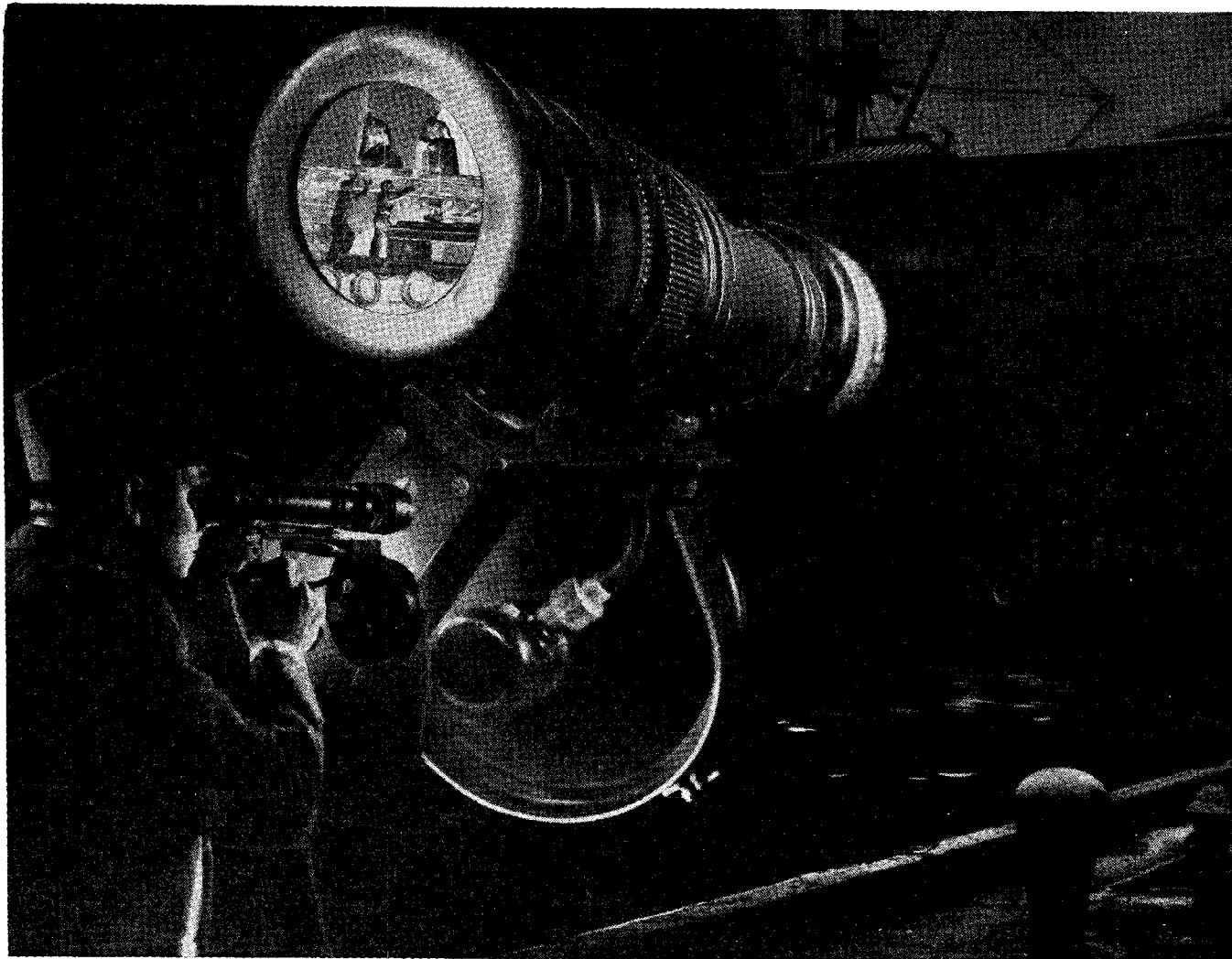
The bishops had committed themselves from the start. Instructions were tightened throughout Italy, as they were also in France, in favor of the Right. Of hundreds of parish priests in Rome, only five had voiced republican opinions, and these five were called in by the Vatican *ad audiendum verbum*.

Turin and Trieste

The new Republic came in under difficult and painful auspices. It is as if the Big Three had timed their decisions so as to make it bear the penalty of all the crimes of the monarchy. The Italians have learned only now what they are to lose. The French border corrections seem to have meant only petty aggravation, but there is more to the situation than meets the eye.

Turin now stands under the threat of being wiped off the map by the flood from the Mont Cenis Dam. It is really being held by the throat. But what has sent the Italians into agonies of hurt feelings is Trieste. It is not a matter of sound reason but of sentiment.

Trieste had been built up as a holy city of Italian patriotism for three generations. Hundreds of thou-



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sands died during the First World War to free it from the foreign yoke — and now the city is again detached and turned into another precarious Danzig. The clumsy horse-trading at Paris has sent the Italians into another tailspin of frantic nationalist emotion which affords a welcome escape from their past guilt and need of self-criticism.

As for the press, which might help them to find their bearings, it is now nine-tenths controlled by rightist money. The trained seals of the fascist propaganda section, who have been put back to run it, are only too happy to mix hurt innocence, a persecution complex, and anti-Allied abuse in an unending stream of rhetoric.

Reconstruction begins

Despite such adverse circumstances, and thanks to the ancient soundness of the people, the Republic has weathered its first storm creditably. New "influences" are not quite sure where the new fulcrums of power are going to appear and they are sparring cautiously for position.

The general pattern, as in France, is tripartite: Catholics, Socialists, and Communists, in that order. This division lends itself to dangerous stalemates, but the responsible men are showing for the present a remarkable team spirit. They know that the time has come at last, after what seemed an interminable paralysis, when something has to be done.

There is reconstruction to be accomplished; there is a state to be reorganized, waste and confusion to be stopped, and a budget to be balanced. Money for this work can come only from the pockets of the rich.

Wealth and taxes

The rich, who have come through the war and defeat unscathed, see the danger clearly. But with the breaking up of the old order, they are temporarily at a loss. During this transition period there is still a chance for the electorate to push through essential financial measures. The stabilization of the lira and budget balancing would entail the raising of taxes from a present 11 per cent to an over-all 22, which approximates our own, with a steeply rising scale for large incomes, because the little man is already taxed to capacity.

The rich in Italy have never been willing to pay more than token taxes. They cannot rouse another Fascism, so they are casting around for support, but the tides have turned against them, at least for the time being, even that of business opinion, for not everybody is a landholder living off the black market.

If half the money now frozen in banks were circulating on short-term credit, the whole reconstruction could be financed in five years' time. That is why

the conservatives are in a weak position. The group to whom the rich would look most naturally are the Christian Democrats, but these, while conservative by nature, cannot forget that they are also the mass party — and a new one which must establish a position with the people.

But the party suffers from the traditional handicaps of Catholic parties: timidity, uninspiring conformism, mediocrity of leaders, and avidity of moral and intellectual control which defeats itself with tiresome regularity. It is also unreliable in emergencies, as it showed recently by standing up for the republican ticket and then allowing or even encouraging most members to vote monarchist.

Many people must have thought along these lines, for one notices the tendency among property owners and retainers to enter the Socialist Party with the avowed hope of weighting the right wing and thus splitting the party.

The European compromise

It is a recurrent characteristic of Europe that the moderate Socialists, who are about the only democrats in our sense of the term, effect a compromise with the upper classes out of a desire for evolutionary policies and out of a fear of a class war with its ensuing civil tragedy. But the upper classes have never been willing to play ball and start a new deal. Thus the Social Democrats appear doomed always to compromise and then to be ground up as in Germany. Today the French Socialists under Blum are going the same way.

An additional reason for the moderates' weakness in the Latin countries lies in the tendency of the big bureaucratic middle class to hang on to the rich (who are now draining their blood through the black market) for the sake of protecting their puny privileges and for strength against the workers. It is this middle class which is pushed around to shift the political balance.

So the old fight goes on, but the setup has changed somewhat and a step forward has been taken. Many industrialists and top business organizers have found that they could establish a working arrangement with the Communists in order to break this obtuse stand-pattism.

On their side the Communists, who are not strong enough to inspire intelligent fear, and who will become leaders of the Left by default, have shrewdly shelved class war and are moving in the direction of a managerial setup in which their intellectual and organizational gifts would be given the key role. There will be interesting new developments even in the atmosphere of foreign control and enforced bureaucratic order.

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Berlin

THE Allied Control Council in Berlin moves cautiously about its business, marking time while Washington, London, Moscow, and Paris maneuver their differing approaches to the imperative question of German reunification. Is it to be a Germany reunified in accordance with the proposals of the Soviet Union — a strong, highly centralized, re-integrated Reich? Or a Germany loosely federated, as the Americans desire? Or something midway between these two, as the British think wise? Or a Germany whittled down still further, as Holland and Denmark would have it?

Across the Rhine, General de Gaulle has unfolded his plan for controlling Germany. There is no doubt in *his* mind about the proper solution of the German question. He would split the ancient foe into eight or ten regional, self-governing groups, each running its own affairs, all denied access forever to the essential industrial bases on the Rhine which have powered repeated westward invasions.

Soviet policy as proclaimed favors the idea of a strong German nation. Political and economic tactics alike support this. The Russian-licensed press in Berlin, for instance, has been devoting liberal space to the theme since late spring, when Russia's policy began to shift from rigor to moderation. And there has been harsh criticism of the French attitude toward the Ruhr and Rhineland.

But the Communist party line also includes a persistent attack on American zone-merging proposals. Is it Moscow's view that unification can be achieved while the division into zones of occupation is retained? On this point she collides with the Americans and with the British. Molotov's strictures on the Western Allies for delaying administrative unification should be taken with a grain of salt. Immediate unification would not give the Russians

time to collect even a substantial portion of the \$10,000,000,000 in reparations they are claiming from German production.

Moscow's policy of stripping plants for reparations in the form of machinery and raw materials, pursued rigorously from the moment her armies slugged their way into German territory, underwent a change in May. By that time there were, according to British estimates, fewer than 4000 important industrial plants left intact in the Russian zone. A little-noted statement from Berlin intimated that the program for reparations in machinery in the Russian zone was practically completed.

At the end of May the Americans refused to ship to Russia any more of the dismantled industrial equipment called for by the Potsdam Agreement, because of Russian failure to ship west, under the stipulations of the Agreement, some of the abundant food supplies in her own zone. This impasse, of course, is not final. It has not prevented successful negotiation of specific bilateral trade pacts between the two zones, which involve very substantial business.

Putting the Germans to work

The importance of the dispute is that it marks a definite turning point in Russia's policy in Germany. While each side was accusing the other of violating the Potsdam Agreement, Russia proceeded to rehabilitate German production in the territory she controls. There was a serious gap between the production schedules she had laid down and the performance of industries listed for the production of reparations goods. When this was apparent, she halted all further removals of machine equipment. Shortages of raw materials (the other cause of falling production) were corrected by orders forbidding removal of needed materials.



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The many trans-

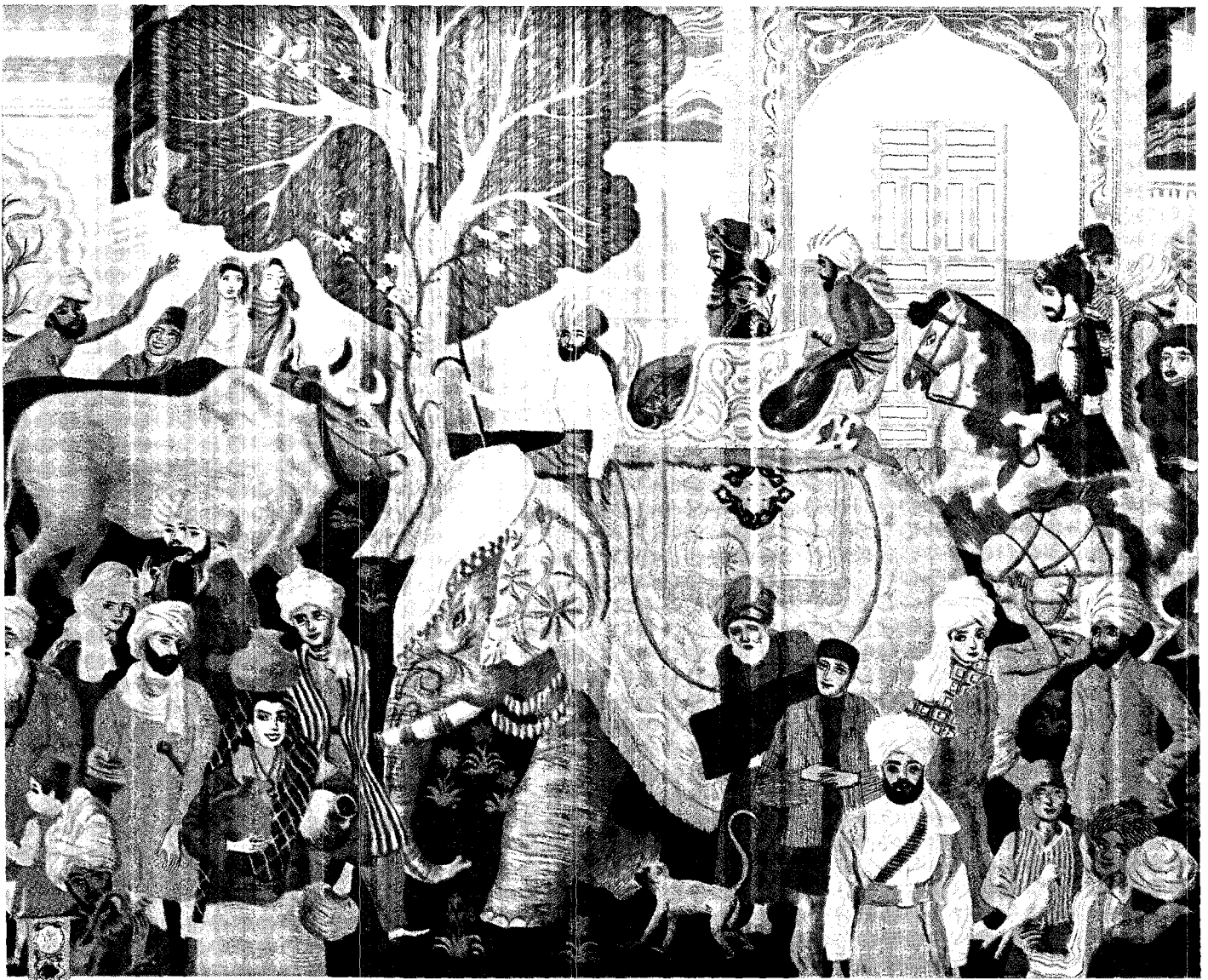
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For 75 years America's link with the Orient...
AMERICAN PRESIDENT LINES

Since mid-June, the Russians have given every assistance to swell production in their zone, whether in credit facilities or in promises of raw materials from the Soviet Union. Liberalization of food rations aims at improving the morale of the workmen. Full employment is enforced by skillful tactics which utilize the freezing of credits to force people to work, and by the extension of liberal new credits to spur production, particularly of goods the Russians want. Germans selected for administrative or executive positions receive special privileges.

How to win friends in Saxony

The recent plebiscite in Saxony deserves particular notice. It illustrates how Russian methods of production speed-up are tied into a political policy of cultivating popularity with a skill we should not underestimate. Some 500 business enterprises in that Russian-directed province were at a standstill. The owners, when the Russians arrived, were either notorious Nazis or were listed as war criminals. Technically, the plants had been confiscated. Actually, they had ceased to operate.

Working through the provincial authorities — all hand-picked, of course — the Russians placed this question before the voting public in the form of a plebiscite. It was proposed that Nazism should be punished, but at the same time the "little man" was to be helped. The program was that certain of these enterprises should be nationalized and run for the benefit of the province, while others should be sold, the proceeds going to a fund to help the bombed out, the crippled, and the destitute.

The proposal for the plebiscite was received with enthusiasm by every political party and group in Saxony, including not only the Communists but the Christian Democrats on the extreme right as well. The vote was so close to unanimity that it has been taken as a policy guide for the whole zone.

In this way the apathy and indifference that marked the German attitude earlier are being displaced by an awakening of energies. Deep-seated fear of the Russians is being skillfully exorcised, but it is still a factor in German coöperation in the economic program. Industry is unquestionably building up. Though the bulk of production is utilized as reparations, for delivery to the Soviet Union, a gradually increasing margin is left to meet domestic needs in Germany, especially in scarce essential consumer goods. This is an added incentive.

The British and Americans pay and pay

Meantime the efforts of the Americans and the British in their respective zones prosper less. This is not our fault, but the consequences to the German mentality in western Germany are nevertheless serious. The clearest illustration of the contrast

is that the Russians make their zone pay, whereas British taxpayers are compelled to pour approximately 84,000,000 pounds sterling into the British zone to meet the annual deficit there, while Americans are paying a similar deficit to the tune of \$200,000,000 a year.

The Russian zone, predominantly agricultural, with industries occupying a secondary though important place, can feed itself. The western zones, occupied by the British and the Americans, cannot. For the British zone is an enormous industrial concentration with a totally inadequate agricultural base, when considered from the standpoint of self-sufficiency. As for the American zone, its mid-summer harvests have produced only about 50 per cent of the food required to feed this most populous region in all Germany.

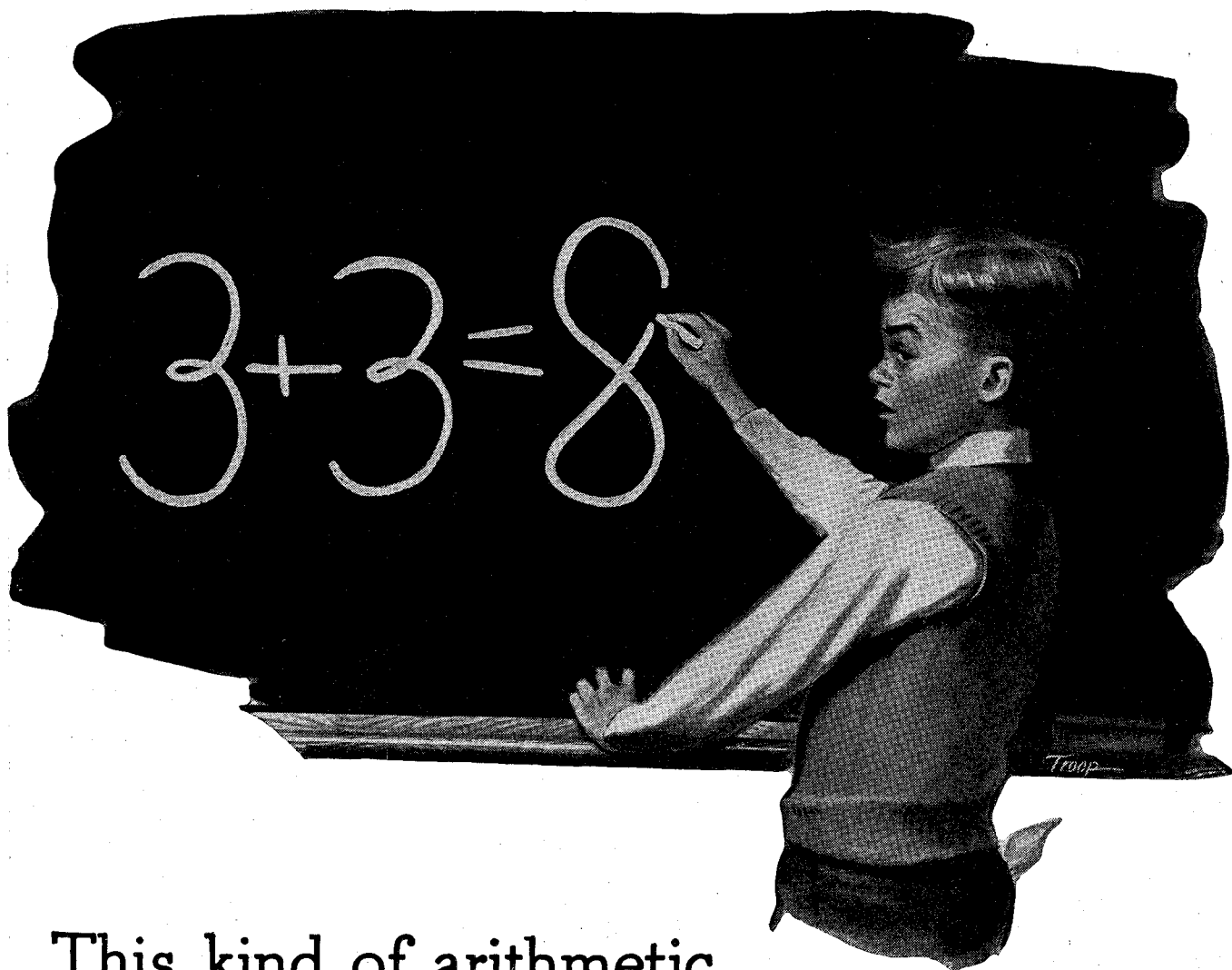
The economic unbalance is a spreading sore. It is responsible for the increasingly serious inflation which grips the British zone. It vitiates political progress. The hardships attending it foster an ugly reaction among the populace and provide made-to-order poison for underground groups.

One compelling reason which has led the British reluctantly to accept the American proposals for a merging of the economic and fiscal administration of zones is the fact that by linking the heavy productive resources of their zone to the light industrial resources of Bavaria, Greater Hesse, and Württemberg-Baden, greater balance can be obtained for both areas. Even this step, however, will leave the food problem far from settled. Unless progress is made speedily toward an over-all economic reintegration for Germany, there will be trouble ahead for everybody.

Denazification flounders

There is no doubt that the effort to denazify Germany, broadly viewed, is a failure. The failure is attributable less to the mistakes and shortcomings of the program, and the difficulties encountered in implementing it, than to a much simpler visible fact. Few Germans understand either the British or the American approaches to political freedom and individual initiative. A decade and a half under rigorous one-party totalitarian rule has paralyzed most independent political initiative.

The Nazis have bred a whole generation incapable of grasping new ideas without long and patient instruction. The solution of this grave problem has not been rendered easier by the lamentable and long-continued Allied policy in western Germany which has labeled the German Social Democratic groups as suspect because of "leftist" views. Here our policy has fallen into a trap set for it by the well-heeled German reaction.



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The Russians have dealt harshly with important local exponents of Nazism in every province under Soviet control. The more notorious district and regional followers of Hitler were liquidated. Lesser fry were herded to Siberian work gangs. By expropriation of the great landed estates east of the Elbe and elsewhere, the Russians broke the back of the old Prussian Junkerdom.

By taking over the factories of pro-Nazi industrialists and giving short shrift to German ultranationalists of the old school, the Russians wrecked the power of these gentry. This wholesale cleanup of Nazis and their supporters has operated, however, within significant limits. That has made it possible to incorporate a substantial amount of German technical talent and political experience into the Russian-directed system. To complete the picture, we see official support for the German Communists, a shotgun wedding between them and the Social Democrats, and a supervised press and radio which pound continually on the official policy line.

Slowdown in the British zone

Denazification in the British zone has proceeded at a markedly slower tempo. Application of the policy there has been hampered by the British preference for a moderate approach and by the pressing economic realities peculiar to the zone.

A large proportion of the German technicians and industrial executives have been well tarred with the Nazi stick. It should be remembered that Hitler owed his rise to power not primarily to strong-armed squads in the streets, but to the decision taken at a meeting in the Krupp offices at Essen to throw support of Germany's heavy industries behind him. The Ruhr and Rhineland were the strongholds of Nazidom's most effective supporters in the realm of industry and finance. Powerful fragments of that support continue to survive under camouflage.

The purge proceeds, but it is still gradual. An inevitable consequence of its slow pace is rebirth of German nationalistic sentiment throughout the zone. This is expressed increasingly in violence and organized hoodlumism. Diminished food supplies, an increasing incidence of tuberculosis and other ailments, malnutrition, confusion about British political objectives, the deepening economic crisis, all contribute to chaos.

As the docility of six months ago diminishes, an ugly spirit of uncoöperative obstruction waxes. The fact that coal production in this zone is but 40 per cent of normal is not explained fully by the lack of food. In fact, the miners are reasonably well fed. Other motives account for the walkouts and the mounting absenteeism which are holding coal

production down. In every country adjacent to this zone — Holland, Belgium, and France — the miners have performed prodigies in building up production during the past ten months. The influence of the Nazi underground is still potent, apparently, in the Ruhr and Rhineland.

One drastic though long-delayed measure adopted by the British to break down centers of resistance in their zone and win support from the peasantry seeks also to boost agricultural production. Estates of more than 500 hectares (1236 acres) are being parceled out to new owners. The fact that this step is only now being taken, whereas the Russians started an agrarian revolution the moment they took over eastern Germany, provides another example of contrasting policy.

And in the American zone

Denazification in the American zone is perhaps more thorough than in the British areas — so far as it has gone. The policy, however, appears to be stranded mostly on reefs of ideological caution. In Bavaria — which, it must be remembered, was the birthplace of Nazism and the Party headquarters — the American military still suffer from the defects of a policy which assumes that conservatism and voluble espousal of the principles of the political right are guarantees of acceptable political status.

There is a growing cockiness of the "master race" toward the American forces. According to a trustworthy German official in the zone, the directors of most of the recent nationalist activity in Bavaria are disguised fugitive members of the German officers corps from northern Germany. These Nazis have filtered into the area to escape the Russian police and the equally assiduous British Intelligence. In conditions of defeat they strive to duplicate the role of the notorious *Freikorps* which terrorized many parts of Germany during the earlier years of the Weimar Republic.

There is obvious exaggeration in the prediction made recently in Frankfurt to an American correspondent, that "twenty minutes after the Americans leave, the Nazis will take over." Yet the significance of the frame of mind behind that prophecy should not be ignored. The question of who will rule the roost when the Allies depart ranks second in Germany today only to the question of Germany's prospective reintegration or partition.

To point the moral: General Eisenhower warned only six months ago against precisely this trend. Unless the fruits of victory are to be risked, it is his view that forceful supervision of the Germans must continue for five or ten years. This view coincides with that of the Russians and French. • But what does Washington think?

THE ATLANTIC REPORT

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The Far East

CHINA remains the key to our relations with the Soviet Union in the Far East. But to estimate the course of policy is more difficult today than at any time in the past decade. The growing complexity of the situation coincides with a decline in political reporting. It is hard to get news in China; it is hard to get it out; and it is even harder to get it printed in the American press.

Naturally, news of military clashes between the rival parties in China is taken as the obvious sign of the failure of American policy and the dashing of American hopes for a peaceful solution of China's difficulties. From the news as we get it, the picture has rarely looked more uncertain.

How black is the reality? Has the hope for unity in China completely failed? Do these conditions point to a worsening of our relations with the Soviet Union? The opening of three major drives by the Nanking Government against the Communists — in Shantung Province, in the Han River valley, and in the Shanghai-Nanking area — indicated that Nanking was not going to parley with the Communists on its doorstep and that the group in favor of suppressing the Communists are having their way.

Certainly there has been a growth in the power and influence of the right wing of the Kuomintang during the last six months. The hopes raised by the political agreements early this year have been revived by Chiang's recent statement. But in that struggle for the ear of the Generalissimo which constitutes so much of Chinese politics, a cabal of party men and generals who want to root out the Communists by force of arms is in the ascendant. Chiang is both their prisoner and their leader.

Those seemingly immortal party bosses the Chen brothers — Chen Li-fu and Chen Kuo-fu — are still

the most important figures in keeping access to the Generalissimo and in preventing others from reaching him. The secret of their power is that they are among the very few whom the Generalissimo can trust; and in one-man government, loyalty takes precedence over all other qualities.

Chiang and the die-hards

Chiang Kai-shek is a military man who learned all he knows about the West from Russia and Japan. He is certainly in no position, either by background or by training, to champion Jeffersonian democracy, whatever concessions he may make on paper.

As leader of the government he is the balancer of many groups, but he is also to some extent the victim of his own system of one-man rule. He knows only as much as his closest associates tell him, and these he must choose because of their loyalty. One consideration in the appointment of Dr. J. Leighton Stuart as Ambassador to China was undoubtedly the fact that Dr. Stuart speaks perfect Chinese and has long had access to the Generalissimo.

Chiang Kai-shek has never come to terms with Communist generals except for the so-called United Front during the war. Even then the compromise was an ill-concealed blockade and was marked by intermittent fighting. Partly under pressure from the Communists, but ultimately on his own decision, Chiang agreed to patch up the internal conflict during the war in order to face the Japanese undivided. Now he wishes to return to the unfinished business of suppressing the Communists.

The Kuomintang is conservative and authoritarian. The policies of the three C's, as the combination of the two Chens and General Chen Cheng (Minister of Military Affairs) is sometimes called, are not without support from the Party, the Army, the central

and local bureaucracies. These policies cannot be changed by removing a few men or by half-hearted pressure from the outside. It is the die-hards in both parties who keep the conflict alive. There are leaders in both groups who would have preferred compromise.

The American choice

The difficulty for American policy is that there often seems little choice between the two groups of die-hards. They both rule by secret police, assassination, and ruthless terrorism. Both the Kuomintang and the Communists are carrying on a bitter anti-American campaign, for both resent our fundamental objectives. As Nanking tightens up on censorship, the attacks on America grow more severe. This campaign works both ways: it puts pressure on General Marshall and at the same time steals the thunder of the Communists.

A major handicap for General Marshall, besides the reluctance of the ruling group to share political power, is the increasing corruption and incompetence. Much of the corruption is unquestionably due to inflation. One month ago living costs were estimated at 4000 times pre-war costs. A small, cheap house in Nanking rents for \$1000 (United States currency) a month. The corruption of officials permits an increasing smuggling trade from Hong Kong through Canton to South China. Hong Kong is importing more goods than before the war, but prices continue to rise because no amount of controls can prevent more goods going to the black than to the legitimate market.

Production in China is actually going down as a result of the activities of high officials. The businessmen of China, formerly frustrated by the capital, privileges, and experience of foreigners, now appeal to Nanking to impose more and more curbs on foreigners trading with China. In spite of inadequate shipping, for example, Chinese shipping interests requested the closing of two Yangtze River ports to foreign vessels.

At the same time, Chinese businessmen find their own activities circumscribed by the setting up of more and more government monopolies, and appeals have been made to Nanking to prevent the stifling of private business by government. Such government trusts as the North China Iron and Steel Company, Central Shipyards Company, China Silk Industries Company, China Textile Company, recall the old Japanese Co-prosperity Sphere.

Much of the disorganization is due to the war. For instance, one third of the 35 million people of Honan Province live in areas seriously devastated by war. UNRRA claims that 33 million persons are living on an inadequate diet and that 7 million of

these are on the verge of starvation. Disease has disrupted many communities.

The diversion of the Yellow River during the war to hold up the Japanese invasion has created a major problem. A quarter of a million people have settled on the original bed of the river and must be removed when the river is diverted back to its old channel. Work is already under way and tens of thousands of men are quarrying stone for the dykes and excavating the channel. UNRRA flour feeds them and UNRRA materials go into the construction.

In devastated areas there are encouraging signs of coöperative effort to restore the land to production. But the race against time is a grim one and many will die because of transportation difficulties and requisitioning of food for troops engaged in civil war. Conditions are similar in Hopeh, Hupeh, Hunan, Kwangsi, and Kwangtung Provinces. Desperate people will support any government that gives them even a small measure of aid.

The Gimo's firm hand

The Chinese people do not want civil war. But there is little opportunity for them to express their opinions either in Kuomintang or in Communist China. For all the murders of liberals by the Generalissimo's secret police and the breaking up of public meetings by hired thugs that we hear about, there are hundreds that we do not. The government is feared because of the secret police, but inflation, corruption, and civil war are steadily destroying respect for it.

The Generalissimo is a tenacious man. It took five years and finally a million troops to oust the Chinese Communists from Kiangsi Province before the war, but the job was done thoroughly. Today Chiang has more equipment and better-trained armies, and much more prestige at stake.

The Chinese insist on working out their destiny in their own way, but it is from now on that the good offices of America become more important both to the Chinese and to ourselves. Mr. Molotov gave a broad reminder of Russian interest in the dispute when he first blocked the proposal that China be a sponsor of the peace treaty.

In one way or another the problem of China will always come back to our relations with the Soviet Union. What we do in China affects the German problem, and what we do in Europe immediately influences the Far East. However much we ourselves may be inclined to treat Europe and the Far East as separate entities, it becomes increasingly clear that to the Russians they are merely different areas in which a coöordinated policy must be applied.



Atlantic Monthly and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

AWARDS

FOR ATLANTIC "FIRSTS"

In the next two years many men and women will have their first try at writing fiction. Some of them will have returned to college from the services; some of them will be in business; some will be venturing forth as free-lances. The *Atlantic* feels that special encouragement should be held out to all writers of promise who have not yet established themselves. In 1946 and 1947 we will, therefore, reserve space in each issue for *Atlantic* "Firsts" — stories by new writers.

Atlantic "Firsts" will be paid for at our top fee. And at six-month intervals the *Atlantic* editors, with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, will make two awards, the first of \$1500, the second of \$750, to the authors of those "Firsts" which we have published and which in the opinion of the *Atlantic* editors are the most promising. It should be understood that these stories will be judged as stories, and that MGM, like the *Atlantic*, is primarily interested in discovering and advancing the work of new writers. Neither one-act plays nor scenarios will be eligible for these awards. But if there are film possibilities in the prize winners, MGM will have the option to buy any of them at \$5000 each.

Candidates for *Atlantic* "Firsts" may run between 2000 and 20,000 words. The prize winners will be selected from the "Firsts" published in each six-month calendar period, January to June, and July to December, and the judgment of the editors will be final. The words "*Atlantic First*" must appear on the first page of each manuscript submitted.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

8 Arlington Street, Boston 16, Massachusetts

THE ATLANTIC REPORT

ON THE WORLD TODAY



Palestine

THERE have been eighteen official inquiries into the problem of Palestine. So far the most impartial and intelligent attempt to outline a compromise solution to the conflict of Arab, Jewish, and British interests in Palestine is contained in the recommendations of the twelve-man Anglo-American Committee Report. The Committee proposed that Palestine be neither a Jewish nor an Arab state, and envisaged a unified state of Arabs and Jews advancing under UN trusteeship toward ultimate self-government.

The Report implicitly recognized Britain's strategic interest in Palestine and stressed (1) the urgency of admitting 100,000 Jews to Palestine; (2) the desirability of resolute efforts both to raise the Arab standard of living and to "foster proper development" of the Jewish national home; (3) the need to bring Arabs and Jews "to a full appreciation of their common interests . . . in the land where both belong."

On the other hand, the subsequent partition or "federation" plan recommended by the Anglo-American Cabinet representatives — a proposal drafted by the British and endorsed by our State Department's representatives, but not satisfactory to President Truman — appears in some of its implications to be a backward step. The conflict between the Arabs and Jews would be resolved not by *rapprochement* but by segregation, the Jews getting an area slightly larger than Rhode Island.

Under this latest proposal the desert area in the south would be held by Britain, clearly for military installations to take the place of those abandoned under nationalist pressure in Egypt. The oft-repeated recommendation that self-governing institutions be encouraged is answered with the promise that a system of tight federal control will gradually give way to increasing autonomy.

The prospect of a large American loan is dangled before the Arabs as a bribe to purchase their acquiescence. And the admission of the 100,000 Jews in Europe's displaced persons camps to the small canton assigned to the Jews is made conditional on acceptance of the Cabinet group's "solution" — an act resembling blackmail, quite out of keeping with British tradition, which makes political hostages of the wretched survivors of Hitler's pogroms.

Palestine indivisible

The Woodhead Commission in 1938 rejected partition as unworkable. The area in which the Jews are most heavily concentrated includes an Arab minority of more than 200,000 persons. Tel Aviv (Jewish) and Jaffa (Arab) are really one town; and in the other main cities, Jerusalem and Haifa, the population is fairly evenly mixed. Furthermore, partition, by excluding Jewish enterprise from Arab areas, would cramp, if it did not stifle, the ambitious Zionist schemes for a Jordan Valley Authority to irrigate Palestine, and for exploitation of the mineral resources of the Dead Sea — projects which will raise the standard of living of both Arabs and Jews and quicken the economic development of the whole Middle East.

The essential facts can be simply stated. To the Jews, access to Palestine is a crucial necessity since the Zionist "experiment" is a going concern. To the Arabs, Palestine is the country they have inhabited for centuries, a country eager for independence, and a frontier of Islam which they wish to hold. To the British, Palestine represents a last strategic bastion in the oil-rich lands which stand athwart the lifelines of empire and converge with Soviet Russia in the northeast.

In 1939 the British Cabinet headed by Neville Chamberlain, after three years of bloody Arab riots,

issued a White Paper which set a limit to Jewish immigration, restricted land sales to the Jews, and announced that Palestine was eventually to become a self-governing Arab state. The White Paper — a gesture of appeasement to the Arabs on the eve of war — was ruled “not in conformity with the Mandate” by the League of Nations Mandates Commission. It was termed by Winston Churchill “a plain breach of a solemn obligation” and was repudiated by the British Labor Party at its 1939 and subsequent Conferences.

Until recently the White Paper remained the last word on British policy, and Jewish nationalists, convinced that Arab violence had paid off, resorted to violence themselves. Largest of the illegal forces is the Haganah, created back in the days of Ottoman rule to protect settlers from Bedouin attacks and formerly accorded semi-legal status by the British, who allowed Captain (later Major General) Orde Wingate to lead Haganah squads during the Arab riots.

When Rommel threatened the Suez Canal, Haganah volunteers were enrolled in the British Army, and some, trained in commando schools, undertook special missions in the Western Desert, the Balkans, and the Syrian campaign. As soon as the danger to the Middle East subsided, the Haganah was ordered to surrender its arms. It went underground.

When it became clear that the Labor Government had forgotten its pre-election Palestine resolutions, the Haganah took aggressive action for the first time in support of illegal immigrants. Since the beginning of 1946 a so-called “Resistance Movement,” whose purpose is to advertise the determination and despair of Palestine Jewry, has conducted a systematic campaign of violence.

Today the Haganah is a closely knit citizen army numbering some 60,000 men and women and well equipped with light weapons — automatic rifles, submachine guns, grenades, and a few trench mortars. Of the 26,000 members of the Haganah who served in the British Army, 6000 constitute the Palmach, a mobile elite corps which boasts a number of Palestine-made armored cars.

The 3000 fanatics of the Irgun Zvai Leumi, which perpetrated the King David Hotel bomb outrage in July, are the Sinn Feiners of Palestine. First organized to fight Arab marauders in 1936, the Irgun preaches the doctrine that statehood can be achieved only by violence, and specializes in blowing up government buildings, police offices in particular.

When the Irgun decided to cooperate with the British during the war, a few hundred of its members, led by Abraham Stern, seceded and pursued a

campaign of sporadic assassination. There is little doubt that the Haganah, which in the past denounced the Irgun and the Stern gang, has recently accepted their collaboration. The British government has accused the Jewish Agency of collusion with all three underground groups.

The Jewish position

Jewish enterprise has broken the thousand-year-old stagnation in the Middle East. In a twenty-five-year span, the number of Jewish industrial concerns in Palestine has more than trebled and the value of their annual output has multiplied from \$2,000,000 to \$125,000,000. Today Palestine has metalworks, machine shops, chemical plants, stone and cement factories. It produces leather goods, optical instruments, clothing, textiles, and many varieties of processed foodstuffs. It has a large diamond-cutting industry, and Tel Aviv is the fashion center of the Middle East.

The Jews own 6½ per cent of Palestine's 6,600,000 acres. Under modern methods of soil reclamation, much of what was wilderness has again become arable. The average Jewish colonist supports a family on 6¼ acres of irrigated land. He and his wife work from dawn to dusk and they live frugally — the profits of Jewish agriculture are reinvested in the soil.

Even so, they live in a stone house with modern plumbing and neat furniture, and a modest contribution to the community's social services ensures every family medical care, education, and economic security from the cradle to the grave. Something far closer to genuine socialism than the Russian brand is operating successfully in Palestine.

How great is Palestine's economic capacity to absorb further immigration? If the policy outlined in the Anglo-American Committee's Report prevails, there will be room for substantial expansion. At present only 36½ per cent of the land is cultivated; only 1½ per cent is fully irrigated and it provides 40 per cent of the country's food output. Walter Clay Lowdermilk, Assistant Chief of the Soil Conservation Service of the United States, argues in *Palestine, Land of Promise* that a Jordan Valley Authority, organized along the lines of TVA, would make possible the eventual settlement of an additional 4,000,000 immigrants. Much depends on the ability of Palestine industry to hold its own in the competitive post-war market — an imponderable on which expert opinion is divided.

Arabs and Jews

There is much justice in the Arab complaint of Jewish exclusiveness and Jewish reluctance to hire Arab labor, but little in the charge that the “invaders” are “displacing” the native inhabitants.

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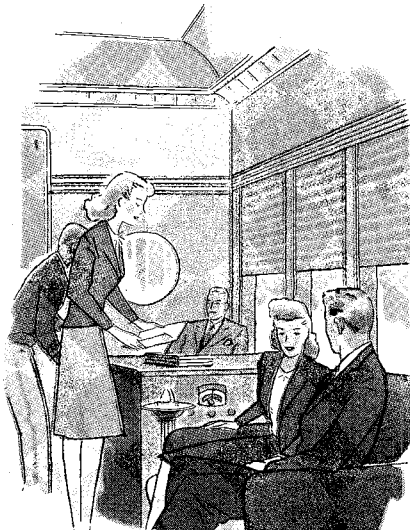
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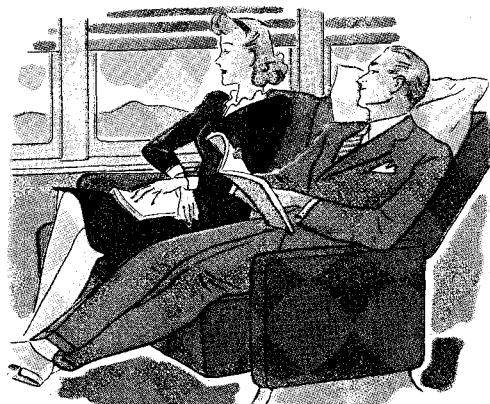
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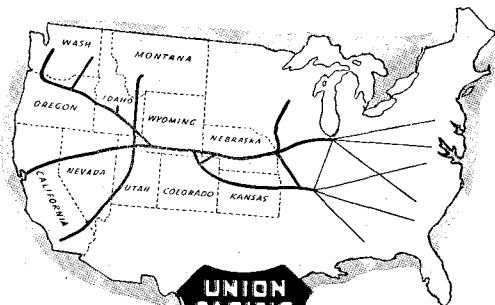
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ROAD OF THE *Streamliners* AND THE *Challengers*

The 1937 Royal Commission found the wages for unskilled Arab labor in Palestine several times as high as in the neighboring countries.

The Arabs, by the sale of land at handsome prices to the Jews, had liquidated the crushing burden of debt that enslaved the small cultivator to the village moneylender. The big landowners were investing their receipts in Arab industry, whose capital value has quadrupled since 1920. Palestine's 550,000 Jews — half of the Arab population of 1,200,000 — foot two thirds of the tax bill.

The increase in government revenue since the beginning of the Zionist colonization is largely responsible for improved health services which have led to a doubling of the Arab population. Jewish welfare work among Arab mothers has cut the infant mortality rate to one in ten as against one in five in Trans-Jordan, and it is a common sight to see an Arab peasant arriving on his donkey for treatment at a Jewish settlement clinic. The transition from mud huts to stone houses is conspicuous in the Arab villages adjoining Jewish settlements, and the powerful Jewish trade-union movement has encouraged trade-unionism among Arab workers.

The Arab position

Privately, moderate Arabs concede these benefits, but even they insist that the Arab cherishes his freedom more dearly than Western ideas of progress. In fact, the impact of Western ideas is precisely what the reactionary Arab ruling classes fear most. Exploited by feudally-minded landlords, millions of starving, illiterate, disease-ridden fellahin in the Arab countries still live under conditions more animal than human.

Arab political leadership in Palestine is in the hands of a small group of families prominent since Ottoman times, of which the Husseinis are the most powerful. The acknowledged leader of the Palestine Arabs is Haj Amin el Husseini, former Grand Mufti of Jerusalem and Axis collaborator, who recently escaped with suspicious ease from protective custody near Paris to Egypt, where his presence has hardened extremist opinion throughout the Middle East. His cousin, Jamal el Husseini, — until recently exiled by the British for trouble-making, — is the acting chairman of the Arab Higher Committee, and a relative, Musa el Alami, is the Palestinian delegate to the Arab League.

There are seven Arab political parties in Palestine. All are united in demanding immediate stoppage of Jewish immigration, prohibition of land sales to the Jews, and independence for an Arab Palestine. In this program they have the passionate backing of Arabs everywhere — Zionist assertions to the contrary notwithstanding. Even the Christians of the

Lebanon, fearful of absorption in a Moslem Greater Syria, put on a great show of solidarity with the Arab League.

The Great Powers

Fear of Soviet penetration is the determining force behind Britain's entire Middle East policy. The British believe that they cannot afford to antagonize the Arabs. Anglo-American economic rivalry in the Middle East is a second motivating factor in Britain's persistent wooing of Islam.

Britain's pro-Arab policy would be justified to the hilt on a *Realpolitik* basis were there evidence that a *quid pro quo* can be expected from the Arabs. The Foreign Office, guided by Middle Eastern officials with a Lawrence of Arabia complex and antiquated notions of imperial strategy, has consistently overestimated the military importance and the loyalty of the Arabs.

The balance sheet to date shows heavy entries in red ink. Before the war Ibn Saud, long a recipient of British subsidies, sold the oil concession in Saudi Arabia to the highest bidder, the Arabian-American Oil Company. In Palestine, despite the White Paper, the Mufti's entourage was a hotbed of pro-Axis intrigue. In Iraq a powerful pro-Axis minority staged a full-dress revolt. Egypt reneged on its treaty obligation to come to Britain's aid. Now it is forcing Britain to surrender its treaty rights to bases in the Suez Canal Zone.

British imperial interests have taken a beating at the hands of the Arabs. Richard Crossman, M.P., a member of the Anglo-American Committee, said recently, "Having created the Arab League solely in order to provide strategic defenses for the Empire, we find that the League is constantly . . . in need of appeasement."

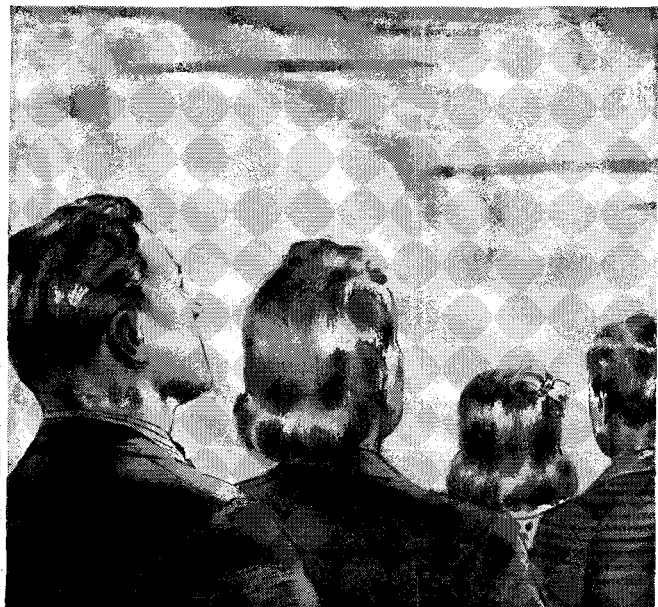
After publication of the Anglo-American Committee Report, the Arab League threatened that it would turn to Soviet Russia if "betrayed" by the Western democracies. Zionism provides a single point of common interest between the Soviet and the Arab League. The Soviet denounces Zionism as "British imperialism," and the Arabs reciprocate by making trouble for Britain in the Middle East.

But nothing could threaten the interests of the Arab ruling classes more than the penetration of Communism. In fact, last July most of the Arab states suppressed leftist elements and Communist publications. The veiled threat that oil contracts might be cancelled in favor of the Soviet is pure bluff.

Right vs. right

The Arab claim to self-determination and the Jewish claim to a national home under the Balfour

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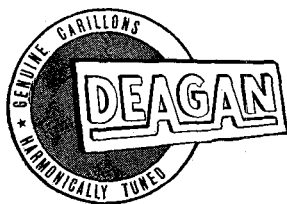
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PALESTINE (continued)

Declaration constitute, in the words of a British royal commission, "fundamentally a conflict of right with right." Any Palestine settlement must therefore look to a workable compromise between the needs and passions of Arab and Jew. It would be neither just nor realistic to impose on the Arabs a Jewish state which they could eventually stifle by economic boycott. The future of the Jews in Palestine depends on coöperation between them and the Arabs, their logical customers.

On the other hand, access to the Holy Land — less than 1 per cent of the sparsely populated 1,200,000 square miles inhabited by the Arabs — is a life-and-death need for the Jews. But the question of the survival of European Jewry and the question of Jewish immigration to Palestine, though inter-related, must be treated as two separate issues.

Virtually all the 98,000 Jews still in displaced persons camps in Europe, when polled by the Committee as to where they wished to emigrate, said, "Palestine." (Several hundred listed as their second choice "the crematorium.") British and American military authorities in Europe have stressed the urgency of shipping these wretched people to Palestine without delay.

Of the remaining 1,200,000 Jews in Europe (excluding Great Britain and the Soviet Union) the Anglo-American Committee conservatively estimated that 500,000 desire to leave Europe, and it underscored the importance of finding places of refuge for a *portion* of these Jews in countries other than Palestine. Zionist extremists have been unwilling to accept this proposal. They maintain that there can be no future for the Jews except in Palestine. It is now up to the Western powers to answer the irrefutable Arab contention that all of European Jewry cannot be shipped into a country the size of Vermont.

The recommendations of the Anglo-American Committee Report have been bitterly criticized by both Arabs and Jews, but could be implemented without serious unrest. The Haganah would be prepared to liquidate the extremists if the government were to grant it Home Guard status to ensure the security of new immigrants.

The Palestine Arabs, though many are equipped with rifles smuggled in from Syria and Trans-Jordan, have no organized military formations. The threat of intervention by the other Arab states can be discounted. Egypt alone has a standing army of any consequence, and all have their hands full keeping unruly elements in check within their own boundaries.

The Committee's plan, which envisages an eventually self-governing state of Arabs and Jews under UN trusteeship, a state in which "Jew shall not dominate Arab and Arab shall not dominate Jew," represents a genuine and constructive compromise.

THE ATLANTIC REPORT

ON THE WORLD TODAY



Washington

THE dirt is beginning to fly off the fabulous contracts between government and industry which munitioned the war. Some of the muckraking is political. This is an election year and most of the Representatives and one third of the Senators are trying to establish records for themselves in the eyes of their constituents.

Expect some exaggeration. To be sure, there is an ancient and fish-like smell about the relations between the Garsson combine and Representative Andrew J. May. But the Mead Committee may have gone too far in trying to pin on the "merchants of death" and Army inspectors the responsibility for deaths on the battlefield from defective shells.

The ammunition in question armed the 4.2-inch mortar, which was one of the most effective weapons of the war. The fighting men swore by it. The enemy cursed it. The gun is an adaptation of the old 4-inch mortar which in World War I shot off gas shells. In this war the mortar was redesigned for high-explosive shells. It is so light in weight and so handy in size that three men can carry it into the front lines. In this weapon the infantry had a piece of artillery packing the wallop of a 155-millimeter gun. Moreover it can be fired so rapidly that the Germans called it the "lightning" gun.

Some of the 4.2-inch shells proved to be defective. That is the case in every war, with every type of ammunition. But the War Department says that the percentage of defectives was no higher for 4.2's than for any other kind of ammunition, and our record for defectives is not bettered by any other munition-making nation.

During the Battle of the Bulge, for instance, smart use of the mortar saved a weak point in our line. One unit, badly cut up, had to spread its strength

thin in order to cover its front. The Nazis probed the front to determine how strongly it was held. But the American commander fooled them by moving the mortars back and forth.

Many testimonies like that are coming in to refute the mudslinging before the Mead Committee. As for the alleged neglect to remedy defects, the fact is that care was always taken to minimize danger. There was a report system which enabled Headquarters to notify all fronts whenever defectives were discovered in a particular lot.

What is brought out in the Mead Committee hearings is the general looseness which is destroying our standards of behavior. Whoopee between officials and businessmen is always offensive. To carry it on in public is doubly so.

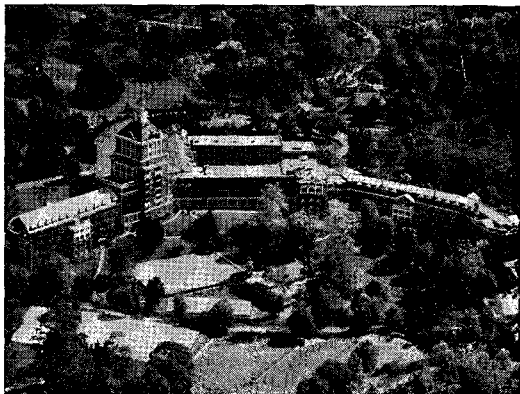
Reorganization begins at last!

One way of putting a stop to these goings on, in so far as the Capital is concerned, is through the investigative process. But a better way is the reorganization of the machinery of government for the policing of lobby activity. This has now been accomplished as a result of the work of the La Follette-Monroney Committee in the matter of the reorganization of Congress.

No more important legislation was put through this past session. Under this Act a check on lobbyists will be made possible by a requirement for registration and a record of what the lobbyists spend and how. In the end this legislation went through with surprising ease.

By far the most important of the new reforms to improve the machinery of Congress relates to the streamlining of the committee system. Down the years, the committees have increased on the basis

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WASHINGTON (continued)

of particular fields of activity. In the Senate there are thirty-three standing committees, or as many standing committees as there are principal provinces of public policy.

There are committees on Interstate Commerce, Commerce, Inter-oceanic Canals, and Manufactures. Five committees deal with public land problems and six with the rules and administration of the Senate. This crazy-quilt pattern inhibits a consideration of legislation in the national interest. It provokes a rivalry on behalf of, say, particular forms of transport. It means that responsibility for legislative action is scattered among thirty-three small Senates which go their own way at their own pace and cannot act in concert.

Now, as the result of the consolidation under the La Follette-Monroney Act, there will be fifteen committees in the Senate and nineteen (instead of forty-eight) committees in the House. The pity is that the plan to set up majority and minority policy committees in both houses, in order to provide direction and liaison for the standing committees, was defeated.

The executive branch

The State Department must bear as heavy a burden in peacetime as the War and Navy Departments have to shoulder in wartime. Congress has passed a bill authorizing appointment of a second Under Secretary of State, as a result of the recommendation that the Assistant Secretary of State for Economic Affairs be advanced in status.

William L. Clayton well merits his promotion. He has been one of the nation's most useful public servants since he decided to quit the cotton business and devote himself to government work. Even the leftists, who violently opposed his appointment to the State Department, now give him their respect. He is superior as a negotiator, and has a knowledge born of years of experience in business, and a natural aptitude for work.

Because of the importance of the United Nations to world peace, the State Department should have an Under Secretary for United Nations Affairs to back up our representative on the Security Council, Warren R. Austin. There is not yet even an Assistant Secretary, though the United Nations is more than a year old.

An effort is being made to lift the scale of salaries for the high operating officials of government. The plan is to hike Cabinet salaries in order to push Under Secretaries, members of Boards and Commissions, and other high officials out of the dead \$10,000 center. The steady flow of good men from government service is another factor causing action.

Prices and wages

Paul Porter is not one of the ideologists who want to perpetuate price control. Before the question of

extending the OPA ever arose, he showed a disposition to speed up requests for price adjustment and to accelerate decontrol. But he was hamstrung by the protracted debate in Congress. He could not pledge himself, in the teeth of debate, to decontrol one commodity and not another. He will now be spurred by the Decontrol Board set up under the new Act. President Truman's selection of members of the Board is regarded as excellent. They will be a jury in which business can have confidence.

The chief problem in the Capital is whether there will be a rash of wage demands to match the price increases that took place when the OPA was not functioning. If this is the case, the fight against inflation may be lost. Some glimmering of labor statesmanship has been shown which has produced the hope that organized labor will stay its hand until reconversion has been completed.

Both William Green and Walter Reuther are stressing the advantage to labor of full production. Reuther has suggested that the heads of the automobile industry and the top officers of the union discuss ways and means of getting the industry into maximum output.

These are straws in the wind, but the administration is clinging to them, for nothing would be more disastrous than a union campaign to adjust the price advance of recent months. The only problem is how far this statesmanship will prevail among the rank and file who furnish the tail that wags the dog. Certainly the Administration on its part has got the bit in its teeth in the struggle with the dread forces of inflation.

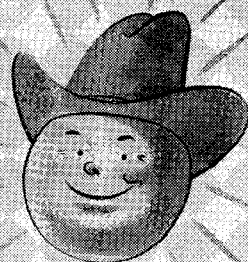
THE MOOD OF THE CAPITAL

The mood of the Capital is concerned with the prospective test at the polls in November. President Truman has put up the backs of the Congress because they think that everything he has done lately has been tinctured with election politics.

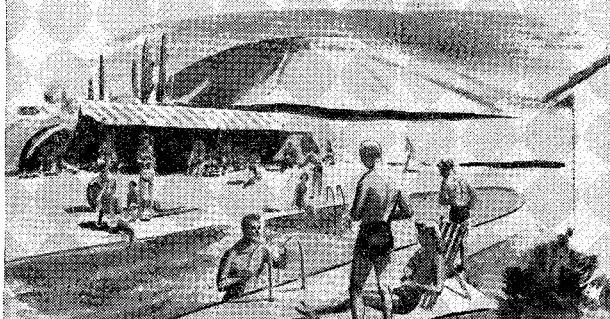
The rejection of the first OPA bill was a case in point. He used the whip of public opinion on the backs of the legislators, then signed the new bill "reluctantly," with more than a hint that the legislators were responsible for the boosted prices. All this may be effective with the voters, although the pros and cons of the matter are by now thoroughly confused.

Why did Mr. Truman give Burton Wheeler a pat on the eve of his rejection by his Montana constituents? The answer is that Harry Truman never lets down a pal. Wheeler was very kind to Truman when the latter was a Senator, and even made some effective speeches on Truman's behalf when he last came up for Senatorial re-election. Favors of this sort the President never forgets. Come hell or high water, he will reciprocate. Yet if Wheeler had won, there would not have been a more dangerous threat to the President's international policies.

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ATLANTIC *Repartee*

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

Sir:

I fully agree with the arguments and conclusions expressed by Cord Meyer, Jr., in the symposium "Can We Control Atomic Energy?" (July *Atlantic*). Without the world-state no security; and without security no effective solution concerning the singular problem of protection against the atomic bomb.

The Lilienthal Report is gratifying as an official admission of the impossibility to get rid of the atomic danger in any other way than through international organization. It would have been still better if the five men would have said bluntly that maintenance of state sovereignty in military matters is incompatible with protection against atomic aggression.

One has to admit, however, that the difficulty of the transition period exists equally with respect to the erection of a protective world-government as it exists in the realm of the atomic danger alone. I believe, therefore, that clear propositions for the transitory period with respect to the world-government project should be worked out by the best minds.

ALBERT EINSTEIN
Princeton, N.J.

Belgium's King

Sir:

When Alexander Williams, in "The Plight of King Leopold" (May *Atlantic*), writes that King Leopold and his family were not carried off to Germany without his consent, he is contradicting known facts. Before leaving on June 7, 1944, Leopold got out a message to his people which was distributed by the Underground. It said in part, "Belgians: The German authorities have decided to transfer me outside Belgium. I have protested energetically. I should like to share your hardships and anxieties to the end. . . . I have faith in the destiny of our country."

Mr. Williams speculates on whether or not Leopold's stock might have been higher if he had firmly

decided to return at once after liberation. The fact is he had no choice. I have before me a memorandum sent me at the time by a government official in a position of decisive authority, explaining that Leopold was not, at least for the time being, going to be permitted to return.

"Many people felt," says Mr. Williams, "that he could all the same have done as much as did the similarly situated King of Denmark." Similarly situated? Leopold was a captive, following a bitter fight against the German armies at the head of his troops.

Mr. Williams reports without endorsement the old story that Hitler received a wire from Leopold congratulating him on his birthday. The only evidence is a telegram of thanks from Hitler's secretary. Leopold insists that the wire to Hitler concerned Belgian war prisoners he was seeking to aid, and that the "congratulations" were added, without the King's knowledge, by the German colonel who was his bodyguard, forced on him by the Nazis. This charge was published in Belgium at one time, but was dropped later even by those most ardently seeking the King's abdication.

Mr. Williams is right when he criticizes some of the King's advisers. He is partly right when he says that in 1940 Belgium had no great leaders. But when he castigates as weak both the King and Cardinal Van Roey, he ignores the leadership shown by Leopold and the Cardinal when, in April, 1937, on the eve of that year's critical elections, with the Rexists making a bid for power, they denounced Degrelle, flattening out fascist ambitions. It was Van Roey who, on December 1, 1944, forthrightly rebuked all collaboration with the Nazi invaders. If this was not greatness, it was at least deserving of praise, instead of the smears for which Mr. Williams chooses to make himself the mouthpiece.

It is not to defend Leopold that I protest. And I am not in general critical of the Van Acker-Spaak government, which I think has done extremely well. I am expressing a hope that this issue, so detrimental

Atlantic Repartee

to a fine country, may be settled without resort to unfairness and exaggeration.

DEVERE ALLEN
Wilton, Conn.

● As I see it, the main issue between Mr. Devere Allen and me over King Leopold is that he accepts all the King's official pronouncements as completely reliable "White Papers" for his conduct, whereas I do not. I base my dissent on an examination of these statements argued in the Belgian press a year ago when the royal debate came out in the open.

I have those papers, or at least a good selection, with me still, and I took care not to use merely the arguments in the communist *Le Drapeau Rouge*, but those from the conservative and usually unbiased *Le Soir*, the liberal *La Dernière Heure*, and the socialist *Le Peuple* as well. Moreover, it cannot be said that all the Catholics are pro-Leopold. The Flemish Catholics in particular were anxious to avoid the political turmoil in France. But to vote conservative they had Leopold in the rumble seat. In short, Belgium voted as it did last February because the country wanted to come back economically.

It is my considered opinion, after a year of working in Belgium during the war, that the people as a whole don't want the King back — for the reasons I outlined in my article. I have been in close communication with my Belgian friends ever since, and see no reason to alter this view. On the contrary, the revelations in connection with the trial and appeal of the journalist traitor Robert Poulet make the King's case more suspicious than ever.

I am afraid Mr. Allen is ill-informed about the true state of Belgian opinion. Far from wishing to decry that nation, I am a convinced admirer of it. Moreover, the attitude of the Belgians — with the exception of a few of the extreme Right — on the question of the King was highly to their credit.

I gather that Mr. Allen is in sympathy with Van Acker and the Socialists; yet surely he must know that the most devastating anti-Leopold speeches and editorials came from that quarter. I wish he could go to Brussels today and produce his points in favor of Leopold. He would be certain to get a horse laugh if he talked eloquently of the King's martyrdom, captivity, and bitter fight against the Germans. — ALEXANDER W. WILLIAMS

I Personally —

Sir:

In regard to "Epitaph for Our Landlord," by Carol Turner Hall (July "Accent on Living"), let us

remember, in fairness to the landlord, that his income is frozen, not as of April, 1942, but in most instances at depth-of-depression levels. Meanwhile his costs of operation, not to mention his own living, soar.

So: —

Here's to my grateful tenant,
Who wishes I were dead;
But for the house I rent her,
A stone would be her bed.

JOHN WAGONER
San Francisco, Cal.

Sir:

In his article "The Salmon Rise," in the June *Atlantic*, Jack Russell mentions having had trouble removing porcupine quills from a Great Dane dog on one of his trips.

I have had the same trouble — but no more. For the last twenty years, when a dog in our outfit got porcupined, I have resorted to the use of vinegar or soda and water, which are invariably included in our outfit. Sop a strong solution of soda and water or vinegar on the quilled portions with a soft rag, let remain about five minutes, then start pulling the quills out with your fingers. You will need no tweezers or pliers. The quills soften, so the barbs bend and do not irritate the wound when removed. Just secure your dog while you apply the dope. When pulling out the quills, you will need no such precaution. The dog will hold still except when he tries to lick your hands to show his gratitude.

DAN VAN WEST
Ten Sleep, Wyo.

Sir:

I say Mr. Crosby Gaige's articles are a gastronomical treat and a worthy addition to my favorite magazine. I look forward to the day when I can obtain the raw materials for the dream buffet he describes in the July issue.

So I cannot stand by and see Mr. Gaige, garlic, and onions maligned (see Mrs. Feemster's letter in the July *Atlantic*) without protesting.

I find it interesting that the diatribe against garlic comes from Indiana — not that I would ever accuse that fair state of being backward, but I believe it tends toward the more "American" style of cookery. I grew up in an atmosphere of superbly and plainly prepared American food, cooked by one of the best cooks Virginia ever produced, but she too had an aversion to garlic. It was not until I married a Ukrainian-American sculptor that I learned to know, use, and like garlic. I was forced to — and today consider the experience one of the benefits of my marriage.

Perhaps Mrs. Feemster has never tasted garlic. I should enjoy introducing her to it. I also wonder if she knows that Roget's lists garlic among such condiments as cinnamon, relish, mustard. I feel sure her kitchen abounds with their fragrance, and would be the better for the addition of garlic.

MRS. NICHOLAS MOCHARNIUK
Woodstock, N.Y.

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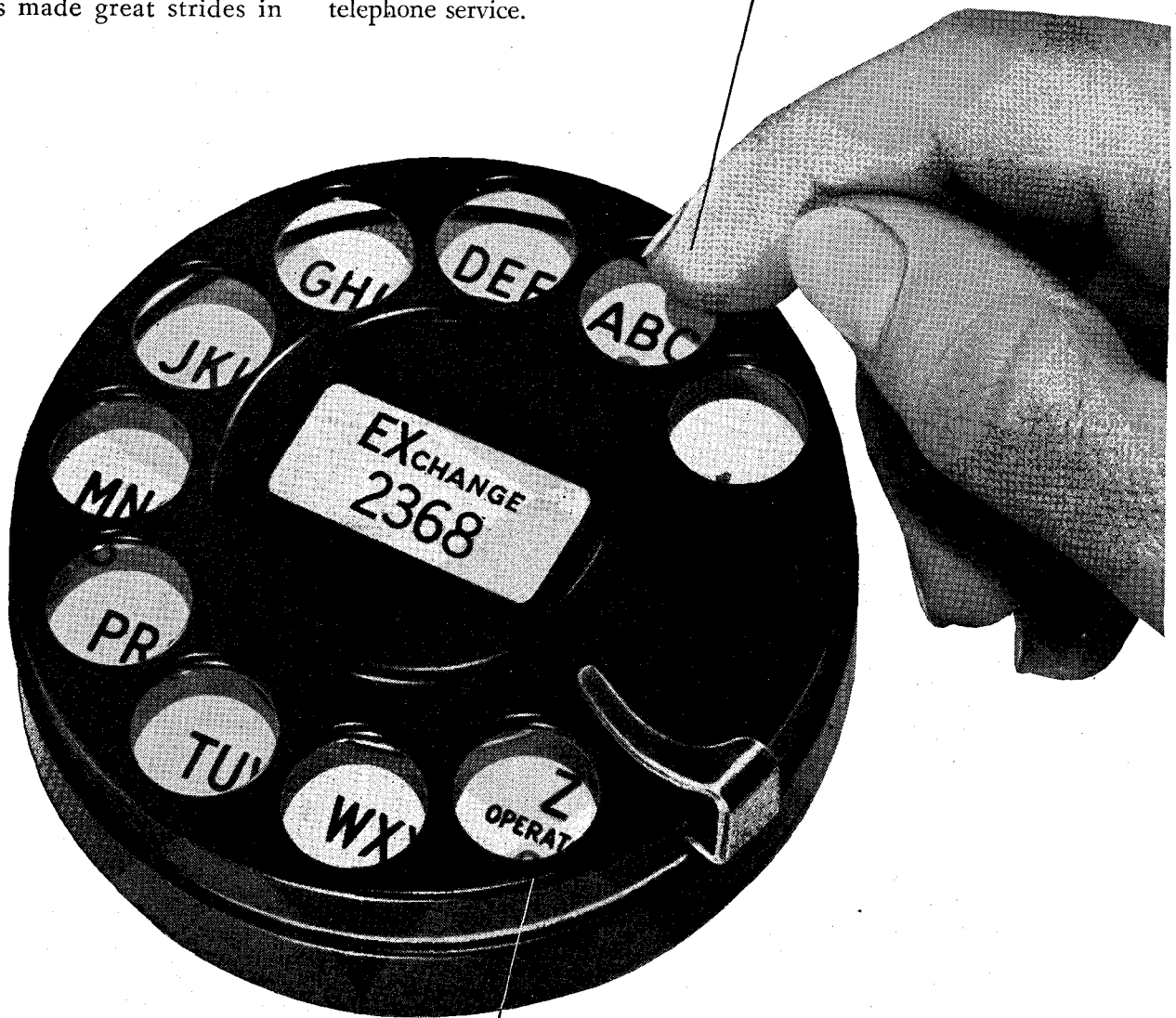
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THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

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SEPTEMBER, 1946

89th YEAR OF CONTINUOUS PUBLICATION

THE SOUTHERN FRONTIER

by GOVERNOR ELLIS GIBBS ARNALL

IN the South politics is a lifetime career. You enter it when you are young, and you remain in it until the undertaker or the voters intervene. I entered politics at the appropriate age; six, to be exact.

It came about this way. There was a Halloween party for the first grade of the Newnan grammar school and Miss Maggie Brown thought it might inspire her pupils if they drew fortunes out of a wishing-bag. She had the more agreeable occupations written out on small slips of paper in a neat Spencerian hand: banker, fireman, lawyer, preacher, merchant. I do not recall that any slip was labeled "sharecropper," but Miss Maggie was a romantic, an optimist, and a Southern gentlewoman. My slip said: "Governor you will be." I would gladly have exchanged it for that which predicted the more gallant and hazardous career of a fireman, but with the fatalism that inhibits the Southern mind, I accepted my unknown lot.

I took it home to my mother, who was appropriately pleased and who explained what a governor was and that Mr. Atkinson, whose house was not so far away and whose son, Bill, was the most engaging younger man of my acquaintance — he

is a State Supreme Court Justice now and still the most charming man in Georgia — had been Governor once.

From that time on, in spite of some preoccupation with football and girls in prim summer dresses, I was a politician. When I got out of college, just over twenty-one, I ran for the Legislature from Coweta County and the people elected me because they liked my father and my uncles and my aunts and my numerous cousins.

It seemed to me that it would be a good thing to run for Speaker pro tem of the Georgia House of Representatives. It appeared reasonable that the way to get elected was to visit every member of the Legislature in his home town, and shake hands with him, and tell him what a fine man he was and what a fine man I was and how, because of that, he should vote for me. Sometimes in a battered jalopy that had served in the last year of college and for evening rides on the quiet roads around Newnan, and sometimes hitchhiking, I visited every county in Georgia — all 159 of them. The members of the House were much amused and very kind, and if they laughed at a brash boy who wanted to be an officer of the Legislature, they also agreed to vote for me; and with the good humor and tolerance of men in politics they did vote for me the next January.

My folks didn't like the expedition too much. The ones who were wealthy, by virtue of owning some stock in one of the cotton mills, thought the jalopy a little outrageous even for 1932, when jalopies had become somewhat commonplace on the roads of rural Georgia. My mother was always concerned that I might get my feet wet or eat

Georgia born and bred, GOVERNOR ELLIS G. ARNALL has proved himself one of the staunchest and most honorable fighters ever to be governor of his state. He rescued the state university from corruption, drove through the repeal of the poll tax, fought the Klan in the open, and worked unceasingly to diversify the agriculture and to better the industry of the land he loves so well. In this article, which is drawn from his forthcoming book, *The Shore Dimly Seen*, to be published by the J. B. Lippincott Company in November, Governor Arnall nails down the program which Georgia and the deep South must hold to if they are to be stronger than demagogues and prejudice.

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something that was not really good for me. The argument that I had the digestion of a razorback hog did not appeal to her and my account of spending the night in a barn near Darien contained no element of humor.

But, admittedly, there was very little for a young lawyer to do in tranquil and non-litigious Coweta County in the autumn of 1932, and my father did not think that a lesson in Georgia geography could do any great harm.

So I saw Georgia at first hand while I visited all the county seats and the members of the Assembly. I had never seen Georgia before. Its hills were beautiful with their masses of frost-painted leaves. Its coastal plains had harvested the crops, and Georgians, white and black, could be found on the banks of every little creek catching suckers and catfish. There were plenty of Georgians to talk to, for the depression had arrived and there was leisure for conversation.

They told me about the steady slump in the price of tobacco, about the ruinous losses of cotton farmers, who saw no way to settle with the supply men. They talked about the schools where teachers were being paid in scrip, and about the schoolhouses that had not been repaired since the cotton depression of 1920 and the devouring invasion of the boll weevil. They talked about the man who was running for President and who promised a new deal for people like themselves.

They told me how some Negro turpentine workers had broken into a chain-gang enclosure in one county, and concealed themselves, and gone out daily with the prisoners to work on the roads; and how the Warden had winked at his volunteer convicts and allowed them to enlist because he knew that with bankruptcy sweeping the Naval Stores industry, the boys were hungry and the camp offered good food without too much work. It was a very funny story.

Somehow, out of all that, I learned more than geography about Georgia. I discovered the fierce desire in the people of Georgia to educate their children. I think that is part of their Scotch heritage; wherever a Presbyterian preacher settled, back in the early days before the forest had been cut, he set up a little school. Georgia was the first state, in all the Union, to charter a state university. It was one of the first to provide for state support of the common schools. Its colleges frequently were little more than academies and its school buildings often were only one- and two-room shacks of unpainted pine, tended by teachers who had less claim to literacy than to zeal. But how was democracy to be a living thing unless the men and women could read and write and cipher?

Never had people a greater thirst for the magic of the written word than the people of Georgia, both white and Negro; and never had such thirst been so ill gratified. The explanation is simple: the South had more children of school age than any other

section and far less wealth with which to pay teachers and construct school buildings.

That there were any schools at all in many communities was due to the perseverance and the community effort of the people, who actually built the inadequate frame structures with their own hands so that their children might go to school. In the South, teaching was not a profession. It was a vocation; the Lord had to call you to it or else you could not have withstood the poverty that accompanied it. The average annual salary of a teacher in Georgia in the year that the depression first struck was \$546. Since salaries in Atlanta and a few other large communities approximated the national level, the income of the rural teacher fell far below the average; it would be fair to estimate the annual pay of a rural white schoolmarm at \$360; a Negro teacher, with the same classes, made \$210, a disparity usually representing a shorter term for pupils in the Negro schools.

In many a Southern town in 1932, property tax collections were negligible and the school system faced virtual bankruptcy. Scrip was the medium for paying salaries, and only the sympathetic and good-humored willingness of merchants to accept the seemingly hopeless risk kept the teachers from becoming universal victims of swindling speculators.

2

NEWNAN is a quiet town, with a courthouse square in the middle and stores facing it on all four sides, and some cotton mills, off to themselves in the background. Its citizens were born in Coweta County or the adjoining counties. When I was a boy the outside world was represented by an Italian family engaged in the wholesaling of fruits and vegetables, a Syrian conducting a merchandise business, a few Greeks, who operated a café, and the ubiquitous Chinese laundryman. The laundryman, who did not come from Canton but from somewhere in California, probably was the sole representative of an American-born Newnanite who did not originate within a day's ride of the town.

You could explore the history and the mind of Newnan, and bring to light the layers of its years as an archaeologist lays bare the foundations of more than one city upon a single site. You could trace its history from the opening of the Indian country to settlers, through the years when yeoman farmers grew grain and plantation owners grew cotton on the rich land. Then came the shock of war and reconstruction, and the sudden enthusiasm for Progress, spelled always with a capital, and constituting faith in the efficacy of growing more cotton and building more cotton mills, whether the land was impoverished by the crop or whether the cloth could be sold profitably on a market from which Southern products were excluded, as nearly as possible, by an enormous domestic tariff.

Newnan is the South in microcosm. Every poignant paradox that is the South is there: the fierce pride and loyalty, the shivering gentility, the blundering paternalism combined with a graciousness that saves it from the curse of Babbitry and do-goodism.

To understand the people of the South, you must look at their origins. There are English in Virginia, Huguenots in Charleston, French and Spanish in New Orleans, and Salzburgers in Georgia; but the great mass of the South, especially the Southeast, is Gaelic.

It is not literally true that, to the average Southerner, no battle, except King's Mountain, intervened between Bannockburn and Shiloh. But a glance at the telephone directory of almost any Southern city except Richmond and Atlanta will show the predominance of Scotch names. They are all there; every name in the ballads; every name that Highland and Border know: Bruce, Douglas, Hays, Campbell, Gordon, Jackson, Stewart, McAlpin, and MacIntosh. Yes, and MacGregor too, a name that once, on the other side of the Atlantic, no man might bear and live. In simple truth, the Southeast was the final haven for the wandering Gael, the fierce men of Ulster, the Scotch-Irish.

Subtly their thoughts color the thoughts of the South. Strange Pictish demons walk through the swamps and pine forests of Georgia and the Carolinas, wailing their exile from the highlands and the moors. The little people make fairy crosses and leave them scattered in their rings in the Southern uplands. The involuted talk of the Scot has left its mark upon the Southern idiom, where every kinsman is a cousin. The loyalty to tribe and clan and family, to stream and hill and sky, is as fierce and enduring as on the day when the Bruce hurled his gillies against the proud Edward's Norman and Saxon chivalry and broke it as a man does a rotten stick for the fire.

It is small wonder that witch doctors of the South resorted to the fiery cross of the clansmen as the symbol of their sheeted parody. And the rhetoric of the South is endowed with a Gaelic fire that sometimes burns brightly without illuminating any object about it. At its best, it would inspire the backwoodsman to stand firm against Tarleton's invincible Redcoats; at its worst it can inspire a mob to smash the doors of a jail.

3

NOWHERE is Southern thought more curiously paradoxical than in the field of civil rights. During the War Between the States, when Burnside was imprisoning citizens casually without warrant and for inexplicable personal whim, James Louis Petigru could speak freely for the Union and against the Confederacy on the streets of Charleston, and, dying, could be accorded the rites of a hero.

One afternoon a friend and a Georgian expressed to me his profound horror at undertaking a trip to New York and Boston. He felt unsafe there, he declared, because of the absence of even rudimentary safeguards for personal liberty. Was it not true that in New York a man had no right to a trial before a regular jury but might at any moment be confronted with a "Jeffreys jury"? And was not there always open season on fishmongers and cobblers in the Bay State, with no Appellate Court of sufficient jurisdiction to right the wrongs inflicted by a hanging judge?

It is possible that my friend, who combines a puckish spirit with a great zeal for fighting all the wrongs of all the underdogs, felt a great shock when the nation's most populous state turned its back on a thousand years of judicial progress to establish the harlequinade of a "blue ribbon jury" to satisfy the needs of a political prosecutor. He may have felt more keenly the judicial lynching in Massachusetts than those in the East who were more engrossed in the economic and ideological aspects of the case than in the guilt of the victims. But this anecdote illustrates the disparity of thought between the sections of our nation.

The South, in the frenzied years of the turn of the century, enacted none of the weird statutes against aberrant political and social thinking such as led to persecutions in the Middle West. Indeed, the only statute ever passed in Georgia that sought to interfere with freedom of thought and speech in any way was held unconstitutional by a Georgia jurist, when, after fifty years on the statute books without a prosecution, it was brought to light and an indictment returned under it. But the Angelo Herndon case is never cited by those who may be termed professional anti-Southerners. Herndon, a Negro Communist, was convicted under this ancient statute prohibiting the possession or dissemination of subversive printed matter advocating a fundamental change in the government. His freedom was obtained through a writ of habeas corpus.

Part of the South's paradox is explicable upon the basis of the South's heritage from its pioneer stock. Part can be explained by the curious intellectual heritage of the South, which draws its political philosophy from two divergent sources.

One source of the South's point of view is to be found in the line of empirical philosophers, of whom Berkeley, Hume, and Locke are representative, and who, in turn, drew upon the expressions of absolute liberty developed by the nonconformist sects of the seventeenth century. The profound effect of Roger Williams, Harry Vane, and Algernon Sidney upon this school of philosophy is obvious. Their influence upon the South is indicated by the fact that Locke was one of the planners of North Carolina, and that the theocratic libertarianism of Williams has dominated Southern religious thought since long before the Revolution.

But another source is discernible. The ideas of the remarkable coterie of Tory writers and philosophers of Queen Anne's day flowed into America. They were profoundly influenced by the Cartesian skepticism of the rationalists. But the humanism of Swift and Pope and Bolingbroke, whatever its source, was to affect American thought far longer and far more deeply than it did the thought of England.

Thomas Jefferson represents the confluence of these two streams of thought. Throughout the many volumes of his papers and letters you may trace the influence of *The Bloudy Tenent*, of *A Modest Proposal*, of *Leviathan*, and above all of Locke's treatises on government.

Jefferson is at once the best that the South can offer and its most typical. All the conflicts and all the paradoxes that appear in its people appear in his life and his way of thought. It is to the liberal hedonist of Monticello that the South owes its debt for the formalization of its political and philosophical doctrines.

I do not imply that they have sustained no change. The impact of the long political quarrel over the slave issue, which inevitably produced certain schizoid traits among the people to whose history and ideology slavery was instinctively abhorrent, and the calamitous aftermath of the longest military occupation in modern history upon its economy, modified the fervor if not the dogmatism of Southern beliefs.

Moreover, the Southern scene contains, and the Southern mind at times is obsessed with, the Negro. He makes up a third of the Southern population and half of the Southern poverty. His presence is not a problem, for a problem assumes the existence of a solution. He is profoundly an American phenomenon and obviously typical of the paradox that is the South; for his presence represents both asset and liability.

4

THE South has had its share of demagogues. They can be divided into three species. The first, and most common, is a charlatan, dedicated to the interest of absentee overlords; he is a Quisling; he is like a sheep trained to lead the lines of its fellows to the slaughter pen. The second is merely avid for power; usually a former member of the current political hierarchy, he seeks to build himself an individual and personal following by painting upon his face the symbols of a painful and righteous indignation and by stomping like the dickens. The third deserves sympathy: he begins as the honest, sincere, well-intentioned politician who wishes to right obvious wrongs, and who fails to awaken the interests of the people by a simple assertion until, finally goaded to despair, he utilizes the tricks of the mountebank and attains to power. Sometimes he dies of a broken heart, sometimes of an assassin's

bullet, and sometimes of drunkenness upon the power that he has bought at a price his conscience regards as somewhat excessive.

To whichever group he belongs, the demagogue is recognizable by three obvious traits. He promises a vague Utopia in which milk and honey shall flow more opulently than in the New Jerusalem. He is flanked by a company of jackals who pluck the corpse of the state's treasury to dry bones. He selects as an object of attack some religious or racial group that is weak and relatively defenseless, and loads upon its back the sins of the people, preparatory to driving it into the wilderness as a sacrificial goat.

To a demagogue on the Pacific Coast, the scapegoat very likely will be the Nisei. When he lived in Germany, before he put a bullet through his brain, his scapegoat was labeled "Jew"; his soul goes marching on in Boston, where he suppresses books, and overturns the monuments in graveyards, and writes filth on the walls of synagogues, and way-lays little Jewish paper-carriers on their way home at evening. In the South he hates "niggers."

But wherever he lives he fears schools and colleges and teachers and students. He feels that they are engaged in a single gigantic conspiracy against his rule, his person, and his way of thought. His instinct is both sure and accurate: they are.

But he is a good showman, whether at Nuremberg before a youth congress, or in Georgia at a political barbecue. He knows the tricks of the ham actor, the gestures, the tones of voice that can arouse passions. Always he dresses himself up as the little man, the common man, come to life, grown to Brobdingnagian stature and become the Duce, or the Leader or, maybe, "Ploughboy Pete."

In 1941 a considerable calamity overtook the oldest chartered state university in America. Through the whim of the incumbent Governor of Georgia, Eugene Talmadge, who purged from the Board of Regents a number of distinguished citizens and appointed his own relatives and henchmen to the vacancies created, the University System, with its twenty institutions, had fallen into the bad graces of the accrediting associations.

Although the war was breaking in the Pacific, the repercussions were felt everywhere throughout Georgia: in the larger places, on isolated farms where more prosperous tenants were struggling to send a girl to normal school or a boy to the college of agriculture, on every campus and in every college town.

I decided to run for Governor, promising to free Georgia's educational system, schools and colleges alike, from every vestige of political interference. I had learned something in the ten years that had intervened since my optimistic journey from county seat to county seat, running for Speaker pro tem of the House. I knew that the odds were very great against my election. The incumbent governor had possession of all the patronage in Georgia. He had

authority to dismiss any State employee, even in the independent agencies, without giving a reason. He was an experienced campaigner, with eight state-wide campaigns under his belt. He had an almost bottomless war chest, and alliance with most of the local political machines in Georgia.

But I had not been politically idle. In the interval I had become Attorney General of Georgia. Between bringing successfully the first antitrust action ever filed in a United States court by a state government, carrying on the routine duties of the Law Department, providing opinions officially and unofficially for almost every unit of government, and speaking at school exercises over the state, there had been many occasions for making political contacts in every county — and I had made them.

On the Fourth of July, the campaign began in earnest. It was tobacco marketing time in South Georgia, and I visited each of the towns where the huge warehouses held the bright leaf that had replaced cotton as the cash crop of the section. In each warehouse I shook hands with every farmer who stood beside his piles of tobacco. Every day I made two or three speeches from the stump, and at least once each week reported on my campaign through a radio hook-up that covered the entire state.

My opponent's endeavor was to play the role of indulgent elder statesman, amused at the efforts of a negligible contender. But it soon became obvious to the State machine that here was revolution; the women's clubs, the parent-teacher groups, the newspapers, the students themselves canvassing house-to-house in many Georgia towns and farm-to-farm in most of Georgia's counties, constituted a menace to things as they were for a highly conservative administration which had close Eastern affiliates.

There was but one last recourse. "Nigger! Nigger!" they cried. "All teachers is nigger-lovers. All newspapers is subsidized by nigger-loving Yankees."

It is a cry that the South had heard before — in Mississippi, in Texas, in South Carolina. The liberal educator is usually rather naïve; he is an easy butt for jokes; he tells hard truths, and there are many who prefer to listen to gaudy lies.

There was a day in the South when the educator was assailed for heresy, but after Poteat of Furman challenged the bigots and summoned the shade of Roger Williams to his defense, that form of attack lapsed. But the racial brand of demagogic attack continued, and in a sense, the educators fostered it by suggesting eradication of hookworm, typhoid, tuberculosis, and syphilis among the Negroes. Since the educator deals in a circumambulatory terminology, too often understandable only by his colleagues, it is easy for the demagogue to accuse and almost to prove him to be an advocate of miscegenation upon the basis of a recommendation that Negroes be provided with sanitary privies.

Let me engage in a parenthesis of educator-baiting myself. The science of semantics includes being understood as well as being definite, and a great many volumes offered by educators contain a professional jargon uninterpretable by the layman. I do not challenge the right of the candidate for a doctorate to write his thesis in doctorese, or in Lithuanian, Flemish, or Hittite if he desires. I will defend to the death his right to do so; but he would save his defenders a considerable amount of inconvenience if, for popular publication, he translated his work into English.

Seizing upon some of the professors' harmless statements torn from their context, and on a few misquotations that were unintelligible enough to be exciting, my 1942 opponent flayed the educator and the Negro with almost equal zeal and with equal want of effect. When the ballots were in he had lost by eighty-nine counties to sixty-nine with a tie in one; and by a three to two margin in popular votes. And I had inherited twenty colleges that had lost their accredited status with the educational world.

Georgia's Legislature undertook in the next January an experiment in liberating the institutions of higher learning, and the common schools as well, from every vestige of political control. A constitutional Board of Regents for the University System, and a constitutional Board of Education for the common schools, have the complete control and direction of education. The Governor cannot remove members of these boards, nor can the Legislature dismiss them except through impeachment.

This is an experiment which will depend for its success upon the flexibility of mind of the boards' members. For the average educator, however, it guarantees freedom to teach and places a buffer between him and the demagogue.

5

THERE are many Souths, and it is easy to write about any of them if you have no special regard for accuracy.

There is the South of magnolia blossoms and spacious white verandas; of houses like transplanted Greek temples; of fields white with cotton, where gay workers pick the fleece as they sing happy but plaintive melodies; of mockingbirds having no moment to stop from their song even to catch the early worm. There is the South of squalid unpainted tenant shanties on eroded non-productive acres; of once splendid hills where forests, leveled by the axe, have turned into gully-ridden desolations; of rivers running red as blood with the soil from ruined farmlands.

Somewhere in the South great mansions exist. Very few of them, I fear, are heritages from the Old South; but belong, rather, to wintering Easterners or to the sons of the men who built the earlier Southern

textile mills. Somewhere, too, the shanties exist. Lamentably there are a good many of them in the soil-depleted portions of the old cotton belt. But neither mansion nor shanty, Marse Chan nor Jeeter Lester, julep-sipper nor turnip-gnawer, is actually representative of the South. These are confined to the antithetical cliques born of the romantic sentimentality of the South. And the romanticism of Hopkinson Smith and of Faulkner derive from common sources; the Colonels, Carter and Sartoris, are brothers under their skins.

The South is not even a "cotton empire." Certainly Georgia, Tennessee, North Carolina, and Florida no longer rely exclusively upon cotton as the chief cash crop. Georgia was the last of these to break with the cotton tradition, but last year almost 40 per cent of each farmer's dollar came from livestock against 32 per cent from cotton. The threat of eventual mechanization of cotton production hangs so heavily over the old belt, where yeoman farmers again are becoming predominant, that the trend to other crops is overwhelming.

Many of the Southeastern states can make the transition from one-crop agriculture without prolonged dislocation of their economic system or personal calamity to the families displaced. But the mechanical cotton-picker may mean temporary catastrophe to many tenants and sharecroppers in Alabama, Mississippi, and Arkansas, and other resources of these states must be developed to provide employment for the displaced agricultural workers.

In view of the riotous exploitation of Southern timberlands and the retarded position of Southern mining, the outlook for many areas is not bright. But the picture is not altogether bleak. The textile industry will tend to become wholly Southern. Heretofore, at a great loss to the South and to the nation, mills below the Potomac have been precluded from the manufacture of finer fabrics because of an internal tariff.

In the new decentralization of American industry, the manufacture of all classes of textiles will center in the Southern states. For example, it is obvious that America's woolen mills must be largely rebuilt. All are outmoded and inefficient by world standards. Their reconstruction may be delayed because even submarginal mills can operate at a profit until full production is resumed in France, Britain, and Germany; but to attain a competitive position in the world market in normal years, the industry must be almost completely rebuilt. Much of the woolen industry will move to the Southeast.

Most of the wartime industries that came to the South were temporary. The great modern plants built by the Federal government went to sections already overindustrialized. But the production of synthetic rubber was concentrated in this section, and since most of the tire fabric is a product of Georgia and Alabama mills, a gradual transplanting of this industry will result. New industries that rely upon wood pulp and plastics will center their produc-

tion in the South, unless artificial barriers to their development are erected.

The industrialization of the South is a certainty in the next two decades. The form it will take depends upon the national policies that are adopted in the next few years and upon the course of our diplomatic and economic relations with Latin America.

If trade with the republics of South America is to be important to the United States, the harbors of the Southern states must be utilized for shipping, and Southern industry must be expanded, especially in the fields of textiles, appliances, light metal products, ceramics, and other consumer goods that can be exchanged for the fibers, vegetable oils, lumber, fruits, and ores that will be imported in exchange. Industrialization of the South depends, in part, on South American commerce; but trade with South America must involve the South if it is to be profitable to the nation. Much depends upon the diplomatic policies of the future, and upon whether the relationship with South America that is associated with Cordell Hull's "good neighbor policy" is continued or is displaced by a proposed system of imperialism.

The vision of an industrialized South has been received by Southerners with mixed emotions. There is bitter disagreement below the Potomac on the subject. To one group, Industrialization means Progress; but neither Industrialization nor Progress suggests to the mind of the dissenting agrarian a graven image in the form of a machine. The cult of industry is served by many who have no hesitation in proposing to turn the already exploited South into a mechanized slum, although there is force in their retort to the agrarians that cotton farming, especially in the one-crop areas, is a form of outdoor mass production indistinguishable from widget-making. It is true that the Southern agrarians live in the never-never land, that their imaginary farmers bear less resemblance to the depressed sharecropper or the flourishing yeoman farmer than to Dresden figurines of shepherd and shepherdess, but they have scored some points in the debate.

The South will not become, of course, either a single great factory or the habitation of thirty million cheerful peasants engaged in subsistence farming. Neither idea has attracted the Southern mind, which rebels instinctively against either form of monotony. The South is one of America's last remaining frontiers. Its development is consequential not only to the millions who live there but to the other hundred and ten million Americans who are fellow citizens in a common country.

6

I HAVE tried to give you a glimpse of the Southern mind, the Southern scene, and the Southern problem, as a prelude to presenting some suggestions about a course that Americans must take if our country is to

escape the multiple perils that await it in the next generation.

For any man to profess to speak without either prejudice or bias is for him to assert that he grew up without contact with other men and with the world that surrounds him; it is to assert that he is formed of different clay from his fellows and cast in a finer mold. I have told you about the South, about the little town of Newnan with its modest courthouse square and its Confederate monument and its merchants and farmers and textile workers, because it is from that vantage point that I see the world. It is with their eyes that I look at a changing America. It is with their emotions that I feel pain and hope and sadness and joy. I do not profess a detachment that I have not; only those who have been uprooted and left to dry in the noon sun are truly detached.

But Newnan and Georgia and the South are a part of the great experiment that is America. It is important to all of us that the experiment succeed. Too many lives, too much treasure, too much work, and too many dreams have been expended upon it for it to be abandoned.

I am convinced that the experiment should go on, in the nation, in each of the forty-eight states, in the thousands upon thousands of communities that together sum up the population of our country. Though this optimism may derive from nothing but the ebullient romanticism of my Georgia neighbors, I am convinced that somehow we can make an America free of fear and want — and keep it free from boredom and monotony, too.

The first needful thing, of course, is to regard the United States as a common heritage for all its citizens, wherever they were born and wherever they live. The exploitation of whole regions, under a colonial system more wasteful than that practiced by the most greedy of European powers in Africa or the Pacific, must end. Our natural resources, which are not so great as they were before they were depleted in winning two wars, must be conserved. The oil reserves of the West, the copper and lead of the Mountain States, the very soil of the South, must not be wasted.

Our human resources must be conserved. Oil and copper will store in the earth, but the time wasted in unemployment cannot be used some later day. A program for the utilization of the highest skill of every American worker, all sixty million of them, is imperative. That it must involve guarantees by all of society to each member of society is inescapable.

The right of the individual to make his own choices must be kept free. Individualism has taken much criticism, as a creed, in recent years, because ineluctably it is the defense of the greedy when confronted with their own antisocial conduct. But it is obvious that society as such has no rights except those that are the sum total of the rights of the individuals who compose it. Individual initiative is a phrase of con-

tempt in the mouths of those who advocate one or another form of authoritarianism.

The surest safeguard, at least economically, that can be adopted on behalf of individual enterprise — “free enterprise” if you like that phrase better — is the rigid enforcement by society, in self-protection, of statutes against monopoly.

The discriminations against the Southern and Western regions of our country must be abated, both in the freight rate differentials that prevent their normal industrial development and in the distribution of Federal funds for highways, education, and public health. If these injustices are not remedied, the people of the South and of the West will become no more than hewers of wood and drawers of water to imperial masters in the East. Federal funds should be distributed on a basis of need and not on a basis of ability to “match.”

Control over the economic life of the nation through monopolistic conspiracies, or through monopolies attained through misuse of the patents granted by the government as a reward for inventive genius, must be ended.

Industry in America must be decentralized. Enforcement of the present inadequate and ineffective laws against monopoly would do much in this direction, but more positive action is needed. Both to attain nation-wide prosperity and as an essential element in national defense, industry must be field-sown in the United States instead of crowded together in an Eastern hothouse.

A public works system embracing every region and community of the country and admitting of immediate activation in case of need must be prepared and ready for any economic emergency. This is an expensive counterbalance to the free enterprise system in industry. It will be less needful as decentralized industry eradicates the economic plague spots of America.

Control over corporate enterprises must be restored to ownership. The most dangerous present menace to American business is not a handful of pinkish dissenters from our economic orthodoxy, but the erection of an irresponsible bureaucracy of management, more inviolated and pernicious than any governmental bureaucracy ever to haunt the nightmare of a high-tariff Republican.

Attention must be given to farm problems, and to this I shall address myself in my next article. The medication of subsidies and allotments was an unavoidable necessity during the depression illness, but some less drastic remedy should keep the patient in health hereafter.

The enumeration of needs appears to be entirely upon the economic side. There is no specific mention of civil liberties or of states' rights. The answer is that the civil liberties of our people are in no immediate danger of violation; they risk only the erosion incident to poverty and the political weakness that accompanies it.

BRAVE NEW WORLD

by ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

BUT you, Thomas Jefferson,
You could not lie so still,
You could not bear the weight of stone
On the quiet hill,

You could not keep your green grown peace
Nor hold your folded hand
If you could see your new world now,
Your new sweet land.

There was a time, Tom Jefferson,
When freedom made free men.
The new found earth and the new freed mind
Were brothers then.

There was a time when tyrants feared
The new world of the free.
Now freedom is afraid and shrieks
At tyranny.

Words have not changed their sense so soon
Nor tyranny grown new.
The truths you held, Tom Jefferson,
Will still hold true.

What's changed is freedom in this age.
What great men dared to choose
Small men now dare neither win
Nor lose.

Freedom, when men fear freedom's use
But love its useful name,
Has cause and cause enough for fear
And cause for shame.

We fought a war in freedom's name
And won it in our own.
We fought to free a world and raised
A wall of stone.

Your countrymen who could have built
The hill fires of the free
To set the dry world all ablaze
With liberty —

To burn the brutal thorn in Spain
Of bigotry and hate
And the dead lie and the brittle weed
Beyond the Plate:

Who could have heaped the bloody straw,
The dung of time, to light
The Danube in a sudden flame
Of hope by night —

Your countrymen who could have hurled
Their freedom like a brand
Have cupped it to a candle spark
In a frightened hand.

Freedom that was a thing to use
They've made a thing to save
And staked it in and fenced it round
Like a dead man's grave.

You, Thomas Jefferson,
You could not lie so still,
You could not bear the weight of stone
On your green hill,

You could not hold your angry tongue
If you could see how bold
The old stale bitter world plays new —
And the new world old.



OUR CHANCES IN CHINA

by JOHN K. FAIRBANK

1

PROFESSOR Wen I-to was a leading scholar of Chinese literature in the refugee universities in Kunming. He was a follower neither of the Kuomintang nor of the Chinese Communists but had joined with other professors in that loose union of liberal individuals and politicians without party known as the Democratic League. On July 15 as he was emerging from the office of the *Democratic Weekly*, of which he was an editor, he was shot down by an unknown assailant.

The Democratic League has taken a stand very similar to that of the Chinese Communists, in favor of coalition government and against the continued one-party dictatorship of the Kuomintang; there can be no doubt that this political assassination, like other recent assassinations, beatings, and terrorism

against Chinese liberals, was the work of the right wing of the Kuomintang.

Professor Wen was American-trained, a graduate of the University of Chicago and a symbol of the American interest in China. He was killed by agents of those who hold the real power in the Chinese National Government, which the United States recognizes and has been supporting, the same die-hards who have been using American planes, gasoline, supplies, arms, and ships in civil war against the Chinese Communists.

In this post-war period, we face in China the dilemma that confronts us elsewhere: how to foster stability without backing reaction; how to choose between authoritarian extremes of communism and incipient fascism; how to nurture in a backward country both the economic well-being which only a strongly centralized control can ensure and the individual freedom which goes with representative government and civil liberties; how to reconcile socialism and liberalism. The established regime which we recognize (the Kuomintang) is incompetent to give the mass of individuals economic security, and

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in seeking to retain power is also averse to allowing them political expression. Alternatively, there is danger that if a new authoritarian regime (the Chinese Communist Party) wins support by giving the individual economic security, it might end by withholding from him political liberty.

Revolution will endanger our liberal interest, yet reaction is even now destroying it. The liberalism in which we believe may be crushed between two authoritarian extremes, neither of which we wish to support. But we seem to prefer the known evils of reaction to the unknown dangers of revolution. Thus we become conservatives, and events now move so fast that conservatives soon become reactionaries. What have we really been doing in China, and what is our true interest there?

When General Marshall went to China last December it was not our intention to back the Kuomintang in civil war. His statesmanlike objectives were to help stop the civil war and to help achieve a coalition government of all parties, in which the Communist Party would be represented and have political rights to seek adherents and thus compete with the Kuomintang for the support of the Chinese people. This coalition government would end one-party dictatorship by the Kuomintang and usher in a two-party system; at the same time the two parties would merge their armies in a newly reorganized national army, which the United States would help to build. The new coalition government, founded on a new constitution, would receive economic aid from the United States, and China would be set on the road to unity, democracy, and national strength.

This admirable program was agreed to by all parties in January of this year and the Executive Headquarters in Peiping was set up to carry out the cease-fire agreement by sending truce teams composed of Nationalist, Communist, and American representatives to all points where civil conflict might flare up. The Headquarters put on a superb performance.

But the basic agreement for coalition government was nullified by those who had the most to lose by it — that is, the right wing of the Kuomintang. These die-hard anti-Communists used the Russian despoiling of Manchuria as a means of whipping up Russophobia and diverting attention from the problem of domestic coalition. They used the Kuomintang party meeting in March to alter unilaterally the terms of the agreement on which coalition government would be based, and so to retain the monopoly of power which they had promised to give up. General Marshall was absent in the United States and this rebuff to his efforts was allowed to pass without public rebuke.

The Kuomintang propaganda directive continues to give priority to all news which plays up Russian-American friction and identifies the Chinese Communists with Russia. Increasingly the party secret police have terrorized liberals and advocates of coalition, as if to make it plain that compromise is im-

possible and further negotiation futile. Thus the Kuomintang right wing, which controls the party that controls the government of China, has sabotaged General Marshall's efforts.

The Chinese Communists on their part have broken solemn promises and contributed to the flouting of the agreements. But on the whole they stand to gain from coalition government both a recognized political status and an opportunity to spread their influence. In the mixed fighting and negotiation of recent months they have espoused peaceful settlement but have used force when they felt it expedient.

Our support of the Kuomintang has consisted of the fact that, in spite of the collapse of the political part of last winter's settlement, we have taken steps to carry out our economic and military part of it. Without waiting for the creation of a coalition government which would genuinely represent all China, we have begun negotiations for a half-billion-dollar loan, promised to continue Lend-Lease aid in addition to the 600 million dollars advanced since V-J Day, sold surplus war supplies, transferred ships, and trained Chinese naval forces, all to the benefit of the recognized government of China, which is an unreformed one-party dictatorship. This has strengthened the Kuomintang right wing, which has openly prepared its civil war against the Communists.

We back the Kuomintang for several reasons, legal and practical, but mainly because, with all its evils, it is a known quantity and looks to us for leadership in international affairs. We fear that if it collapses, Russian influence in China will supplant ours.

Because of this fear, while we sincerely profess liberal aims in China, we actually back Kuomintang reaction. We find ourselves as individuals aghast at the corruption and gangster methods of a regime which we nevertheless collectively support. Can it be that our liberal faith does not apply to China? Or do we misconceive the way it should apply?

2

THE American faith of individualism has two tenets: that the ordinary person, "the common man," should have a chance at economic security, and that he should have liberty to express himself in politics. In our new continent the tenet of economic security has been expressed in the tradition of economic opportunity. The present generation has learned that opportunity is less plentiful than it once was, and that the security and minimum well-being of the average citizen must be socially provided for. As a people we are still debating the degree to which this is necessary.

As a people we have no doubt, however, of the need of civil liberty; and the right of the individual to vote and express himself concerning his government, in assembly, in speech, and in writing, is a chief tenet of our faith.

It is because we apply our political faith to China directly, with no allowance for Chinese conditions, that our thinking has become confused. Even now we are cutting our own throats in China, allowing sinister forces to destroy the very things which we have so carefully tried to nurture there.

For a century past we have fostered liberalism in China. Our missionaries have carried the message of the worth of the individual. Chinese officials have studied our Anglo-Saxon institutions. Chinese leaders in education, journalism, banking, and industry have followed our example. Modern China as we know it has been built by men who have used our experience.

How can this leadership, nurtured in American ways, be a passive party to the shooting of liberal professors who dare to speak out on politics as any American would do?

The first thing for us to realize about modern China is that beneath the veneer of westernization and the hopeful developments of our lifetime, the Chinese political tradition still remains authoritarian. The most cursory glance at Chinese history shows that from the earliest period the ruler was above the people, their father and not their representative. The ruler intervened between mankind below and the forces of heaven above. On behalf of the people he performed ritual observances, and the proper performance of these rites maintained the harmony between man and nature. When this harmony failed, as when drought or flood upset the agrarian economy, the emperor not only performed sacrifices but took full responsibility before his people for all natural calamities.

Bearing this total responsibility, the emperor exercised a personal control over his officials, from whom he expected a personal loyalty. The imperial administration was a pyramid capped by the emperor, who was the final arbiter, the One Man, by whose virtuous example all were inspired and on whose favor all things depended. This authoritarian system was buttressed through the centuries by making entrance to official life depend upon a mastery of the Confucian classics, which inculcated loyalty to the ruler.

China was governed in terms of the Confucian tradition until 1911, long after Chiang Kai-shek and all his leading ministers had come into the world and were growing up in it. It is certainly to be expected that there should be in the present Chinese government one man at the top, who makes all final decisions, whose favor is indispensable, who rules without reference to election processes, who sets an example of right conduct in his personal life, and who puts the highest store upon the loyalty of his ministers to him personally.

Another concomitant of the Confucian tradition was the imperial regime's monopoly of organization. No group of persons might meet, no association be formed, without official sanction; this was essential in a land where a few thousand civil officers main-

tained a government over millions, ruling superficially by virtue of tax collections, the imperial prestige, force in reserve, and the acknowledged right to a monopoly of government. It is consistent with Confucian tradition, if not with Western liberalism, that all associations and meetings for whatever purpose in China today, like all publications and other forms of organized expression, are required to be registered with the Ministry of Social Affairs and are subject to police control.

There has never been a two-party system in China that worked; and there has always been a monopoly party in power, a party of officials organized on the basis of loyalty to the ruler. We should recognize that behind all the rapid modern development of China and the statements made to us about Chinese democracy there lies the inertia of centuries, which inheres in the mass of a whole continent. We cannot expect democracy in China soon or on our own terms, but only on terms consistent with Chinese tradition, which must be gradually remade.

3

A SECOND thing we must recognize in our approach to China is that economic security comes before political freedom in the wants of mankind. A man will think of food before he thinks of free speech. Our own tradition of political liberty has grown to maturity in an expanding economy, where the individual's standard of living has been rising. We have grown accustomed to a freedom of the individual which is unknown among Asia's millions — freedom to go and come, freedom to buy what we will, to read what we choose, to say what we think, to live as we please. This freedom goes with an economic life above the subsistence level. It is the product of our economic well-being, which makes literacy, education, travel, and leisure available to average people.

Our aid to China today is based on the realization that we cannot preserve our own freedom politically if the rest of the world lives hardly above the subsistence level economically. If the Chinese peasant, to keep his belly full, must acquiesce in dictatorship and forgo political self-expression, our own political freedom is sooner or later threatened. We want to see liberal democracy develop in China, but we cannot expect political progress to be based on economic deterioration, and we therefore hope for agrarian reforms and wise industrialization which will raise the peasant's standard of living, allow the government to help improve his livelihood, and permit him to become an educated citizen who participates in the process of government.

Unfortunately we find that the Chinese Communists, who we suspect may be eventual enemies of the political freedom of the individual, are the most effective protagonists of the economic well-being of the peasant. By helping the peasant to meet his economic wants, they gain his political support.

Americans may see in this a mere device to get political control; the fact remains that it works and we should do well to study it.

There is no simple answer on the Chinese Communist question. Little as we like to do it, we must hold in mind facts and opinions both good and bad. If we look at North China and see only the specter of Russia, we shall not get realistic conclusions on which to base a policy.

The essential fact which underlies the growth of the Chinese Communist movement is that Chinese life now faces the possibility of rebirth. The potentialities of change are at hand. The technology of modern science can be applied to the life of the peasant on the land, and both the peasant and his way of life can be re-created. This amounts to a revolution of thought, of tradition, in an entire civilization.

We can easily acknowledge the pressure for change in China. The impact of Western industry has destroyed the ancient handicraft economy. Western medicine has stimulated the survival rate, so that more girls reach the childbearing age, and the already excessive population is increasing still further. Modern scholars have remade the ancient language. The Confucian ethic has been discredited, but no new ethic has taken its place. Women have been emancipated. The ancient culturism of the Middle Kingdom has been transmuted into nationalism, pride of culture providing the stuff for pride of race and nation. All these revolutionary changes of Western life during the last several centuries have been set down before a vigorous people whose traditional way of life has been shattered, and they are left to choose. We have given enough Chinese enough education for them to see visions of what might be done. Small wonder that students of the leading American-sponsored Chinese universities are the most active recruits among the Communist cadres in Yen-an and Kalgan; they are there to use their modern education in remaking Chinese life.

4

THE Chinese Communist Party has capitalized upon this pressure for change. It has become the acknowledged champion of agrarian reform, in a land of farmers, and has thereby set up its claim to be the party of progress. Chinese intellectuals generally recognize that the Communist Party is the party of change and is now the leading force in the Chinese revolutionary process.

This is not surprising when one looks at the Kuomintang. Year after year the same faces have appeared in its high positions; offices are reshuffled, but still the same old faces appear at different windows. Together as a group under Chiang Kai-shek the Kuomintang leaders came to power in the nationalist revolution of 1925-1927, determined to unify their country and to free it from foreign domination, and in this they have largely succeeded. Having

succeeded, they have developed no higher aim than the preservation of Kuomintang power. And since the revolution, if allowed to continue on its course, would inevitably bring new leaders to power, they have perforce held back the revolution.

For this reason, during the war they avoided popular mobilization. They have also opposed a literacy movement of mass proportions because that would create mass organization not easy to control. Unlike the Communist Party, the Kuomintang could not arm a peasant militia for mass resistance during the war because the Kuomintang had no program of change for the peasant by which to retain his allegiance and control him once he was armed. The Kuomintang has little desire for change because it represents classes in power — landlords in the countryside, and money manipulators in the cities — who are at one with the officials in having nothing to gain by revolution.

It has therefore not been possible during recent years for the Kuomintang to take advantage, except by lip service, of the tremendous potentialities of the Chinese revolution of which it was once a protagonist. During all this time any genuine Kuomintang effort to organize the Chinese peasant masses for their own betterment could have got results. But only the Communists have done it effectively.

The ideals in terms of which the Communist Party enlists the allegiance of young China deserve our careful attention. Leaving aside ideological terms, the Communist appeal is made as follows: —

1. The object of the revolution is a new life for the masses of China. This new life must begin with the economic betterment of the peasant; to this he will respond, not to mere slogans or ideology.

2. The economic betterment of the peasant, involving his literacy and technological training, can be achieved only by the exercise of political power, which is now the vested interest of the landlord and moneyed official classes.

3. To attain political power it is necessary to have a political organization stronger than any number of uncoordinated individuals; the impotence of the individual in China is being proved every day now, in the assassination of liberals.

4. A party can be effective only if its members submit to party discipline; in party councils all may have a voice, but once the party decision is taken, all must obey it. In self-defense the party must work partly in secret. In self-defense it has an army.

5. The revolution must be guided at every step by the needs of the peasant. Party cadres must live in the villages, work with the peasant, eat his food, lead his life, think his thoughts. Only thus can the party draw perpetual sustenance from the masses and lead them in their regeneration.

To an observer, the most striking thing about these Communist Party articles of faith is the fact that they are posited upon the Chinese peasant's primary need of economic betterment, the urgency of which can be seen in the obvious suffering of mil-

lions, rather than upon any need of political expression, which the Chinese peasant has never known. Ideally, when a recruit joins the cause, his party training changes his life. Work for the masses and loyalty to the party become a religious creed, and lesser selfish aims wither away. The virtue of unselfishness endows the Communist leadership with a moral claim to conduct the government, and the Communist regime gains that tacit acquiescence of the populace which in ancient times was said to constitute the mandate of heaven to rule the empire.

As Communist Party political control is extended, the movement is spoken of as a liberation, freeing the peasant from feudal bonds of exploitation and ignorance. The Yen'an paper is the *Liberation Daily*. Visitors to Kalgan stay at the Liberation Hotel. Party workers in the villages help the peasant to express himself, teach him to read, to discuss his problems, and to vote in elections, try to give him a new self-respect and a new personality as a co-operative and politically-minded citizen. This effort at spiritual regeneration, however limited it may be in practice, outshines the Kuomintang effort.

5

FROM these considerations we may conclude that an authoritarian one-party system is not abnormal in Chinese politics, and it will require long-continued efforts to implant a two-party or multi-party system there. The authoritarian nature of communism, which would be an obstacle to its success in this country, is no bar to its success in China. Secondly, material want presses so heavily upon the Chinese farmer that he will support any regime which gives him economic well-being, whether or not it gives him political freedom to participate in government. Thirdly, the Chinese Communist movement in its ideals has a spiritual vigor, a moral claim to leadership, which cannot easily be extinguished.

The facts pose these questions: Must we not prepare sooner or later to come to terms with Chinese Communism? What chances are there that the terms will be satisfactory? Will not the Chinese Communists side with Russia against us in time of crisis? Here we must estimate our chances soberly and objectively, knowing that extremist answers are often easy but not helpful.

The Chinese Communists are genuine communists and are proud of it. Their affinity with Soviet Russia is doctrinal and theoretical; it does not need to be practical or procedural. Concrete evidence of their maintaining close contact with the Soviet Union is surprisingly scarce; the Russians on their part maintained a surprisingly correct record of wartime aid to Chungking, not to Yen'an.

The Communists' affinity to Russia is based also on the similarity of Russia's actual problems and experience in remaking a backward agrarian society. Nothing in American experience is so similar.

The Communist Party regime is plainly not a Moscow puppet. It is composed solely of Chinese, who for twenty years have faced Chinese conditions without appreciable outside aid and have painfully worked out a program suited to the Chinese soil. North China is not a counterpart of Eastern Europe.

The Communist Party record is patriotic against Japan. They gained strength by rousing and organizing the Chinese farmer against the Japanese invader. They understand the latent vigor of Chinese nationalism, which the Kuomintang has often turned against them. Anyone aspiring to lead modern China must reckon with the nationalist movement for independence from foreign domination. This means that any Chinese Communist allegiance to Soviet Russia would need to be practical and expedient, even circumspect, rather than blindly fanatical and unquestioning.

We must understand that the Chinese tradition in foreign relations — "Use barbarians to control barbarians" — has not been extirpated. For years past the Kuomintang government (together with the Catholic Church in China) has been doing all in its power to stimulate us to take care of its Russian and Communist problems, just as it relied upon us to take care of the Japanese problem. This trick of balancing one foreign power against another goes far back in Chinese history and is part of the manipulative genius of the Chinese middleman in politics and diplomacy. Just as the cleverest Chinese entrepreneur is he who becomes a middleman in trade, and profits from the transactions of others, so the national instinct in international relations has been to find the middle ground between foreign antagonists and so maintain a bargaining position with them both. Unless we force the Chinese Communists to depend upon Russia for their very survival, which they do not do at present, we might expect them to remain in future as relatively independent of Russia in their domestic affairs as they have been in the past. But if in our fear that they will support Russia in power politics we now supply their opponents with arms, we are likely to force them into the very thing we dread, a Russian alliance.

Will not the Chinese Communists develop a police state in order to preserve their power? Is it not inherent in the party dictatorship that it must be preserved by a Gestapo terror? Can we afford to let China fall under such a regime?

Since Kuomintang China is living increasingly under Gestapo control, with its complement of concentration camps, organized bullies, and intimidation, this last question is losing much of its force. China is already a kind of police state, and our choice is between two evils.

We should never forget our limitations. We can hinder or accelerate the revolutionary process in China, but we cannot stop it. At present, for better or worse, it is a Communist Party revolution. At some future time the revolutionary movement may cease to be led by the Communist Party. But the

important question is not whether it will develop, but how. Into a bureaucratic tyranny or a people's commonwealth? Another despotism or a new type of democracy, adapted to Chinese conditions? By evolution through coalition government and political methods, or by violence and prolonged destruction?

Our problem is, therefore, how to influence the Chinese revolutionary movement in our proper interest so that it will not sacrifice the individual to the state, will not subordinate China to a foreign power, and will not surround itself by an iron curtain which cuts off contact.

In this connection we should remember, for example, that the present Russian xenophobia stems partly from the Allied attack and blockade of the Bolsheviks after the First World War. In China the iron curtain has thus far been the Kuomintang blockade of Communist China, not a blockade created by the Communists but one raised against them. Already the Chinese Communists show the evil effects of this blockade, which has starved them intellectually as much as materially. They are long on theory and short on facts, lacking in detailed knowledge of the outside world but ready with general conclusions about it.

Even their leadership is an easy prey to its own propaganda, prone to accept doctrinaire answers to questions which we feel must be answered by practical experiment rather than dogma. The spiritual fervor which gives their movement strength leads them to *a priori* conclusions, and they readily jeer at British socialism as a sham and foresee the utter collapse of capitalism in America, expecting that unemployment, inflation, and the Negro problem will sooner or later tie us in knots. They doubt that capitalist America can have a fundamentally friendly policy toward them. When we confirm this doubt by giving Chiang arms to use against them, we are ourselves being doctrinaire, and are ourselves setting lines of inevitable conflict. This is not to our interest.

We should also note that humanitarianism is an important part of the Chinese Communist dogma. Whatever may have happened in Russia, this ideal has not yet been perverted in Communist China, and Communist cadres there are sincerely intent on the uplifting and regeneration of their fellow men. Meanwhile the Communist propaganda toward Kuomintang China has been increasingly on a liberal line, protesting violations of civil liberty, demanding freedom of speech, assembly, and publication, and denouncing the callousness of officialdom to human suffering. However ruthlessly the news and prop-

aganda monopoly of the Communist Party may try to control thought in their own areas, it is plain that they seek to align themselves with the Chinese liberal tradition, which is mainly the tradition of individual self-expression on the part of the scholar class. From early times the courageous scholar has been the man entitled by his learning to speak out against the misdeeds of authority. This tradition is one hope of liberalism in China.

Whether Communist China can eventually reconcile a socialist economy with individual liberty we do not know. As industrialization and education progress, it is not likely that modern China will acquiesce forever in government by a Gestapo, either right or left. But in any case we cannot erase Communism from the Chinese political scene, however many tanks and planes we give to Chiang. If we oppose the revolution blindly, we shall find ourselves eventually expelled from Asia by a mass movement.

These considerations suggest that our best chance lies in developing and maintaining contact with Communist China as fully as with the rest of China — the opposite of a policy of quarantine or cutting adrift. For example, American universities should develop direct contact with, and lend the most active support to, leading Chinese universities, including the few which are growing up in Communist areas. Students should be exchanged with all areas.

We should see that relief supplies go where they are most needed, regardless of politics. Our technical, financial, and other assistance should be available freely to all sides. We should be less immediately concerned to secure freedom of commercial opportunity for our own benefit than to secure freedom of information and of the press and of travel — in short, freedom of contact.

Freedom of contact, meaning reciprocal contact, is our chief hope of avoiding fatal misconceptions on our part as to Chinese realities, and of contributing some of our own liberal faith and values to the revolutionary process in China. In the long run it is our best chance of nourishing and sustaining both liberals like Professor Wen I-to in the face of Kuomintang reaction and those humanitarians in the Chinese Communist Party who seek the liberation of the individual. If our liberal political principles are as universally valid as we believe, we must wait for modern China, communist or otherwise, to realize it. We cannot compel her to do so, and the continued use of American force, masked as Lend-Lease or other aid to Kuomintang armies, will only invalidate our cause and rouse force against us.



BEAU SABREUR

by FERRIS GREENSLET

1

CHARLES RUSSELL LOWELL, JR., scholar, mechanic, traveler, railroad treasurer, ironmaster, commander of a fighting brigade of cavalry, all before he was thirty — *beau sabreur* to the eye, but one with first-class brains and a gentle heart — was born in Boston in a house that stood a few doors from the Common, in Winter Place. In him the *élan* of the Russell-Lowell-Spence line was mingled with the Jackson verve, and, at least so his cousin Henry Higginson thought, a touch of the Irish fighting spirit of his great-great-grandfather Patrick Tracy. He prepared for college at both the Latin and English High Schools in Boston, as usual first scholar, and entered Harvard at fifteen, the youngest member of the Class of 1854. One classmate recalled his “boyish beauty, his rosy-tinted complexion, his wavy hair, his bright eyes that could flash with merriment or glow with intense conviction.” Another wrote: —

“He was unusually boyish in appearance, with a ruddy countenance overflowing with health and *animal spirits*, and a manner somewhat brusque. He did not win popularity at once; but as his powers and character developed, and toned down the rather boisterous life and manner of the body, he came to be proudly acknowledged, without a dissenting voice, as the foremost man of the Class.

“Plato was his constant study and his most valued authority; he also often referred to Lucretius, whose writings he read carefully in college; and he was familiar with the thought of the English and American transcendentalists. He loved mysticism.”

All his short life, “By Plato” was his favorite oath, but his mysticism was the shrewd, practical, patriotic Yankee mysticism of Emerson. Notably

Editor, biographer, and anthologist, and for four decades the literary adviser of Houghton Mifflin, FERRIS GREENSLET has had the satisfaction of seeing two of his books on the best-seller list in the past two years: his autobiography, *Under the Bridge*, and *The Practical Cogitator*, the anthology which he edited in collaboration with Charles C. Curtis.

Back in 1905, while serving as Associate Editor of the *Atlantic*, he wrote a life of James Russell Lowell and at that time was tempted to trace the influence which seven generations of Lowells have had upon the history of the country. From his new biography, *The Lowells and Their Seven Worlds*, we have been privileged to draw this colorful chapter.

in his Emerson-fed generation he made good his uncle James's line: —

And what they dare to dream of, dare to do.

Just before his graduation, when Anthony Burns, fugitive slave, was escorted down State Street to the wharves by militia and a “mob of merchants,” Charles and Henry Higginson followed. As Burns was put on the ship Henry said, “Charlie, it will come to us to set this right!”

After vowing sometime to set slavery right, and telling his audience at Harvard's Commencement of the Reverence due from Age to Youth, he spent six months in the counting-room of John Murray Forbes to learn business methods. His employer noted that “he penetrated the mysteries rapidly” and became a warm and helpful friend.

In the spring of 1855, still in pursuit of practical knowledge, the twenty-year-old transcendentalist became a common workman in the Ames Company's mill at Chicopee, filing iron and cleaning old chains, studying every process and detail of ironmaking, particularly the kick of the gun, the reaction of the trade on the men in it — workmen, boss, and manager. No other member of his family so early developed so keen a social conscience. He believed in the discipline that makes character, but his interest and his sympathy lay rather with the hands than with the head office. As a present measure he started a singing class, and begged his friends to give him books that he could lend his fellow workmen to read in place of the wretched trash they had.

In the autumn, he left Chicopee to take a promising head-office position in the rolling mills at Trenton, New Jersey. Here it seemed he had found his appointed work; but in the spring the endemic New England disease of tuberculosis, which at one time or another threatened all the members of his immediate family, laid its pale finger on him. Doctor James Jackson, his wise medical uncle, diagnosed the case as curable. Ironically, as it turned out, he ordered him to avoid all strenuous action till after the age of thirty.

Mr. Forbes, his ever-thoughtful patron, appeared promptly on the scene and took him South by ship to the West Indies and New Orleans. In that soft

southern climate his health improved, but it was evident that a longer time under sunny skies was needed to effect a permanent cure. Through the generosity of his grandmother, Mrs. Patrick Tracy Jackson, and Mr. Forbes, it was made possible for him to embark on a fast sailing ship of eight hundred tons for Gibraltar.

During his two years abroad he sent home the most perceptive and enjoyable travel letters to be found among the hundreds of good *lettres de voyage* produced by five generations of touring Lowells. He landed at Gibraltar and applied himself with force and originality to the task of restoring his health. He bought a horse and hardened himself to the saddle on the mountain roads of Spain, Switzerland, Austria, Italy, Germany, and Algiers. He had to study the capacity and needs of the horse, and achieved a kinship with that noble animal that helped to make him the centaur that he became.

Charles attended the maneuvers of the Austrian and French armies, chiefly, as it seemed at the time, for their picturesqueness and intellectual interest. For exercise in Algiers he took lessons in swordsmanship from an eminent French *maître d'armes*. He made friends with French, Germans, and Italians, learned to speak their languages well, and so acquired understanding of men as well as horses. Few *beaux sabreurs* were ever as civilians better prepared for cavalry command. He arrived back home in July, 1858, brown, hard, and healthy, uncertain as to his future, though he had been corresponding with Henry Higginson about the possibility of the two of them settling in Bleeding Kansas and doing something about it.

For the time being *dis aliter visum*. He spent the month of August at Mr. Forbes's island principality of Naushon, riding, fishing, sailing, and coaching young William Forbes in algebra and history. There he was offered by Mr. Forbes — and accepted — the post of assistant treasurer of the Burlington and Missouri River Railroad. September found him established on the banks of the sullen Mississippi at Burlington, a town with "an unfledged look, its pin feathers being still very apparent."

He set up housekeeping in a small white brick house with an acre of land on the outskirts of the town, with, as companions, a young Bohemian, Leo Carker, who enjoyed the title of general freight and ticket agent, and later young Charles E. Perkins, who at a salary of thirty dollars a month had come from Ohio to assist the assistant treasurer as cashier, and was to rise to the presidency of the great C. B. & Q. In addition to his financial responsibility, the twenty-three-year-old treasurer had charge of a land grant of three hundred thousand acres given by the government to assist in the construction of the road across the state. As the territory granted was far in advance of the point reached by the rails, the lands were proving unsalable and a headache of a gigantic acreage. He was, Mr. Perkins records, a tireless worker, often staying in his office till midnight.

Yet with a steady eye to his health he managed a daily ride on a little sorrel mare he had bought, and squeezed out somehow a half-hour a day for scholarly reading. Two months after settling in the unfledged town, he writes his mother: —

"Put me in the first 200 pages of Peirce's book which was overlooked in the upper drawer of my bureau, also his Curves and Functions. Item, one pair of thin boots I left, as there may be gay doings among the Germans. If Uncle James has Child's Chaucer, perhaps he will lend me his Tyrwhitt's.

"I see Froude has launched a history of Henry VIII. He will never be able to manage him, the men are so unlike.

". . . If Anna will lend me her little Pilgrim's Progress, I should like it, also your Pascal's Provincial Letters, — and my Amts German Grammar, if there is room, for I fancy even a box from home has limits of capacity. I should like my Spanish, English and my Greek Dicks."

He concludes: "You say you have a cough: if you don't get over it, I shall come home and take care of you; you must remember, when you are well I am well; you are the very root of my life now and will be perhaps forever."

A year later, Mr. George Ashburner, of the house of Russell and Company of Hong Kong, turned up in Burlington, was entertained in the little white brick house at a supper including champagne, and a few days later wrote offering the young man a post in the Orient promising early position and wealth. It was declined in a letter that reveals the quality of the writer: —

"A sound man feels that he has a right, himself, to dispose of himself, but a fellow who has been ill feels that his kindred have a new claim on him. My mother's hold upon me has increased tenfold within four years — and she *must* be included in my plans for the next ten years. She takes great comfort in my present position in Burlington, believes in the climate, and means to make her home with me a part of each year. I cannot disappoint her — and I know from my own feeling that, apart from the anxiety, the long separation would be very hard upon her."

2

As the months passed and the thunderheads on the political horizon rolled up blacker and closer, the mood of his letters became graver. In May, 1860, he wrote to his classmate and brother-in-law, George Putnam, "How does the Chicago platform and nomination please the Puritans — it shows pluck, and that, in an American, generally argues strength. Deliberately I prefer Lincoln to Seward, especially since the latter's Capital and Labor speech which shivers a little in the wind's eye."

Just before the November election he made an important change of base. He had never, he says, got over the "iron-fever." Though the pecuniary

prospect was no better, he accepted an offer that came to him, again through the good offices of Mr. Forbes, to become an ironmaster at the works in Mount Savage, Maryland, a post of responsibility at the head of a small city of workmen.

There, in a border state, he became more acutely aware of the irrepressible conflict. In December, he made a business trip to New Orleans and saw the unfurling of the Pelican Flag when the news was received of South Carolina's secession. "It was an instructive spectacle. I wonder whether the signers of the Declaration of Independence looked as silly as those fellows." In February, 1861, he wrote to Mr. Forbes, who had gone to Washington as a commissioner from Massachusetts to the so-called Peace Conference, that if the Commonwealth stood where Charles Francis Adams had put her she would look all right in history. "We had," he tells him, "a Union meeting in this county some three weeks ago that was more anti-slavery than Faneuil Hall dares to be — but this is by no means the feeling throughout the state."

Two months later, the real feeling of Maryland flamed into action. In Baltimore, where forty years before Federalist friends of his great-uncle John, opposing Mr. Madison's War and held in protective custody, were murderously attacked by a mob, Massachusetts troops were fired on. Instantly resigning his place as ironmaster, all "Charleynesses," as he called them, forgotten, our *beau sabreur* made his way to Washington, arriving on foot, after communication with the North had been cut off. Foreseeing that the struggle to preserve the Union would be a long one, he saw in the army at once a call and a career. He wrote to his senator, Charles Sumner: —

"I speak and write English, French, and Italian, and read German and Spanish; knew once enough of mathematics to put me at the head of my class in Harvard, though now I may need a little rubbing up; am a tolerable proficient with the small sword and single-stick; and can ride a horse as far and bring him in as fresh as any other man. I am twenty-six years of age, and believe that I possess more or less of that moral courage about taking responsibility which seems at present to be found only in Southern officers."

Sumner passed the letter to Secretary Cameron, who had a look at the applicant and forthwith set steps in motion that gave him an unusual trust for a civilian, a captaincy in the Third United States Cavalry.

The young captain wrote his mother that he was too old to be tickled by a uniform. He felt the issues too gravely to be one of those of whom Melville wrote: —

In Bacchic glee they file towards Fate,
Moloch's uninitiate,

but he was in high spirits throughout the summer and fall he spent recruiting for the cavalry in the Western Reserve. It was in the true spirit of Boots

and Saddles that in the early spring, in command of a thoroughly drilled squadron in a crack cavalry regiment, he set sail with a motley transport fleet of tugs, barges, canal boats, three-storied river steamers, and clipper ships to the Federal beachhead at Newport News for the capture of Richmond.

It was not long before the regiment knew that, in the captain of the squadron composed of Companies K and E, they had a real Leader of Horse. At the end of the war his orderly, Frank Robbins, wrote an account of his first important engagements at Hanover Court House and Slatersville: —

"Our Regiment was advance-guard from Yorktown to Williamsburg"; at Fort Magruder "Gen. Stoneman ordered us to draw in line and charge . . ." but "the Rebs' cavalry charged us first. We fell back, and as we were crossing a swamp the Rebs overtook us. Capt. Lowell had charge of Companies K and E. The Rebs charged Company E first, and the Captain joined that Company with our Company K, and fought them with the sabre for about ten minutes — then we retreated out of the swamp. Our Captain ordered six men to go out as skirmishers from the right of the first platoon. I was one of the six that was sent out, and Sergeant R. was ordered to take charge of us. The Sergt. had been drinking too freely, and he said that *every one of us that didn't charge and kill twenty Rebs, he would put in the guard-house*. Our Capt. told R. he could go to the rear and consider himself under arrest; then he said he would lead us himself. When we got to the swamp, he ordered two of us to dismount and take saddles off the dead horses, while he and the other men skirmished. He laughed at us for dodging when we heard the shells whistle past; he said there was no use to dodge after we heard it whistle. . . .

"After the battle [of Williamsburg] we were advance-guard. . . . Major Williams ordered our Capt. to go through a path that led through a pine forest, with his two companies, and see what he could see. When we had got pretty near through, the rear guard came in and said that there was one hundred dismounted Rebs in our rear. Our Capt. said: 'We are not going backwards, we are going forwards, — they will not trouble us.' We went a piece farther, when our advance-guard came in and said that there was a thousand in advance of us. Our Capt. said: 'We shall not turn back: I would rather fight one thousand fair than one hundred in ambush — we will go and see the thousand.'

"When we came out of the woods, the Rebs were formed in line. One squadron of the Rebs fired on us and one squadron charged us with the sabre. Before they got down where we were our Capt. charged us on another squadron of theirs and charged five times until we made the big road. Our Captain was the first man through the rebel lines every time we charged through them that day. While we were fighting our Capt. rode after a retreating Reb with a shot-gun on his shoulder: our Capt. rode to his side and ordered him to surrender, — the Reb threw the

gun across his arm and fired it at our Capt.; the shot lodged in his overcoat that he had on the saddle behind him. Our Capt. ordered Lt. W. to form the men in line on the road: he staid to see the men all off the field. Lt. X. was thrown from his horse in the first charge and when our Capt. was leaving the field to join his squadron he found him hid behind a stump, — he cried out, 'Captain! Say Captain, have you seen my horse?' Our Capt. said, 'I am not hunting your horse — you had better come and get on behind me, for you cannot stay there long.' When they got to the squadron, the Rebs were making a charge on us, — then we could see our Regt. coming up behind us. Our Capt. charged the Rebs and we took a great many prisoners."

Charles's brother James wrote home a fuller account of the affair of the overcoat: —

"I heard yesterday of a narrow escape which Charley had. He was charging, and came upon a man who aimed a double-barrelled carbine at him. C. called out to him, 'Drop that!' and he lowered it enough to blow to pieces C.'s coat which was strapped on his horse behind him."

Charles never mentioned the matter, but, being asked by the girl who became his wife if it was true, replied, "You can usually make a man obey if you speak quickly enough and with authority."

3

IN the bitter slogging battles of the Seven Days with the army insecurely astride the flooded and bloodied Chickahominy, McClellan made his cautious change of base to a defensive position on Malvern Hill. On the thirtieth of June, Charles's brother, Captain James Jackson Lowell, was shot at Glendale, while re-forming his company's line. His friend Captain Oliver Wendell Holmes, a hundred yards away, looked along the front and waved to him, looked again and he was down. Charles and his sister Anna, "a good little girl," who was a nurse on a hospital steamer at Harrison's Bar, were both within a few miles, but neither could get to him before he died the following day. The officer of his regiment who went to Nelson's Farm, which had been converted into a hospital, to bid him farewell told of the warm firm grasp of his hand, and the composure of the smile on his pale scholar's face. Two surgeons who were left with the Northern wounded after the retreat from Glendale told the Confederate officers to talk with him if they wished to know how a Union soldier thought and felt.

After the Union Army, stopped within sight of the steeples and sound of the bells of Richmond, had retreated back down the Peninsula or been transported by water to Washington, Captain Charles Lowell, "for distinguished services at Williamsburg and Slatersville," was brevetted major and chosen by McClellan the personal aide who, as it proved, was to serve him in the great battle of Antietam. Through

the months of July and August, McClellan went into a temporary eclipse, but in September, following Pope's disaster at the second battle of Bull Run and Lee's advance across the upper Potomac into Maryland threatening the Northern capital, McClellan in the hour of dire emergency was again given the command. His aide, though devoted to him personally, saw both his strength and his weakness with a clear eye. To Henry Higginson, who encountered him in the field during the march to the meeting of the armies, he said, as they lay in the grass during an idle hour: —

"He is a great strategist, and the men have faith in him. He makes his plans admirably, makes all his preparations so as to be ready for any emergency, just as the Duke of Wellington did, but unlike the Duke of Wellington, when he comes to strike he doesn't strike in a determined fashion; that is, he prepares very well, and then doesn't do the best thing — strike hard."

A neat preview of the judgment of history!

A week later, on the second day of the bloody struggle back and forth across the shallow fords and arched stone bridges of Antietam Creek, Charles, mounted and conspicuous, rode with orders from McClellan to his hard-pressed right flank. In the midst of a driving hail of lead, which is still to be dug out from tree trunks and fences, he encountered a brigade of Sedgwick's division, broken and in full flight. Happy as a lover, he exerted his native power of command, checked the rout, re-formed the line, and rode back with it into the deadly woods by the Dunker Church. He escaped injury, but his favorite bright sorrel battle charger, Berold, that had carried him through the engagements of the Peninsula and the Seven Days, was less lucky. Let Frank Robbins tell the tale: —

"The first I saw of Berold was at Fortress Monroe. There was where he was when the Colonel sent me to get him. I may be mistaken but I think he was seven years of age then. We went back to Washington, from there up into Maryland. The Colonel was on General McClellan's Staff. There was a fight the day before the battle of Antietam. I cannot remember the name of it. The Colonel rode Berold through it and at the Battle of Antietam he rode him, I think till about one o'clock when he went with some orders to General Hooker on the right. When we got over there the men was coming back in disorder. The Colonel (or he was captain then) went in and helped rally them. There was a solid shot, or I always thought it was, struck the captain's scabbard and shivered it to pieces. He told me before we got back to Headquarters that he did not think Berold was worth much, that he thought he was soft and was giving out, he could only trot. When we got to Headquarters he told me to take the saddle off of Berold and saddle Bob, a colt that was sent to him. When I took the saddle off there was a great lump on each side of him as large as a hen's egg. I thought the Ball went in behind the Colonel's right leg and lodged just

in front of his left leg just behind Berold's shoulder blade. It was a Minie Ball and was just under the hide. I took a knife, and cut through the hide and took the ball out and there was some splinters of the scabbard too, sticking in his side. If you examine the horse you will find the scars. At the same time his tongue was hurt. I do not know how it was done. He did not fall to hurt it, but when the colonel came into Headquarters Berold had his mouth wide open and I always thought he was shot in the mouth. You look at his tongue and it will show for its self that it was hurt terribly. He had his hoof split. It was always the opinion that it was a shell that struck it. The colonel told me to shoot him, that he would never be of use, but I could not. We moved camp and I went back four or five days to him. I put wet bags around him and the fourth or fifth day I took him to camp, led him twelve or fifteen miles. In about three weeks after, I turned him out in a field where General McClellan's horses was and he would run and lead them all around the field."

Writing the following day to Mr. Forbes, the Major (soon to be colonel) reported with characteristic understatement, "We had a severe fight here Tuesday and a battle on Wednesday. . . . I have had my usual luck but shall have to buy a new sabre, and shall have one horse less to ride for a month or two."

After the all but drawn battle — the Confederates had lost 14,000 men, the Federals 28,000, but Lee had retreated across the Potomac — Charles was chosen by General McClellan for the honor of carrying to Washington and presenting to President Lincoln the thirty-nine regimental standards captured at South Mountain and Antietam.

In the War Between the States it was still the custom, except on the sea and in the Deep South, to go into winter quarters when cold weather came, and delay offensive action until spring. It was suggested to Charles that he go home for the winter to raise in Boston a "regiment of gentlemen." "Gentlemen?" he asked. "What do you mean gentlemen, drivers of gigs?" But when the qualification was liberalized, he accepted the assignment and went North to organize the Second Massachusetts Cavalry, which he was to command. Its nucleus was a battalion of wild-riding young men from California, but the other two battalions, recruited in Boston with some difficulty, were soon in camp at Readville.

During this interlude in the fighting there were notable incidents. He went as a guest to a meeting of the Saturday Club, where he sat beside his philosopher and friend, Emerson, and listened with delight to the verbal sword play between the Professor and the Autocrat.

On the ninth of April, 1863, Charles attended as a charter member the first meeting of the Union Club. The meeting concluded with a two-hour speech by Edward Everett that contained most of the material he delivered seven months later at Gettysburg. Perhaps some of his auditors felt, as Emerson did as he

listened to a sermon by the same gentleman forty years earlier and scribbled: —

Let those now cough who never coughed before,
And those who always cough, cough now the more.

4

WHILE the Colonel was living in Burlington, his mother had written him that all he wanted now was "a wife." He replied, "A wife. I would as soon think of applying the indefinite article to a mother. If ever I meet *the* wife, the matter may have some interest for me." It was early in this same winter that he met her.

Josephine Shaw was the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Francis George Shaw, of Staten Island, close friends of the Colonel's Uncle James and Aunt Maria White Lowell. In 1863, she was nineteen years old. She was a slender, graceful girl, a fine horse-woman, with, as Richard Watson Gilder was to say in his memorial poem, not very poetically but truly, "a thinking, inward-lighted countenance." The resolute fine profile of her brother Bob, riding beside his colored troops that in Saint-Gaudens's bronze march steadily forever down Beacon Street past the State House, was hers, too. Like him, she had the daily courage of humor.

Charles had known her casually as a friend of the family. Coming home from the bloody scenes of Antietam, he saw her with new eyes. She was beyond all doubt or question *the* wife. They seem to have become engaged almost at once. Adams Hill wrote him in March, "I hear the arrow sped swiftly. In such matters haste is not waste."

We get lively pictures of Josephine Shaw in letters from two notably diverse observers. After her death in 1905, William James wrote to her daughter, Carlotta: —

"She was surely one of our noblest and freest. I saw her first when she was eighteen years old, and had come with your Aunt Nellie to pay a visit at the Tweedys', in Kay Street, Newport. She seemed to me then superior to any young woman I had ever seen. A little later, as I was watching 'dress parade' of the 54th regiment, she and your father, then just engaged I think, came whirling up on horseback, and drew up close behind where I was standing among the crowd of spectators. I looked back and saw their faces and figures against the evening sky, and they looked so young and victorious, that I, much gnawed by questions as to my own duty of enlisting or not, shrank back — they had not seen me — from being recognized. I shall never forget the impression they made."

Forty years after the war, one of the Colonel's troopers wrote to Mrs. Lowell herself: —

"I remember you well, when you came to Camp at Vienna the bride of our gallant Colonel. I can see you today in my mind's eye, making your daily trip to the hospital, in wet weather equipped in a water-

proof and little gum boots; the boys appreciated that and it was fully commented on in quarters."

After Charles went back to the wars, leaving her Berold to ride as his parting gift, his letters to her became as constant and delightful as they had been in earlier years to his mother. He writes of Ruskin and Wordsworth, of amusing incidents of army life, of plans for travel together *après la guerre*, of the hazy beauty of the Blue Ridge, of the death of her brother in the assault on Fort Wagner: "The manliness and patriotism and high courage of such a soldier never dies with him; they live in his comrades, — it should be the same with the gentleness and thoughtfulness which made him so loveable a son and brother and friend. . . . I am thankful they buried him 'with his niggers.' They were brave men and they were his men."

To his deep regret Colonel Lowell, now protecting Washington in command of a brigade of cavalry, consisting of the Second Massachusetts and two New York regiments, missed the decisive battle of Gettysburg and saw nothing of the subsequent campaign, except in the protection of Meade's line of supplies in his advance into Virginia. From this it developed that for nearly a year after his marriage, October 31, 1863, he was occupied with operations against the elusive guerrilla leader John Singleton Mosby, "an old rat who has many holes," who specialized in the capture, looting, and destruction of Federal wagon trains. Yet, despite the clamor in the North that Mosby's men when captured should be hanged, the Colonel wrote to his wife, "Mosby is an honorable foe and should be treated as such." After the war, the Old Rat said that Colonel Lowell's Second Massachusetts had given him more trouble and killed or captured more of his men than any other unit of the Northern Army. These excursions and alarms, however, though frequent, were not of long duration, and had an agreeable sporting flavor of the chase that was not without its appeal to the Colonel. Perhaps they intensified rather than interrupted the half-year of happiness in the little house at Vienna, just south of the Potomac.

5

IN the summer of 1864, as the war's penultimate big push got under way in Virginia, Josephine went home to Staten Island, where her daughter, Carlotta, whom the Colonel was never to see, was born. What a soldier's wife she was is revealed by a note in her diary after she received a letter from her brother two years before: "All the account of brave deeds, bayonet charges, calmly receiving the fire of the enemy and withholding their own, and all the stirring accounts of courageous men, make one so long to be with them. I should of all things enjoy a forlorn hope (I think). Well put in, I suppose, but still I really do think so, for I'm not an atom afraid of death and the enthusiasm of the moment would be sublime."

Meanwhile, the Colonel took the field with his brigade, now armed through his personal efforts with the new Spencer repeating carbine. In his first reconnaissance he led his command one hundred and ten miles in forty-eight hours. He himself, light, active, and tough, seemed incapable of fatigue. After seventy hours without sleep he was fresh and cheerful, and annoyed his officers by laughing at their woe-begone countenances. His boy bugler said, "The only fault I ever could find with the Colonel was the places he led me into." A sergeant stated, "We always felt sure in however bad a place we were, that the Colonel could get us out all right." When asked why, when scouting in country of bushwhackers whose long hunting rifles were death to Federal officers, he always wore the crimson sash of an officer, he answered, "It is good for the men to have me wear it."

The end of July found him at Harper's Ferry looking for trouble, and ready either to take or make it.

Early in August, Grant, who was fighting it out all summer on the line of the Wilderness with a heavy loss of expendables, decided that something must be done about the Valley. For three years that rich and lovely terrain, watered by the Shenandoah and commanded by the Massanutts, had been a thorn in Federal flesh. It was the breadbasket of the Confederacy, and Grant's right flank and Washington in his rear were constantly threatened by divisions of infantry and brigades of cavalry in ragged gray pouring down out of it through the staggered mountain passes of the Blue Ridge, or across the Potomac into Maryland. He gave Sheridan command in the Valley with orders to turn its fruitful fields into scorched earth.

The Colonel at once took to his new C.O.

"I like Sheridan immensely," he wrote his wife. "Whether he succeeds or fails, he is the first general I have seen who puts as much heart and time and thought into his work as if he were doing it for his own exclusive profit. He works like a mill-owner or an iron-master; not like a soldier. Never sleeps, never worries, is never cross, but isn't afraid to come down on a man who deserves it."

Four days after Sheridan took command, Lowell led the advance that met the enemy advancing north of Winchester, and after a sharp fight turned them about and drove them pell-mell through the town. Five weeks later, in the same terrain, against a whole division he repeated the performance, and he did it yet again, in early October, in what was known in Union circles as the Woodstock races, in which he was on the heels of the Confederates for twenty-six miles. During these weeks it was with difficulty that he was kept mounted. Thirteen horses, including his favorite, Ruksh, so named for Rustum's steed in Matthew Arnold's poem, were shot under him, and one, Atlanta, was stolen. Berold, who had come back to the war, proved uncontrollable under fire, and was sent back to grass at Staten Island, where he lived honored and petted to a great equine age.

In the first weeks of the Valley campaign, Jubal Early, not a military intellectual giant but a faithful fighter, had a considerable numerical superiority over Sheridan. Battles raged back and forth, up and down the Valley between Winchester and Harper's Ferry. Alternately the Colonel spearheaded attacks and fought bitter unfamiliar rear-guard actions. With his own eyes Sheridan saw him leaping rail fences to get at the foe, and once, when a stone wall proved too high for leaping, actually riding along it whacking their rifles with his saber. He said, "Colonel Lowell is a brave man," and he knew of the administrative ability the Colonel had shown in the previous spring, when in four weeks he had completely reorganized the systems of supply for the great cavalry depot near Washington. He gave him a new command, the Reserve Brigade, composed of the First, Second, and Fifth United States Regular Cavalry with his own Second Massachusetts, and a battery of horse artillery.

In mid-September, Lee, under heavy pressure at Richmond and Petersburg, withdrew the veteran divisions of Anderson and Kershaw from Old Jubilee Early's command. Sheridan, learning from prisoners and his scouts that Early no longer had the advantage in numbers, took the offensive, and the issue in the Valley was no longer in doubt.

This was in the third week of September, 1864. Within the fortnight the Colonel for the first time gave evidence of doubt as to his invulnerability to bullet, saber, and solid shot. His cousin, William Putnam, had been killed at Ball's Bluff in 1861, his own brother, James, at Glendale, and his brother-in-law to be, Robert Shaw, at Fort Wagner in 1863. By 1864, few of his intimate friends had escaped death or grievous wounds, yet he had believed in his heart, or by constant reiteration to his men had made himself believe, that death would not touch him. He had acted on his belief, in the front of the battle, yet with the valor that stops just short of foolhardiness. He felt, as he wrote to General Barlow, who was slowly recovering from dangerous wounds, in September, in the heat of the Lincoln-McClellan election, "There are better things to be done in this country than fighting, and you must save yourself for them too. . . . There are as many campaigns for a fellow as there are half years to his life."

Early in October, he wrote Josephine, Effy as he called her: "I don't want to be shot till I've had a chance to come home. I have no idea that I shall be hit, but I *want* so much not to now, that sometimes it frightens me."

On the seventeenth, he wrote her from his camp on Cedar Creek, his last letter to her: "Good Morning. Such a night's sleep as I had — ten hours strong, only interrupted a few minutes at *reveille*, waking up and reflecting cosily that it was not yet time to turn out." He wrote young Charles Perkins in Iowa: "I hope, trust, and believe you are doing all you can for Lincoln. I believe McClellan's election would send this country to where Mexico and South America are."

He wrote to Mr. Forbes about the death of Billy, a horse belonging to young William Forbes that had been lent to him and killed under him in a charge a day or two before: "He was a dear little horse and was improving to the last day of his life." He wrote his mother: "There is really nothing to tell here. We are in a glorious country, with fine air to breathe and fine views to enjoy; we are kept very active, and have done a good deal of good work; I have done my share, I think, — but there is nothing to make a letter of. I only write this to make you write to me." It was one of the good days, and the eighteenth was another.

6

MEANWHILE, Old Jubilee, encamped a few miles away to the southeast, had an idea for a use of his depleted force that might more than fulfill the highest hopes of Lee, his beloved leader — a surprise attack at dawn. Sheridan was known to be absent on a trip to Washington.

At two o'clock in the morning of the nineteenth, he called his generals together and ordered a concerted attack at five-thirty, before daybreak. The sun rose at six-fifteen in late October.

Providentially for the Northern Army, the Colonel got out of bed at four-thirty and started on a reconnaissance in force in front of the right wing at five-fifteen. He encountered the enemy's advancing cavalry well out in no man's land, fought a sharp engagement with carbine and saber, and set them back upon their heels. On the left flank three miles to the north the case was otherwise. The Nineteenth Corps, aroused from sleep by the shots of their pickets as they were driven in, were scarcely out of their blankets before their ears were affronted by the Rebel Yell and the company volleys of the foe. It was a foggy morning in the lowland along the creek, and soon the mixture of fog and the smoke of gunpowder made a darkness lighted by the flashes of fire from the muzzles of muskets. It was a scene truly infernal. The left flank crumbled and fled, though the Sixth Corps contrived to hold briefly a series of backward positions. Stragglers so blocked the roads to Winchester that Sheridan, galloping towards the sound of firing, had to take to the fields. The Confederates, rank and file alike, collected rich booty from the Federal tents.

The Colonel's Reserve Brigade, still holding stoutly on the right, was ordered to the extreme left, where the situation was now desperate. They rode for three miles along the front of the retiring battle, often under heavy fire. After the battle, General William Dwight, commanding the First Division of the Nineteenth Corps, wrote: —

"They moved past me, that splendid cavalry; if they reached the Pike, I felt secure. Lowell got by me before I could speak, but I looked after him for a long distance. Exquisitely mounted, the picture of a soldier, erect, confident, defiant, he moved at the

head of the finest body of cavalry that to-day scorns the earth it treads."

Arriving at the village of Middletown, the Colonel dismounted part of his brigade, placed them with their repeating carbines behind a stone wall, and with the rest made two vicious charges that checked the advance of the lines of gray. When Sheridan cantered his foam-flecked horse in from Winchester, just before noon, he found Lowell's cavalry and part of the Sixth Corps the only troops actually engaged with the enemy. Sheridan sent an aide to ask the Colonel if he could hold the position. He sent back word that he could and would. The situation seemed in hand, though there was considerable annoyance from a Rebel battery near-by and sharpshooters on the roofs of the houses in Middletown. As he was riding out to reconnoiter, a conspicuous and easy target, the bullet with his number at last found him, breaking his arm and striking him on the chest, without penetration but with such force as to collapse "his poor lung" and cause faintness, bleeding, and loss of voice above a whisper.

He lay on the ground, covered by his overcoat, till mid-afternoon. Then Sheridan, his army re-formed and re-inspired, ordered, "Boys, turn back. I'm going to sleep in that camp tonight or in Hell." In front of the Reserve Brigade was a destructive battery that must be captured. Against the urging, even the orders, of his division commander, the Colonel, by whispered commands to his aides, re-formed his brigade, had himself lifted into the saddle, drew his saber, and charged, not as brigade commander in the rear of the line, but as colonel in front. Almost at once he was struck by a bullet and fell. The brigade rode on to the battery, was repulsed, but re-formed and took it on the second attempt. The Colonel was carried forward behind his charging cavalry into the village of Middletown and to an old house that was serving as a hospital.

7

THE surgeon of the Second Massachusetts Cavalry tells the story of the Colonel's last hours:—

"There were four or five that night in the room. Lowell lay on the table, shot through from shoulder to shoulder; the ball had cut the spinal cord on the way. Of course, below this he was completely paralyzed. Four others were lying desperately wounded on the floor. One young officer was in great pain. Lowell spent much of his ebbing strength helping him through the straits of death. 'I have always been able to count on you, you were always brave. Now you must meet this as you have the other trials—be steady—I count on you.' When he heard the groans of the Rebel wounded that were brought into the yard, he sent me away to look after them. As the night wore on and his strength failed, I said: 'Colonel, you must write to your wife.' He answered that

he was not able, but I said it could be managed; so, putting a scrap of paper on a piece of board, I held his arm above him, putting a pencil between his fingers, and holding the hand against the paper, told him I thought he would find that he could use his fingers. And thus he wrote a word or two of farewell to her."

He was twenty-nine years old when he died. He had done for a year the full work of a brigadier general. His commission to that rank was signed by Abraham Lincoln in Washington as he was making his last charge at Cedar Creek. When a day or two later, an aide arrived with this, and another for his immediate superior, General Merritt, as a major general, Merritt said, "I would gladly give up this if he could only take that."

When Sheridan arrived on the scene of battle from Winchester, twenty miles away, the officer he first encountered was Captain William McKinley, of Ohio, worried but going strong. A few minutes later, he saw Colonel Rutherford B. Hayes of the same state, bruised from a fall when his horse was shot from under him, but carrying on. Our *beau sabreur*, to whom he sent his first inquiry, he never saw alive. After the war he wrote to Josephine, sending her the originals of her husband's dispatches: "Had General Lowell lived, it is my firm belief that he would have commanded all my cavalry and would have done better with it than I could have done."

Suppose the eye or trigger-finger of some unknown Southern soldier had been a little off on the afternoon of October 19, 1864. Brigadier General Charles Russell Lowell, soon to be promoted to major general, and in command of all Sheridan's cavalry and doing better with it, would have come out of the war a popular hero. With his high social aims he would assuredly have applied himself to those better things than fighting of which he wrote Barlow. With his administrative ability he would have done them brilliantly well. With his personal magnetism and gift of leadership, what could have kept him from leadership? Ben Butler's drooping eye might never have looked out over the governor's desk beneath the Golden Dome at the top of Park Street. He had not the advantage of birth in Ohio, but he was born of the best stock in Massachusetts. There were no grocery kings or coal barons to be his political backers, but some of the solidest and ablest financial interests in Boston and New York would have been behind him. It is not impossible that either Major McKinley or Colonel Hayes might never have been a tenant of the White House and that Massachusetts would have had a President midway between John Quincy Adams and Calvin Coolidge.

What a *beau sabreur* of moral as well as physical courage and prompt decision, inspired by the teachings of Emerson and practiced in handling men individually and in the mass, would have made of the job can be left confidently to the historical imagination of the reader.



AN ATLANTIC "FIRST"

A Story

RETURN BY FAITH

by FRANCIS L. BRODERICK

I WAS sitting on a wooden bench in the poorer residential district of Wilmot. From there I could see the McShanes' house, partially hidden by some oak trees, diagonally across the street. It was already past the hour at which I was to call, but, reluctant to start, I sat wondering what I could say when I was inside their home. Finally, to occupy a few more minutes, I looked again at Mrs. McShane's letter. It said:—

DEAR FRIEND,

I am addressing you as friend for only a good friend of Frank's would take time to write me such a beautiful letter and telling so plainly just what happened to Frank's plane. It meant so much to us for it has been hard to learn any details of his accident. Some general in Washington last April wrote us that Frank's B-24 had been hit by Japanese anti-aircraft guns over one of those small Pacific islands but that other crews had seen some parachutes open and so all hope was not gone. And so we have gone on hoping. Frank's Dad and I have felt terrible ever since we had the bad news. Frank is the oldest of eight—five boys and two girls besides Frank. They are all fine but can't fill Frank's place we were expecting to see him around this time his 21st birthday was Saturday and we sure do miss him he was wonderful at home and the rest of the children all thought there was no one like him they all wait anxiously every day for his return the baby especially she was three yesterday Frank always called her his baby she was born the day after his eighteenth birthday and with him the oldest and mister away it was him that

brought her and I home from the hospital where she was born. In all his letters he used to send his love to all the children but special to his Emily; and she runs to his picture every day and asks over and over When Frankie coming home? And so though your letter brought us little hope we were all grateful to hear from you and hope you will be able to visit us like you said. We have a telephone and you could call or write when you can come over or we will go over to see you if you are too busy. Hope you will forgive all the blots I have a terrible pen the only kind that is ever left home with five going to school it is hard to ever get a pen or pencil around here when they are at school. Thanks again for the beautiful letter and I hope I will have the pleasure of meeting you either here or over at yours or any place you say. Hoping and praying that you have a good time on your furlough.

Sincerely,

MRS. THOMAS McSHANE

In my letter I had tried to dissipate all hope of Frank's return. I had tried to be gentle—foolish conceit—in telling Mrs. McShane quite definitely that only one parachute had left the "Royal Flush" before the explosion and that one man, the tail gunner, had been rescued.

Every detail of that mission was still vivid in my mind because two days before we had lost a whole crew—our first casualties in so many months that no man then flying with our outfit could remember the last. Since the loss had given our boys combat jitters, the group commander had assigned us this lightly defended target; this was to be a "milk run." The take-off and flight to the target area were accomplished without mishap. But on arrival at Togo Jima, we found our target blanketed with a high cumulus formation. Frank McShane, who was lead-

FRANCIS L. BRODERICK served as a B-24 navigator with the Seventh Air Force on Guam, and was later assigned to a B-29 group. Following his discharge he, became a Fellow at Princeton, where he has been teaching European History and doing graduate work in American Civilization.

ing the formation, circled the island several times searching for an opening through which we could drop our bombs. When it finally appeared, we were flying directly into a 100-knot head wind which held us back, so that we were begging for the worst that Jap ground batteries could hurl up at us. Even in this position, it seemed inadvisable to turn off the bombing run, for that would have meant another pass at the island and more target practice for the Jap gunners when we returned to their range of fire. So we stayed on course over the island.

Suddenly a phosphorous shell struck Frank's bomb bay and reserve fuel tank. His plane became an inferno. In an attempt to extinguish the blaze he snapped into a steep dive and then chandelied away from the formation so that an explosion would not drag other planes down in his wake. I was watching from the left waist window, my regular observation post, as the fire subsided for a moment and then flared up again into a box of flame, which engulfed the whole ship from the engine nacelles to the vertical stabilizers.

My pilot called back to me, in a voice pitched high with fear, "Watch for parachutes!" As he spoke, one appeared. The fire paused a moment, then without further warning soared high again. The plane collapsed; its wings, melted off the fuselage by the intense heat, fell limply downward into the clouds; the fuselage itself cracked with a tumult audible above the roar of our engines and even through the high-altitude headgear which we wore. Parachutes appeared and opened, but no one saw any fliers dangling from the twisted shroud lines. My pilot, second in command of the formation, immediately ordered a search of the area and our nine Liberators fanned out in a disorderly pattern over the Pacific. But just one survivor was located and later rescued by a Navy plane.

Intelligence officers back at our base found substantial agreement among the nine surviving crews: many parachutes, but, most probably, only the one survivor. But because they could not positively confirm the deaths of the other men on the crew, Army regulations required that all ten be reported "missing in action."

After the six-week delay required by the War Department, I wrote to Frank's mother, for Frank and I had been close friends.

He was a most likable fellow with a ready laugh, and he found humor even in the tedium of repetitious Army classes. He handled his plane easily, with a sure confidence which his crew shared after one or two flights. With girls he was gawky and bashful. We kidded him about this without mercy, for he was a good-looking chap with black curly hair, blue eyes, and a lean, determined face.

Frank's religious stands used to perplex me. I remember one day how surprised I was to hear him defending with great vigor the Catholic position on birth control. I had never seen him in church and had assumed that he had no interest in things religious.

When I asked him about it, he laughed and said: "Well, I guess I'm what you might call a willing but lazy Catholic. I'm willing, all right; because I accept all the doctrines I learned at school, but when it comes to going to church, I guess I'm just lazy." Frank had faith, he said, and if good works in the form of churchgoing were required as well, he was prepared to perform them — if the church convened within a hundred yards of his tent. Beyond that distance, he had faith in the Holy Ghost which came perilously close to the sin of presumption.

Once in a while after that, I could drag him off to church. Frank would admit that he was glad he had gone, but he always avoided any commitment toward reform in the future. "No need for fancy promises," he would say. "You won't believe 'em, and I won't keep 'em." (He was at church the day before his death. I was glad of that.) To this languid faith he added a stoic fatalism not entirely orthodox: he sincerely felt, as so many fliers say they do, that if his "number came up," there was little he could do to resist it.

His number had come up.

2

I STILL did not know what to say to the McShanes, but I started across the street anyway. Gradually the house, a brown wooden building with a gabled roof, disengaged itself from the trees. Though old, it was in good shape: it had been freshly painted and new shingles dotted the roof like a crazy quilt. Originally built for a single family, it had now been divided, and a partition stretched from the floor of the front porch to the eaves to assert the independence of each neighbor from the inquisitiveness of the other. In front, the lawn had been recently cut and two beds of pansies drooped over the edges of the gravel pathway to the porch.

As I climbed the steps, the door opened and a woman of about forty-five came out. "I'm Mrs. McShane," she said with a bit of a brogue. "We're all so glad you've come; we wanted to see you so bad." She was wearing a faded blue sleeveless housedress and, over it, a red-checked apron which showed the effects of the day's housecleaning. In contrast to this drab outfit, she wore bright-colored house slippers beaded with sea shells — a gift, I recalled, which Frank had sent from Honolulu when we were there together on rest leave. She was heavy-set, with the appearance one associates with a woman who has borne eight children — harried, busy, proud — and her muscular arms left little doubt that she could manage her brood with the rod when the occasion demanded.

We stood a moment in the doorway as she took my coat. Then, as we walked into the parlor, she was saying: "Lieutenant, I want you to meet my family," when she stopped and asked: "And do they call you 'Frank,' too?" I said that they did. "Well,

then, Frank," she said, pausing over the name tenderly, "Frank, this is my family." First, there was her sister, Aunt Clara, — Mrs. O'Hara, — who, Mrs. McShane warned me, was quite deaf; then the five McShane sons and one daughter, starting with Harry, who was almost twenty and expected to be inducted into the Army within a week, and ending with Kathleen, who was perched restlessly on a couch between her brother Thomas, Jr., and an older brother, William. The other two sons, James and Michael, sat glumly sharing a chair by the door, curious, but anxious to go outside and play.

Mrs. McShane sat down on a couch just inside the parlor and motioned for me to sit beside her. There was an awkward pause for a moment, each of us wanting the other to start the conversation. Then, while Mrs. McShane murmured that "Mister was delayed down at the station," I had a chance to look around the room.

Across from our couch, a steel engraving of Da Vinci's *Last Supper* covered the wall above the unused fireplace; the frame was chipped in several places. Flanking the fireplace were overstuffed chairs, each with a small table and a lamp beside it. The imitation Persian rug showed signs of wear, a pathway running from the front door to the stairway in the rear. Above the couch where we were sitting, a brightly colored picture of Christ the King was suspended by two gold cords and across the top were the remains of the palms which had been distributed at church on Palm Sunday.

Pictures of the children at various ages were strewn all over the room: on the mantelpiece and tables and on the walls. Over by the window, a picture of Frank which he had had taken in Hawaii was set high on a table, a vase of pansies in front of it. I remembered that picture well: we had joked about Frank's trying to look like a recruiting poster. Mrs. McShane saw me eyeing it. "Frank sent it back last Christmas," she said, "sent it back with a card promisin' to bring the real thing himself this May." I nodded with embarrassment.

Another clumsy pause, and Mrs. McShane said: "You didn't leave us very much hope, Frank." I thought that she would go on, but she stopped, urging me with her eyes to talk a little. So I told her again what she already knew from my letter: the same hopeless story. She watched me intently as I spoke, nodding periodically as if I were repeating some familiar piece committed to memory. When I finished, I waited for her comment, and finally, to break the strain of the silence, blurted out: "I hate to bring this bad news more than I can say, but I really feel that it's better if you can know for sure rather than wait endlessly, hoping for something beyond hope. And much as I hate to say it, this is beyond hope."

She continued nodding, saying, "Yes, yes," absently. Then silence fell over the room except for the restless squirming of Bill and Kathleen. Aunt Clara broke the silence. "Does he say some hope,

Margaret?" she asked in a loud voice. No answer for a moment; then as if waking from a reverie, Mrs. McShane said impatiently: "He says no hope, Clara."

"But," she continued, turning toward me, "wait till you see all the papers from some general in Washington and from Frank's squadron commander. They both say there's hope. Here, read them."

She reached into her apron and drew out a worn envelope addressed to her by the Adjutant General, Washington, D. C. They were the customary documents: the telegram from the Adjutant General which starts: "The Secretary of War has directed me to inform you . . ."; the follow-up letter in which he confirms that Frank is missing in action; an impersonal letter from Captain Larry Stearns, our squadron commander, with its stereotyped condolences; and an official communication from the Army Personal Effects Bureau stating that Frank's personal belongings would be shipped home as promptly as possible.

3

THE letters from the Adjutant General and from Captain Stearns formed the basis of Mrs. McShane's hopes. That was clear from a glance. In a routine manner, the Adjutant General had explained the meaning of the term "missing in action": "This report does not constitute an announcement that subject officer has been lost in action against the enemy. There is no immediate warrant for this conclusion. Subject officer was, however, separated from his unit after contact with enemy units; his own unit headquarters does not know his immediate whereabouts at this time." The letter admitted that he might be dead, but it added that he might also be a prisoner of the Japanese, or perhaps hiding from the enemy, though in the Pacific the expanse of ocean limits the chances of survival. The letter warned against despair until Army sources could confirm any of these or many other possibilities.

Captain Stearns's letter aroused even greater hopes, because the McShanes assumed that he was closer to the facts. What they did not realize was that Stearns never knew Frank or his crew, for he had replaced our former commanding officer since Frank's death. His information, drawn from formalized Army reports, was worse than worthless because of the uninformed hope which it raised in an effort to cushion the effect of the news.

While the family watched tensely for a reaction which would confirm its hopes, I read all the letters carefully. When I finished, I realized that they all expected some profound comment, and finding none, I looked through the letters again, stalling for time. What could I say? Something optimistic which would refresh grief-torn hope and cheer them for the first time in three months? An implied hope which, because I was there, would release again their dream of

Frank's return? I glanced at Mrs. McShane; her face pleaded. I dropped my eyes and, lacking words, shook my head. The others waited for a comment, but Mrs. McShane understood. I thought that she would cry, but she didn't. Finally, she spoke softly: "Oh, Frank, we prayed so hard you'd bring us some hope. I know, your letter should have warned us. Even so, we prayed so hard, so hard."

We were interrupted as the outer door opened and closed. Mrs. McShane rose with a start: "That'll be Mister," she said, "I'll just look at my roast." And with that she disappeared into the kitchen in the rear, leaving "Mister" and me to introduce ourselves. Mr. McShane appeared in the living room in a moment, dragging a reluctant three-year-old behind him. This was Emily, "Frank's baby," who had been playing next door all afternoon. While she peered at me from under her pink bonnet, Mr. McShane introduced himself. He was wearing the gold-buttoned vest of a railroad conductor and carrying his stiff cap under his arm. He waved me back onto the couch and then sat down across the room in the chair which Kathleen had vacated for him. He was almost bald, but his lean face and blue eyes gave him a striking resemblance to Frank.

"I see you've read all the letters," he said, nodding toward the envelope from the Adjutant General. "What news do you bring, Lieutenant?"

I repeated that I was sorry but that I brought no hope at all. He stared at the floor as I spoke, and when I had finished, he was silent for what seemed like eternity. Then he reviewed the whole story. As he finished, he looked over at me and said: "Of course, we knew really in our hearts after your letter there was little reason for hope, but we hope anyway, especially Mrs. McShane. Somehow we'd feel disloyal to Frank to give up if there's any chance." His eyes sought the carpet again and he was silent.

Mrs. McShane returned, her face now damp with ill-concealed tears. She greeted her husband with a perfunctory kiss and then, as if to relieve the situation, she made a fuss over Emily and brought her over to the couch. "Did you say 'Howdy-do' to Frank, darling?" she asked her. "See, I told you Frankie was coming today and here he is." Emily looked at me and then ran over to Frank's picture and said: "This Frankie; when this Frankie coming home?" "This is Frankie, too," her mother insisted, apparently startled by the grimness of her own jest, "and he came all the way from Baltimore just to see us. Wasn't that nice?" Emily stared at me again, this time out of the corner of her eye in order to disguise her interest. "See, darling," her mother continued, "this Frankie is in the Army too and flies airplanes." Finally Emily made up her mind: "This not my Frankie." I tried to say that I wished I were her Frankie, but unimpressed, she scampered away to the kitchen, where Aunt Clara was now supervising the roast.

Mrs. McShane settled back on the couch and waited for her husband to ask questions, but when he

continued to stare vacantly at the floor, she said thoughtfully: "You know, Frank, when our Frank went away after his leave at graduation time, little Emily was too young to remember him. All she knows of him is that picture over there and what we'd tell her. I told you Frank said she was his 'best girl' — that's what he used to call her, didn't he, Thomas? In all his letters home he'd always ask for her special. We'd read all Frank's letters to her. She was too young to know what he was sayin' most times, but always she listened. Oftentimes we got the feelin' she knew more than we knew."

4

AUNT CLARA came back into the room, anxious to hear all the conversation and to break in with a word: "Young man, d'you say you was with Frank when he got shot down?" I nodded yes. "And you don't think there's much chance of him coming back?" I shook my head. She seemed unimpressed. "Margaret, have you told him about all the hopeful signs Frank'll be back? Has she, young man?" I shouted that she had not and that I should like to hear any hopeful news.

Aunt Clara called over to Mrs. McShane: "Tell him about it, Margaret. Tell him and see if he don't agree Frank's coming back. He's a good Catholic boy. Tell that by lookin' at him. He'll understand. Go on and tell him." With that she went back to her roast.

Mrs. McShane needed no prodding. "As I started to say," she continued, "when Frank wrote he'd come home in about a month, Baby was more excited than any of us. She run around the block tellin' everyone, 'Frankie comin' home soon.' Then evenin's she pesters me all through dinner askin', 'When Frankie comin' home?' Then comes the news of Frank's accident. We got to tell her that Frank might not be home for a long time and she cries a lot.

"So we stop talkin' about Frank in front of Emily. I guess maybe we made too much of a thing out of her bein' Frank's favorite. Baby seemed to miss all the fuss we'd give her all the time when we talked about Frank or when his letters come in. Then about two months ago, the night of the novena over at church for the boys and girls in service, somethin' funny happens." She paused, wondering just how to explain, then continued more slowly. "I'm tuckin' Emily in bed and sayin' her prayers with her when she looks up and says, 'Mommy, Frankie comin' home soon.' I was so taken, at first I couldn't say nothin', special after all the bad news we had. 'How do you know?' I asks her. But she just smiles and don't say nothin'."

"My wife even tried bribing her with little special favors," Mr. McShane broke in, "something we don't do in this house."

"I was so anxious," she explained, "I tried every-

thin' to have her tell me more. But that's all she'd say: 'Mommy, Frankie comin' home soon.' Wasn't that the thing, now?"

Mrs. McShane thought it over for a moment, then continued: "Ever since, she cried only once in a while. It seems like she knows somethin' the rest of us don't. Sounds funny, but that's the way it seems like; isn't that right, Thomas?" No answer one way or the other.

Bill had been squirming over on his chair. Now slipping off it and coming over to his mother, he nodded toward me and said in a stage whisper: "Mommy, ask him if Frank will come home a captain maybe, or a major like Jesse O'Hara's uncle." His father suppressed the suggestion. "Here now, not now, son. Later maybe." Mrs. McShane hugged her son and he started back to his seat.

"Mother, perhaps the children should go upstairs for now. They can come down for dinner and talk then," their father suggested. Mrs. McShane agreed and shooed them out gently: "Run along upstairs for now, children. You can talk with Frank later at dinner." The children filed out obediently, all except Harry, who, apparently, was not classified as one of the children.

"It's happened several times since, too," Mrs. McShane said after the children had disappeared. "Emily, I mean. About a month ago, on a Sunday, I went over to Mister's mother's house and took Emily along — the children was out and there bein' no one to keep an eye on her. Emily was off playin' in the corner while me and Mother McShane talks. She's quiet a bit, then comes over to me and says it again: 'Mommy, Frankie comin' home.' Missus was more shocked than me, I guess, 'cause she never heard it before. Both of us tries to find out what Emily means but, like before, that's all she says. And it's happened since then too. Always I try to find out more, but she just smiles or pouts and says the same thing again. Once or twice I think maybe she's tryin' to get a fuss made over her, but she always looks so serious."

She paused. "Isn't it possible . . ." I started, but then thought better of it and stopped. "What, Frank?" Mrs. McShane asked. "Isn't what possible?" I tried again: "Don't you think that a baby Emily's age — well, as you say, she likes a fuss to be made over her; all babies do. For her the idea of Frank's return — his letters, for instance — always meant a lot of attention and she learned to associate the two ideas. Then she missed the glory when you all stopped talking about Frank's return. I don't mean glory, exactly; excitement is probably a better word. Now she finds that she receives all kinds of attention by mentioning the magic word: 'Frankie.'"

I thought to myself that on the night of the novena, probably quite by accident, Emily returned to a subject which her mind had been conditioned to associate with joy and excitement. And it elicited the response which she was unconsciously seeking. She found again the key to her family's heart, and

having found it, she used it without understanding its meaning.

I wondered what their reaction to this comment would be, but I could have guessed. They either did not or would not understand.

"I don't know how she can tell," Mrs. McShane insisted, "but I feel so strongly she knows somethin'."

I said nothing further, hoping that she might continue and, in talking, recognize the fantasy in her idea. Instead, she seemed disappointed that I could not share her belief and changed the subject.

"Ever since the word came in from Washington, we've all gone to church every mornin' to pray for Frank. All except Harry," she added reproachfully. "He doesn't think God can help us."

Harry sprang to his own defense: "God'll do things in His own way anyway, so what's the use of all this jabbering in church?"

Mrs. McShane was apparently accustomed to this irreverence, for she just shook her head sadly and said that she was afraid that Harry was not very religious.

"You know, it's funny," she continued. "We moved into this house so we'd be nearer church, and, soon as we done it, we had nothin' but trouble ever since. There's no such thing as an unlucky house. I know that. But just the same, this house has brought nothin' but trouble. We had only just moved in when my sainted mother passed to her reward — God rest her soul — and not three weeks later comes the telegram about Frank. I declare, if church wasn't just around the block and there bein' no other house available in the parish, I wouldn't stay here five minutes, not five minutes. You'll think that's silly, won't you?" She smiled with some embarrassment. "Well, I guess I do too. But still, you've got to admit that's too much to be coincidence, don't you think so?"

I agreed there was no such thing as an unlucky house. "Well, I suppose so," Mrs. McShane conceded, "but I want to get away from this place anyway."

5

AUNT CLARA motioned from the kitchen that the roast was ready. I had reservations on a train scheduled to leave within an hour, so I apologized and said that I should have to leave. Mrs. McShane begged me to stay, but when I explained that I could not, she said that dinner could wait so that no minute of the visit might be lost. She became silent a moment and then abruptly began again, talking very fast as if she had to crowd many things into the few remaining moments.

"It's not like they wrote Frank was killed. All the letters say we mustn't give up hope. You was there, Frank, you saw it happen. That's why we wanted a word of hope from you. When the word first come in, it looked hopeless. But as we thought about it a

bit, it didn't seem so bad. Those letters from the general in Washington and from Frank's commander gave us lots of hope. Then these other things start to happen. Baby stops broodin' and seems to know somethin' about Frank. I told you about that. Then later we show all the letters to Father Ronald at the church — do you know him at all? Such a fine and holy man. He told us to pray very hard for Frank so wherever he might be, he'd benefit by our prayers. That was what he *told* us, but I could tell from the look in his eyes he thought Frank would be back. You know," she added, "you can tell those things."

"Oh, Mother, what the hell!" Harry had been sitting in glum silence over by Frank's picture during our talk, but though he had spoken only once, he had indicated his disapproval of his mother's ideas a number of times by stamping out his cigarette impatiently or saying, "For heaven's sake," under his breath. I was surprised that he broke into the conversation at all. But now he fairly exploded. "You know damned well Father Ronald doesn't know any more about Frank than we do. He doesn't know as much. How the hell would he know Frank was coming back?"

"That's no way to talk to your mother," his father said sharply. "If you can't speak in a reasonable voice without using blasphemy, get upstairs with the children."

"I'm sorry, Dad," Harry responded more quietly, "but this is all old witch stuff. Father Ronald doesn't know a damned thing about Frank, and it's just superstition to think that he does."

Mrs. McShane was horrified. "Harry, you're talkin' against the Church! That's a sin; you know it. Superstition! The saints preserve us, what sort of trouble are you trying to bring down on our house! And in front of company too!"

"All right, all right," Harry said; then, turning to his father, "What do you really think, Dad? You don't believe all this hokum of Mother's, do you? Honestly?"

Thomas McShane was unprepared for the question. He stammered and then thought he saw an out. "I told you, son, that's no way to talk to your mother."

"All right, Dad," Harry said with affection in his voice. "But what do you *really* think?"

"Well," Mr. McShane said slowly, "on the face of it, it looks real hopeless. Especially since the Lieutenant here hasn't had anything very hopeful to say. But you can't tell for sure. You read about soldiers every day reported dead and come back. Story about that in tonight's paper. Maybe Mother hopes too much, but if there's any chance, you've gotta hope. Hope, and pray hard. Nothing in this life is certain, son."

His wife nodded approval and added: "Harry, how can you give up so easily? So much has happened to bring us hope."

Harry looked at me and murmured, "Oh, my God," — to me and to himself, — and turned away. In a minute he got up and left the room. I sympa-

thized with him certainly, but it was hardly the moment to take sides.

Thinking back, I realized that our conversation had fallen into a pattern: first, Mrs. McShane had met me on my own ground of facts with the letters from the Adjutant General and from our squadron commander. When I countered those with what I had seen on the mission, we retreated from this plane of reality, where we discussed facts, to the plane of dreams and hopes, where facts were smothered by wishes and where any hope, however nebulous, shielded her from the immediate problem of accepting Frank's death. All her questions during the afternoon sought to evoke some word which would give substance to her dreams. We had now arrived at this peculiarly inverted situation in which she was giving "information" about Frank rather than receiving it. As long as she continued to talk she held control of the situation, and unconsciously knowing this, she repeated each scrap of ghostly evidence in a variety of forms.

I became used to this technique, but never imagined the final extent to which she would carry it. As I was preparing to leave, she launched one last effort. She had shown my letter to the Mother Superior at Mary Ann's school and when Mother Superior had finished it, Mrs. McShane told me, "she turned toward me with a gentle smile and said one day when Frank came home, he and his friend, Lieutenant Ryan, would laugh long and hard over the gloom in that letter. 'Frank was always intended to be a priest,' Mother Superior said. 'I know the Lord will surely bring him back to do His work.'" Mrs. McShane paused so that the effect of her statement would not be lost, and concluded, "I've never had any real doubts since then."

She was triumphant as she announced this final basis for her hopes, certain that she had at last broken through my best defense. Too amazed for any coherent comment, I murmured: "I just cannot shake your confidence, can I?"

Mrs. McShane smiled, as if to console me for my failure. "I think we know how you feel, too, Frank. But faith makes us so sure."

I marveled at her faith: she denied the reality of my eyewitness account and accepted her hopes as undeniable truth. I saw again the flame over Togo Jima, the consuming heat which melted the wings of the "Royal Flush" off its fuselage, the 14,000-foot plunge into the Pacific, the rescue planes searching eight hours for ten of the eleven men on the crew. Even in the face of her boundless confidence, I did not need to remind myself that I saw these things happen, that Frank's death was a fact.

But facts had no apparent effect. Only as I left did Mrs. McShane falter a bit and cry. At the door, I knew how totally I had failed to bring her the comfort of definite news, even bad news, for as she hugged me hard, her eyes closed, she said desperately: "Oh, Frank! Do come back soon!"

I knew that she was not talking to me.

LOOT FOR THE MASTER RACE

by JAMES S. PLAUT

1

ON September 17, 1940, General Keitel, Commander in Chief of the Wehrmacht, directed the Chief of the German High Command in France to render all assistance to Reichsleiter Alfred Rosenberg in the confiscation of "ownerless Jewish possessions." "Reichsleiter Rosenberg," he stated, "has received clear instructions from the Führer personally governing the right of seizure; he is entitled to transport to Germany cultural goods which appear valuable to him and to safeguard them there. The Führer has reserved for himself the right of decision as to their use."

This decree by Keitel, published less than one hundred days after the Germans had overrun France, set in motion the most extensive and highly organized series of thefts devised by a nation in modern times: the wholesale seizure, by Rosenberg's special task force (*Einsatzstab*), of 203 French private collections containing some 21,000 works of art. This was a carefully conceived operation, aimed at the cultural debilitation of the strongest of the fallen nations, since France's purest heritage lay in the hands of her enlightened collectors.

Supplementing Rosenberg's task force were the separate Hitler and Göring commissions, activated solely to enrich the holdings of these top Nazis with plunder from the occupied countries.

It was preordained by the official Nazi conscience that these depredations, in common with many of the more heinous crimes committed by the Party, should be cloaked by an elaborate, fictitious pretext of legality. A notable series of documents took shape through the war years, which afford us a broad vista of Nazi rationalization hard at work.

Perhaps the most illuminating of these apologies

After four years' service in the Navy, JAMES S. PLAUT has resumed his duties as Director of the Institute of Modern Art, Boston. In 1943 he served as the Senior U.S. Naval Interrogation Officer in Northwest African waters, charged with the special interrogation of German U-boat crews. From November, 1944, to April, 1946, he was Director of the Art Looting Investigation Unit, OSS, and in this capacity he was directly responsible for recovering the works of art which had been looted by Rosenberg, Göring, and Hitler and hidden in Germany. The story of the retrieving and collecting of these masterpieces he will describe in this and the following issue. Twice decorated, he was retired to inactive duty as Lieutenant Commander in April, 1946.

is the manifesto issued in August, 1942, by Dr. Bunjes, director of the "Franco-German Art Historical Institute" in Paris and Hermann Göring's first important art purchasing agent in France. The Bunjes paper followed upon Göring's personal request for an authoritative reply to the numerous official Vichy protests lodged with the German authorities on the subject of the ruthless and illegal plundering by the *Einsatzstab Rosenberg*.

Entitled "French Protests against the Safeguarding of Ownerless Jewish Art Properties in Occupied France," the Bunjes report explained the measures taken, presented a detailed analysis of the French protests, and offered concrete proposals for refutation of the French argument. Bunjes averred that the real motive for the French protests was the desire of the government to deceive Germany and to further the prosecution of subversive activity against the Reich; that they were intended as systematic anti-German cultural propaganda and as a means of clouding the issue of the legitimate German claims for the return of cultural materials destroyed by French soldiers in Germany after 1918!

"These treasures," wrote Bunjes, "if transferred into money values, could be made effective tomorrow against Germany in the form of tanks or planes . . . yet their return has not even been demanded by the Reich. *The further French request for access by its government officials to those localities in France where German personnel are taking inventory of confiscated material would, if granted, simply invite French espionage.*" [Italics mine.]

"Moreover," he continued, "the affirmation of the Louvre that the French people would lose valuable national works of art through the aforementioned safeguardings is refuted by the fact that many of the safeguarded works stem from great masters of German origin or are under the influence of the German spirit."

Finally, Bunjes reverted to the classic line, without which no National Socialist tract was valid: —

"All French arguments . . . are voided by the *Führerbefehl* [Hitler decree] of September 17, 1940, according to which all lawsuits regarding bequests, gifts, etc., are not recognized. . . . Only when these measures are completed and when the Führer has

made the final decision as to the disposition of the safeguarded art treasures can the French government receive a final answer."

It is of parenthetical interest that the Vichy government, whatever its more significant political conciliations, demonstrated courage and aptitude in bombarding the German High Command with communications designed to preserve the cultural heritage of France. The ultimate success of this policy is shown in the insignificant number of officially owned works of art which left the country in German hands.

2

HERMANN GÖRING's lawyer at Nuremberg called him a Renaissance man, failing to mention that he wished to be one but never quite measured up. Because the Reichsmarschall was obsessed with the desire to become a latter-day Medici, the artistic domain of Europe became, of necessity, his playground. Photographs of Carinhall, his fabled estate laid waste in the Russian advance northeast of Berlin, point up dramatically the aspirations of the Number Two Nazi.

A gigantic, rambling structure compounded of ponderous stone and concrete, Carinhall was a strange fusion of the most flamboyant elements of the storied past with the inflated sterility of official Nazi architecture. Set down with a fine sense of isolation in the midst of a rich hunting preserve, it was destined, for a brief moment in history, to project with forceful grandeur the pose its master so studiously cultivated, of Reichsmarschall Göring, feudal seigneur, peerless huntsman, and enlightened patron of the arts.

A seemingly endless series of great rooms—salons, dining halls, studies, and libraries—held, until the Allied bombings threatened them, the spectacular booty of a continent, installed always with more theater than taste, yet breath-taking in its innate richness and its scope.

Here were the Cranachs and Titians, the massive plate, and the Gobelin tapestries brought in from France and Italy on a scale worthy of the great despot. Here, too, were the abominations of taste, the nineteenth century's overpowering, fleshy nudes, the "strength through joy" figures of Nazi sculptors, the empty furnishings of the Third Reich. And here were the rich birthday offerings, the coveted sixteenth-century German paintings purchased by Göring's agents with funds contributed by Nazi industrialists in return for favors rendered.

Showplace of the Reich, Carinhall was Göring, his sanctuary and his shrine, the perfect meeting ground of Rubens and the stuffed bull moose. Wearing the new crown of empire and with the spoils of Europe as its necklace, Carinhall would emerge after the German victory as a national shrine without parallel. Göring had even planned, with the Führer's consent, to build a special railway connecting the

estate with Berlin, so that it might become the foremost mecca for tourists in the Reich.

Göring was the heart of German looting and its inspiration. Without his strength, his zeal, and his formidable backing, not a single one of the German organizations formed to carry out the prodigious task could have accomplished its mission.

The Allied investigations of German looting, proceeding from diverse points of view and in many directions, always happened, sooner or later, upon a common denominator: the intimate relationship of Göring to the problem. It became increasingly apparent that his tentacles stretched across Europe—east to Poland in the person of his agent, Mühlmann; south to Switzerland and Italy, where Hofer, "Curator of Carinhall," and Angerer, dealer in tapestries and member of the German Intelligence, were tirelessly active in his behalf; west to France and Holland, where these men were joined by a host of others working directly or indirectly to swell the amazing body of the Reichsmarschall's loot.

Göring himself was a passionate and active collector. The evidence of his preoccupation throughout the war years with the formation of the Göring Collection, even at times when the very destiny of Germany was being shaped by his thinking, is astounding.

Whenever he visited Paris during the occupation, the notorious Baron Kurt von Behr, director of the Einsatzstab Rosenberg Paris office, would receive word forty-eight hours in advance that the Reichsmarschall intended to make a visit. By the time Göring arrived, a special exhibition of selected works of art, recently confiscated by the Einsatzstab from French collections, would have been arranged at the Musée du Jeu de Paume by von Behr's minions. Between November, 1940, and January, 1943, Göring visited the Jeu de Paume, for the express purpose of choosing new loot for Carinhall, no fewer than twenty-one times; he was there a week before the bombing of Coventry, three days before Pearl Harbor, and two weeks after the landings in Africa!

Following conferences of state at the Quai d'Orsay, he would summon Hofer or Lohse, his younger purchasing agent who doubled as deputy director of the Einsatzstab. Then the procession of "eligible" works for purchase would begin, and would often consume most of the day, for, after looking at the pictures brought in, he would frequently go out to visit the shops of dealers whom he favored.

His luxurious special train (later discovered by French and American troops at Berchtesgaden and used by Eisenhower) figured prominently in the formation of the Göring Collection. On the return trip to Germany following each of Göring's excursions to the occupied countries, it would carry back his most recent acquisitions—Einsatzstab loot from French collections, presents from collaborationist officials, and the Reichsmarschall's own "legitimate" purchases from the Paris dealers or the collectors of Brussels and Amsterdam, who were paid off hand-

somely in the unsupported paper occupation currency (*Reichskassenscheine*) printed in Germany.

His vicious penny-pinching tactics cast a strange light on Göring's longing to attain the stature of a grand seigneur. Lavish in his tastes to a degree unparalleled in our times, and with unlimited resources at his disposal, he was nonetheless disposed to bargain over every transaction and was slow in paying his bills. The practice distressed Göring's agents, who thought such bickering unworthy of his exalted position.

To be sure, the Reichsmarschall was scrupulously careful to maintain front, to be *korrekt* in his dealings. He would not permit a confiscated painting to be hung at Carinhall; he would not put personal pressure on an owner reluctant to part with an object; he would not accept thanks — in the form of valuable gifts — from Jews whom he had helped. By his own admission at Nuremberg, he made determined efforts to "pay" for the more than 700 looted masterpieces which he had received from the Rosenberg organization; and he was confident that his prodigious amassing of European treasures would be applauded by the peoples of the Axis. Had he not declared that Carinhall, with all its contents, was to become a national monument on his sixtieth birthday?

The dirty work was carried on by his agents. French Impressionist pictures, — splendid Renoirs and Cézannes and Van Goghs, — "ineligible" for hanging because they were "degenerate art," were very useful for other purposes. Having cost Göring nothing, several hundred of them were exchanged in France and Switzerland for second-rate Cranachs and Holbeins which, as works of unblemished origin, could then grace the proud walls of Carinhall.

For Göring's account, Curator Hofer "accepted" cherished heirlooms from certain proud Jewish families in the Netherlands. In return, he provided funds far below the value of the offering, supplementing payment with an official German *laissez passer* or a Swiss passport, to be used by these benighted people in their flight from the Nazis!

Agent Lohse, writing to Göring's secretary, requested that he be "permitted to arrange for placing at my disposal by the Gestapo the two Jews, the Brothers L., for further work in the Reichsmarschall's interests." Göring's secretary replied: "You are to make sure that this matter is handled so as to avoid having the Reichsmarschall's name mentioned in connection with Jews. If possible, handle it all under cover."

Occasionally, when hard pressed, Göring showed his true colors, as in the case of a prominent Belgian whose collection he coveted. Göring wrote him personally in 1941 as follows: —

Mr. M. reported to me on the discussions he had with you concerning your collection of paintings, and informed me that you had again withdrawn from your earlier position and not yet arrived at a settlement. I have instructed M. to communicate with you again concerning the final terms. . . . Should you this time

again not be able to decide, then I would be compelled to withdraw my offer, and things would go their normal way, without my being able to do anything to impede their course. [Italics mine.]

With German greetings,

H. GÖRING

His proposals to "pay" the Einsatzstab Rosenberg were arrant subterfuge, as he was informed both by Alfred Rosenberg and by the Party Treasurer, Schwarz, that there was no machinery, no channel, no payee, in existence for such a transaction.

In sum, Göring resorted to every conceivable device to fill the walls and the coffers of Carinhall, bargaining, cheating, even invoking where necessary the prestige of German arms or the terrible threat of intervention by the Gestapo.

Whereas the basic directive of November 18, 1940, the potent Führerbefehl, reserved for the Chief of the Nazi State the formal right of disposition over all cultural goods confiscated from the occupied countries, Göring, capitalizing on Hitler's relative apathy in these matters, kept the bulk of the loot for himself.

3

EARLY in the occupation of France, the confiscation of valuable properties had become an issue of some magnitude in high Nazi circles. Largely at Göring's instigation, the German Embassy in Paris, the Foreign Currency Control Administration (*Devisenschutzkommando*), and the Alien Property Administration (*Feindvermögensverwaltung*) had made fruitful raids on the fabulous Rothschild holdings, which — as was the case with considerable portions of the country's private cultural treasure — were stored in the family's châteaux and its large Paris town houses, famous throughout France. Simultaneously, and consistently with their formal mandate, a small group of Nazi scholars attached to the Rosenberg office were combing the libraries and archives of the occupied countries in search of material for exploitation as propaganda in the "ideological struggle against Jewry and Freemasonry."

The presence of the Rosenberg group in France appears to have suggested to Göring the means of formalizing the confiscation of art treasures which the other German agencies then engaged in this activity considered both distasteful and somewhat out of their line. In any case, a Göring order of November 5, 1940, issued in Paris, extended the authority of the Einsatzstab Rosenberg to include the "safeguarding of ownerless Jewish collections" and, indeed, altered the emphasis of the entire Rosenberg mission so as to make such undertakings its primary function. It is indicative of Göring's power that he could issue a directive affecting vitally the operations of an organization over which he had no formal administrative control.

Reichsleiter Alfred Rosenberg was in no position to carry out the Göring directive. He lacked political

stature in the Party hierarchy sufficient to procure the trained personnel, the transportation, and the other elements essential to effective implementation of the program, in the light of the heavy concurrent demands of the combatant military and the forces of occupation. He was handicapped seriously by the disdain of the High Command and its unwillingness to coöperate with his agency in the planning and execution of the depredations; a bitter personal feud with Martin Bormann, moreover, had precluded his recourse to Hitler in any crisis. Most important, Rosenberg himself was not keen on the confiscations.

He regarded the Einsatzstab as a bastard offspring and its program as incompatible with the aims of the Party bureau for National Socialist political indoctrination (the *Amt Rosenberg*). In his view, the Rosenberg office was not simply a headquarters for raiding parties. Several of his deputies emphasized, under interrogation, that Rosenberg chafed at the problems attendant to the looting operations, that he had no interest in art and sought no personal gain from the seizures.

Without support from Berlin, the Einsatzstab was virtually paralyzed. Without experts to separate the wheat from the chaff and without the means to ship the loot to Germany, the "safeguardings" would have become an empty, and politically dangerous, gesture. Therefore von Behr appealed "out of channels" to Göring, who responded handsomely in his capacity as commander of the Luftwaffe, ordering art historians in the German Air Force transferred to duty in Paris, supplying shippers, photographers, packers, and drivers from the ranks, and putting Luftwaffe motor transport, freight cars, even special cargo planes, at von Behr's disposal.

From top to bottom the Einsatzstab became a Göring show under the Rosenberg flag. It is not remarkable that Göring was unopposed in his selection of the choicest confiscated items, despite the Hitler order prescribing retention of all material pending the Führer's decision as to disposal.

4

AIDED by Göring's largesse, and under Baron von Behr's determined leadership, the Einsatzstab Rosenberg evolved swiftly into a well-oiled machine for the systematic plunder of France. The operations were remarkably simple. Since, under the prevailing code, any non-Aryan property was fair game, and since a striking proportion of the good works of art privately held in France were in the large and well-known Jewish collections, the field was fertile and the pickings easy. To be sure, most of the property owners had taken flight before the Nazis and were hiding out in the country, or in unoccupied France, or abroad. In many instances, their collections had gone underground with them, so that von Behr's hirelings had to ferret them out. Unfortunately, there was no dearth of collaboration-

ist *indicateurs*, ever ready to sell their information, and themselves, to the German intelligence services. Von Behr had free access to the files of the French collaborationist police force, the Gestapo, and the Security Service (*Sicherheitsdienst*), and worked so closely with these organizations that their representatives usually accompanied Einsatzstab personnel on house raids.

The Musée du Jeu de Paume in the Tuileries became the focal point of German looting activity in France. Taken over by von Behr complete with its French staff—including the Director, Mlle. Rose Valland, who observed the proceedings closely and who today, as a captain in the French WAC, is a key figure in her government's restitution proceedings—it was turned into a collecting point for the "safeguarded" material. Here, once a collection had been brought in by van from its place of origin, the Einsatzstab "scholars" took over, authenticating, cataloguing, inventorying, and photographing every object. All the painstaking thoroughness of the German method was lavished on the job, with the neat result that the Einsatzstab files were discovered intact at its headquarters in Germany after the American break-through, and the vast complications of Allied restitution procedure were immeasurably simplified.

The German art historians attached to the Einsatzstab complained to von Behr that none of their group was permitted to accompany the raiding parties, which were being conducted by "irresponsible non-professionals." The basis of their protest was that the loot was coming in too swiftly to permit scholarly and orderly examination of the material, and that no "selective process" was taking place at the source. They were, in fact, being overwhelmed by the flow of incoming material, and the cataloguing was falling behind.

One of the art historians admitted under interrogation that, by mid-November, 1940, virtually the entire contents of the several Rothschild Collections, totaling 5009 objects; the Alfonse Kann Collection, comprising 1202 objects; and those of Weil-Picard, with 123, and Wildenstein, with 302, were already in hand. Dr. Robert Scholz, the Berlin director of all Einsatzstab administration, stated categorically that the great majority of works of art seized in the entire course of Einsatzstab operations—which lasted, technically, from September, 1940, until the fall of Paris in August, 1944—were already in the Jeu de Paume when he arrived there early in 1941. This is vivid evidence of the swiftness with which the task force worked.

Several great collections, and many others of real consequence, were confiscated later, but the initial seizures came hard on the heels of the German military victory in France, and at the moment when German prestige, largely because of the fear and chaos which it inspired, was at its highest. Moreover, the strategy laid down for the confiscations called for the early seizure of the great—and the

obvious — concentrations; these constituted, both numerically and qualitatively, the most important “take” of the Einsatzstab. A summary of the confiscations, presented by Dr. Scholz to Rosenberg in July, 1944, furnishes the following analysis of “objects counted and inventoried”: —

Paintings.....	10,890
Sculptures.....	583
Furniture.....	2,477
Textiles.....	583
Objets d'art (porcelain, glass, jewelry, coins, miscellaneous small objects).....	5,825
Objects of classical antiquity, Oriental art...	1,545

From the 21,903 recorded confiscations, approximately 700 paintings of good quality were earmarked for Göring — by the Reichsmarschall personally or by Lohse and Hofer. Since Hitler had formal claim to everything seized by the Einsatzstab, there was no occasion to single out objects for his personal retention. However, an outstanding group of 53 paintings and tapestries confiscated at the very outset (1940) from the Rothschild and Seligmann Collections, and chosen by Göring for the Führer-museum at Linz, were placed immediately aboard his special train and taken to Munich for safekeeping. (This appears to have been the only time Göring helped the Führer.) Most of the works were still packed in their original Rothschild cases. Among them were the celebrated Vermeer *Astronomer*, the Rubens *Portrait of Helène Fourment*, a series of magnificent Gobelin tapestries, and some of the incomparable French paintings of the eighteenth century — including the Boucher *Madame Pompadour* — for which the Rothschild Collections are chiefly esteemed.

There were no further detailed selections made in the Hitler or Linz interest. Periodically, as significant new material “became available,” elaborate leather-bound volumes of photographs were prepared by the Einsatzstab staff and transmitted to the Reich Chancery to keep the Führer informed and, according to Dr. Scholz, to “dramatize the scope of the undertaking.” Nearly one hundred such volumes were prepared in the course of the operation.

With the exception of the Göring and Hitler selections, the entire complex of documented Einsatzstab loot remained intact. Whereas individuals attached to the organization are believed to have engaged in some petty traffic in the Paris art market, no German official buyer or museum director had access to the confiscated material.

Shipments to Germany were obstructed, in spite of Göring's help, by a severe shortage of adequate rolling stock. For the first and most important transfer (in April, 1941) 30 special baggage cars — of the heated type normally attached to de luxe passenger trains — were requisitioned from every corner of the Reich. The train carried the choicest items from the Rothschild, Seligmann, Wildenstein, and David-Weill Collections to the principal Einsatzstab repository, set

up at Schloss Neuschwanstein, the castle of the mad King Ludwig which nestles in the foothills of the Bavarian Alps. A special Luftwaffe detachment rode the train as armed guard, and the material was three days in transit.

A second major shipment, comprising 23 carloads, took place in October, 1941. Thereafter, partly because of the inordinate difficulties of transport, partly because the most valuable pieces had already been transferred to Germany, the loot was brought in piecemeal, and placed — through the end of 1943 — in the six special Einsatzstab depots — at Neuschwanstein, Nickolsburg, Chiemsee, Buxheim, Kogl, and Seisenegg.

For the operations in France alone, the Rosenberg office marshaled a staff of sixty “imported” German specialists — art historians and museum workers, librarians, archivists, photographers — and secretaries. Though in every sense a civilian unit, the Einsatzstab worked in a strict military environment, even wearing a uniform which caused no little confusion among the terror-stricken French hangers-on because of its paradoxical resemblance to that of the SS. The parade-ground atmosphere of the organization was inspired, according to all sources, by von Behr's obsession with militaristic panoply.

5

THE Einsatzstab Rosenberg was but one of the many channels of illicit acquisition used by Göring. Other loot entered Carinhall from Italy and Poland, through the offices of the SS and the Wehrmacht; from France, through the German Embassy and the Military High Command; and from Belgium and Holland, through the freezing of “enemy assets” by the Foreign Currency Control Administration. As nearly as can be estimated, approximately 50 per cent of the objects which made up the Göring Collection were acquired through purchase or forced sale. The remainder was outright loot.

The question of Göring's personal taste becomes peculiarly interesting in the light of his consistently fervent “collector's” passion for acquisition. On the basis of first-hand examination of the contents of Carinhall — viewed, to be sure, in the unflattering light of the barren, crowded schoolhouse at Berchtesgaden which became its last resting place — it may be said that his taste was both positive and appallingly bad.

In the first place, important extraneous factors, such as the Nazi cultural ideology, which placed the works of the old German masters at the top of the ladder and banned arbitrarily the “degenerate” products of the French Impressionist painters, frequently nullified aesthetic judgments which might otherwise have been controlling.

The formidable scale of Carinhall, together with Göring's own lusty appetites and his penchant for the big thing, made the robust compositions of

Rubens and other inferior but lively representations of the ample Teutonic female nude the natural targets for his agents. The nude, in fact, is the leitmotif of the collection. It may be seen in a hundred different variants, from the fragile, symbolic figures of Cranach to the more vulgar and earthy creatures of Makart, a grandiose German mediocrity who was Göring's favorite nineteenth-century master. Often suggestive, these examples are, curiously enough, rarely obscene.

The Reichsmarschall's excessive enthusiasm for early German painting led him to acquire well over fifty pictures attributed to Cranach. In their almost universal failure to measure up to the minimum standards which prompt unbiased scholars to ascribe works to the great sixteenth-century German, these paintings reveal Göring's inadequacies as a collector.

Göring bought badly. Often he paid large prices for works of inferior quality, not infrequently for forgeries. His most spectacular boomerang was the "Vermeer" *Christ and the Adulteress*. After lengthy and arduous negotiations involving a Dutch syndicate which wished to retain it in Holland, Göring emerged triumphant, acquiring the picture in exchange for 150 paintings in his possession with an aggregate value of 1,600,000 Dutch gulden. In 1945 the painting was exposed as one of a group of spurious Vermeers, the handiwork of a Dutch forger named Van Meegeren, who made a full confession and was sent to prison.

Hofer, Göring's chief agent and curator, stated under interrogation that Göring had no artistic judgment and knew it, but that whenever his advisers took issue with him in public, he would override them. The facts that his own taste so often prevailed, and that he was not blessed with the most competent advice, gave the collection its flamboyant character and its curiously low level of quality.

6

WHAT of the men around Göring, the satellites who carried out the Reichsmarschall's bidding? In the months after V-E Day, their American captors came to know some of them well — questioned them, talked to them, watched them. At the modest summer house in the mountains of the Salzkammergut where they had been rounded up for intensive interrogation, they were observed at close hand for weeks on end as the whole fantastic story of Nazi looting was gradually unfolded. A singularly diverse group, they had — apart from a mutual interest in art and in Göring — virtually nothing in common.

Curator Walter Andreas Hofer, short, red-haired, and beady-eyed, was a product of the hard, Berlin school of urbanity. In the early twenties he had been a salesman in the art firm of his brother-in-law, a Jew, whom he superseded quickly in Nazi patronage after 1933. Initially, he merely offered pictures for sale to Göring, but the relationship strengthened,

and in 1937 he replaced a well-known expert as the Reichsmarschall's adviser in art matters.

Hofer played his master shrewdly. He insisted on maintaining his independent dealer status even after being appointed director of the Göring Collection. Refusing a salary, he worked wholly on commission and, as Göring's official buyer, brought to bear the manifold advantages of power and backing which his position implied. The flexibility of this arrangement permitted him to keep for himself anything which Göring did not want for the collection, a factor which gave him an incalculable advantage over his business competitors, in view of the vast scope of his sources. He had facilities for travel, for foreign exchange, and for promising "official protection" to certain select victims of Nazi persecution, in return for which he received purchase rights to their works of art. Göring insisted that Hofer rule on every painting acquired for the collection, another obvious discriminatory weapon which he did not hesitate to use against his colleagues.

Hofer traveled incessantly throughout the war, always preceding Göring on excursions to the occupied countries and preparing the scene for the regal descent into the art markets. Often he went alone, reporting constantly on his "finds" to his chief by telephone or letter. The documentation reveals that Hofer took the lead at all times in determining the choice of objects, the methods of bargaining, and the nature of "payment." Consistently with the Nazi code of ethics, Hofer even cheated Göring. Often he falsified bills and receipts, working against Göring's interests in collusion with other agents.

Just after V-E Day, Walter Andreas Hofer put in a jaunty appearance at Berchtesgaden, proudly exhibited the Göring Collection to ranking American officers, and posed for *Life*. Today, much chastened, he is behind bars at Nuremberg.

Aloys Miedl, long-time friend of Göring and Heinrich Hoffmann, left Germany some time before the war because his wife was a Jewess. This stocky Bavarian was an ardent mountain climber. His other ruling passion was speculation, in everything from Rembrandts to Canadian timber. A shrewd financier, he negotiated the sale of the celebrated Goudstikker Collection of Amsterdam for Göring, and is even said to have tried at one time to purchase the island of Anticosti in the Gulf of St. Lawrence for a German syndicate. Miedl played a game of duplicity for many years, possibly to protect his family, more likely for personal gain. He is believed to be awaiting repatriation from Spain to Germany, whence he will doubtless be taken to Holland to answer serious charges by the Dutch government.

Kurt von Behr, the autocratic chief of the Einsatzstab Paris office, universally regarded today as the person most responsible for the organized looting of France, gave dramatic evidence of awareness of his own guilt by committing suicide at Schloss Banz at the instant of its investiture by the American forces. When the proud Baron was found, he was

seated next to his wife, an aristocratic Englishwoman, in the library of a family estate. A few minutes before, the Baron and his lady had toasted each other in poisoned champagne, delicately writing *finis* to an extraordinary career.

Von Behr was the black sheep of an old Mecklenburg family. Between the wars he served as adjutant to the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and held a minor diplomatic post in Italy, which he was obliged to relinquish when his name cropped up in an insurance scandal. In 1940 von Behr rejoined Saxe-Coburg, now a distinguished old gentleman and head of the German Red Cross, and was sent to France. Through Göring, he was appointed director of the Einsatzstab Paris office, a position which he held while discharging certain nebulous duties with the Red Cross.

Intensely vain, von Behr always wore elaborate uniforms though he remained a civilian. He treated the professional members of his staff patronizingly and drove them hard. He resorted to any practice calculated to bring in objects of value, traded actively on the side, and used the wherewithal to court the favor of Germans in high places with lavish gifts and entertainment. While the German High Command found him pompous and rather ridiculous, von Behr nevertheless became a central figure in occupation society. He is said to have had a table reserved at Maxim's every evening for two years, and to have entertained generals and diplomats, artists, and U-boat officers or fliers on triumphal leave.

In 1942 he came to Göring's birthday party in Berlin, bringing as a proud offering the original copy

of the Versailles peace treaty and a manuscript letter from Richard Wagner to Napoleon III. These were presented to the Reichsmarschall appropriately in the name of the Einsatzstab, which had, of course, simply confiscated them in France for the occasion.

Other members of the Göring entourage were less venal. Young Bruno Lohse, tall, athletic, and Prussian, was a serious art student, a convinced Nazi, and a dreamer. Struck by his attractive manner and his sincerity, Göring had singled him out from von Behr's staff and made him deputy director and his personal agent. Much of the French wrath over the indignities of the Einsatzstab is visited, justifiably, on Lohse, who, in his National Socialist zeal and his worship of Göring, organized and dominated important looting operations, convinced that in so doing he was serving his state and his chief with real nobility.

The same kind of idolatry had always inspired Gisela Limberger, Göring's faithful, intelligent private secretary. So apt was the master of Carinhall in concealing his true nature from his followers that Fräulein Limberger, Lohse, and several others, on being shown the documentary evidence of Göring's crimes, his deceptions, and his inherent cheapness, actually became despondent and irreconcilable in their personal disillusion.

Göring left his ugly mark on European culture by the ruthless pursuit of foreign treasure to adorn a monstrous vanity. With Hitler, as we shall see, the motive for plunder was different — less personal, less selfish, yet wholly in keeping with the Führer's peculiarities.

D R E A M

by VLADIMIR NABOKOV

"Now it is coming, and the sooner
the better," said my swooning soul —
and in the sudden blinding lunar
landscape, out of a howling hole

a one-legged child that howled with laughter
hopped and went hopping hopping after
a bloody and bewildered bone,
a limb that walked away alone.

Perhaps the window shade had billowed
and slapped the darkness on the face;
but when I had picked up and pillowed
the book of sleep and found the place,

I saw him haltingly returning
out of the dust, back to the burning
hole of his three-walled home — that boy
hugging a new, a nameless toy.

FIFTY BELOW AT TETANA

by THEODORA C. STANWELL-FLETCHER

NOVEMBER 13. — At first I was greatly perturbed because the bedroom window in our cabin wouldn't open wide. I come from a family of fresh-air fiends, and I supposed no one could sleep in health without a good gale blowing through the room. J., impervious to my protests, instead of fixing the window so that it could be thrown open more fully, bored three *holes* — the size of a human eye — in the bottom, and made a panel which could slide across one or all of them. Though I go to bed each night in an indignant state of suffocation from lamp and tobacco fumes, with only three holes to let in fresh air, I must admit I wake each morning more than refreshed — in fact chilled stiff. It seems that even a tiny stream of air, if sufficiently cold, creates enough draft to provide a perfectly healthy amount of oxygen.

November 14. — The sun sets now behind the mountains at 3.00 P.M. After sunset yesterday we came in from our chores outside and sat by the roaring stove over our usual cups of tea. J. insists on afternoon tea no matter what or where, and it is a habit that I am rapidly acquiring. I'm learning that afternoon tea means much more than just drinking tea and eating sweets. Here it means warmth to the body and rest to the mind, congenial companionship after a hard or lonely day. To me especially it means security, for after tea we are both safe at home until another day.

As we drank tea and reveled in our homemade easy chairs, the daylight faded and the world was locked in the silence and glittering snow and moonlight of the early northern night. Then, suddenly,

outside came a burst of rippling notes. *Birds*, singing a clear, sweet song on a bitter night with the temperature at zero and two feet of snow! It couldn't be possible. But the music was still there, now just above the cabin roof, now down over the lake.

We rushed out bareheaded and there by the open water patch below our bank were three fat little gray dippers, or water ouzels, with short bobbing tails. A pair were around early this month, but they did not sing. Neither of us had any idea that any bird ever sang at night in the depths of winter, much less a northern one. In vivid moonlight we could see them distinctly dipping and bobbing on rocks in the cold shining water — and singing. Their song echoed back and forth so that all the lake was ringing with it. When we went inside again the birds flew above our roof and poured their music down on us. No European nightingale, singing in a hot, lush summer evening, ever wove the spell of enchantment that the dippers did with those crystal tinkles, which matched so perfectly the icy purity of the winter night.

November 24. — The snow is now over three feet deep, and the thermometer drops a little lower each day. On several mornings lately it has been 15 or 20 below. Three pairs of dippers are now with us constantly and we're beginning to believe that they intend to stay all winter. They've become our greatest source of music and gay company. The colder it is the more they seem to like it. They spend most of their time in open patches of water below the cabin or around a near-by point.

For a distance of at least thirty yards from shore where the deep springs gush out under the banks, the lake is still unfrozen. The temperature of the water doesn't seem to be affected by the temperature of the air. The water stays at 38 degrees F. whether the thermometer outside our cabin reads 32 above or 20 below.

Here the dippers swim and dive and hunt for insects along rocks and pebbles on the bottom, or float on the surface like miniature ducks. Sometimes they dive down in one spot, swim far under water, or below an expanse of ice, and come up in an open hole thirty feet away, as dry and merry and sparkling as if they had never been near the

A naturalist who took her Ph.D. at Cornell, THEODORA C. STANWELL-FLETCHER has studied plant and animal life in Pennsylvania, New Zealand, Fiji, Sumatra, and sub-Arctic Canada. In 1937 she and her husband, who had spent nine years in Arctic Canada as a member of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, and later as trapper and explorer, penetrated the Driftwood Valley of north-central British Columbia. With the help of native Indians they built a cabin on Lake Tetana, over two hundred miles from the nearest town. For three years they explored this region, which few white men have seen, and made extensive studies of wildlife. This is the second of two articles drawn from Mrs. Stanwell-Fletcher's notes, which form the basis of her forthcoming book, *Driftwood Valley*.

water. Their aquatic skill is remarkable, and their powers of flight no less so. When they tire of swimming or feeding, they fly high in the air, over our cabin or above the forest, singing as they go and chasing each other in endless games. And they spiral down from the sky, showering music, like the English skylarks. They sing on and off all through the day and often some hours after dark, as they did when we first heard them. They are quite tame and friendly. When I go to the lake for water, one always flies over, perches on a rock near-by to sing, or begins to feed.

On the twentieth J. collected a northern shrike (our second one) feeding on a red-backed mouse which it had just caught; the mouse was still warm. I prepared the shrike for the Museum but, though the mouse skull was still intact, the skin was too badly torn to make up. We're determined to stick to our vow and collect two or more specimens if possible of everything for purposes of correct identification. With the birds, which we love especially, it is easier to collect a new species as soon as we see it before it becomes a real friend to us. Moreover, when a new bird appears it is well to get it at once, for we never can be sure how long it will stay, or whether it will reappear ever again.

The first time we saw them we also collected one of the dippers. Now, when I remember the small plump body which I skinned, I can understand how dippers keep warm and dry in icy waters and bitter weather. The uropygial gland over the tail, which the birds use for oiling their feathers, was unusually large; the feathers themselves seemed exceptionally oily and therefore could not easily become wet. Beneath the skin was an almost continuous layer of dense fat that must be a real protection against cold. The stomach was full of half-digested water insects. The remarkably strong, well-knit little wings accounted for the dippers' skill in both flying and swimming, and no doubt made up for the lack of webbed feet possessed by most water birds that swim as continually as they do.

A tame female American golden-eye duck now spends all day in the open water along with the dippers. She is a sweet thing with her sleek red-brown head, orange-tipped bill, and yellow topaz eyes. She too dives and splashes merrily in ice water when the temperature is far below zero.

J. has begun to snare varying hares, or snowshoe rabbits. He makes a little loop at the end of a piece of wire and hangs it across a rabbit runway. The rabbit runs into it, the branch from which it is hung snaps up, the loop tightens and the rabbit must be choked to death instantly, for there are never any signs of a struggle. Apparently these rabbits are cannibals; we sometimes find a dead one partially eaten. All around the carcass there are nothing but other rabbit tracks and bloody patches where they've placed a bit of their brother's flesh to feed on. The Indians say they have fre-

quently noted this same occurrence on their trap lines.

The rabbits are lovely-looking things, their huge cushions of feet covered with the soft pale yellow fur that acts as a snowshoe. The thick fur of their bodies, light brown next the skin but white on the surface, is soft as down and is shot with delicate pencil marks of black, and their big ears are edged in black velvet. Their faces have small tan markings, and their eyes are large and brown. They are far lovelier than the insipid pink-eyed white things sold as pets. I'm beginning to fancy an evening cloak of snowshoe rabbit, with a collar of white, black-velvet-bordered rabbits' ears! J. has sworn that I shall have enough skins to make a short coat, anyhow.

J. is collecting a series of rabbits for the Museum. Supposing they would be a pleasant change from the tough, strong old moose meat, we tried eating several. Their flesh is sweet and tender like dark chicken, but oh, the smell! It reminds us of the most disgustingly odorous type of sewage. J. skinned one, and I cleaned it, but we were both so nauseated that we could scarcely swallow it, even after it was cooked. We shall give up eating rabbits unless we are actually starving.

In summer, snowshoe rabbits are brown, but now they blend so perfectly with the snow that we seldom see one alive, though there must be hundreds judging from the tracks which are like those of an ordinary cottontail with very big feet. Once, when I was sitting on a stump, I saw one under a willow against a snowbank. I must have been looking at it for ten minutes and never would have noticed it except for the black edge of one ear.

November 26. — J. saw a strange sight this morning: a snowshoe rabbit *swimming* in the lake just beyond our bank. It went in leaps and jerks, with great thrusts of its hind feet, and swam out with apparent ease for about forty feet toward the golden-eye. When it was within eight or ten feet, the duck paddled aloofly away, looking as though she weren't sure what to make of it. By the time J. called me the rabbit had turned and come back to shore. When we went out, floundering in deep snow, we could see its tracks leading down to the water where it had apparently gone in with deliberate intent, coming out later on the bank in the same spot. There were no tracks of any other animal.

November 30. — We're out of meat again except for bacon and a few canned things. For a time we managed to get Franklin's grouse, but they've become very scarce. Moreover their meat is horribly strong because they must now feed exclusively on evergreens, since there are no longer buds and leaves of deciduous trees. Instead of grouse flesh we feel as if we were eating spruce bark; their crops are crammed to bursting with spruce needles.

J. is able sometimes with the .22 to shoot small white fish that come into the open water below the bank. Trout seldom run up into this lake — probably it's too shallow and lacks sufficient food — and are confined to the river. But one morning we found a six-pound Dolly Varden, nicely cleaned and decapitated, lying on an icebank by the springs. It had probably been left by an otter, and we appropriated it promptly, with best thanks. It made us three good meals.

Most of all, we long for fat. Nothing here seems greasy enough, and we pour grease out of a pan on bread or even eat it plain. Our bodies, which use ever increasing stores of energy, are apparently preparing themselves properly for the mighty cold to come. We have plenty of butter, which keeps indefinitely in sealed tins. But even butter, in addition to bacon grease, is not enough. J. says we must have fat meat, which only a moose can provide. At this season moose are fat, for their bodies too have been storing up for winter.

J. now spends day after day out hunting. He usually goes east beyond the valley of beaver ponds because moose tracks are more common there than elsewhere. He won't let me go with him, for, if he gets on the track of a moose, I can't travel nearly as fast or as far as he can. So I stay at home, trying to occupy myself usefully while he's away. Several times he's been gone until after dark. I find that doing a big baking of yeast bread or washing clothes is the best way to absorb mind and energies, but — I'm scared stiff all the time he is gone! I'm always stopping to look at the weather and listen for shots.

We've agreed that two shots fired close together, in a series of two, will be our signal of distress. As the day wears on, I get into a fever of listening and waiting, unable to settle down to anything. This sort of thing, far more than a lack of meat, is wearing me thin. J. always tells me the general direction he expects to travel but, when one chases a moose, one never has any idea in what direction the moose may finally lead one. He says "don't worry" if he doesn't come back one night, but to wait until well on into the next day before I start to search for him!

December 7. — The ever increasing depth of snow makes the land ever more beautiful, and makes us more and more hard work. There are now five feet on the level, and still the snow comes down every few days. It falls straight, in dense quiet clouds that suffocate us. It's like a giant flour sifter being turned on, and off, and on again. There is never any real wind and almost as soon as it clouds over flakes begin to fall. In five minutes the mountains, the forests, the lake, are blotted out; there is nothing but a white whirlpool beyond the windowpanes and we are living in a world made solely of the space within four walls of the cabin.

Every sound is muffled. Our voices seem to come

from far away and we're inclined to shout at each other. Sometimes it makes us feel as though we were living under water. Even in the deep sleep of night we can never escape from the sensation that it is snowing. And if we wake, we feel the way one does when, rising too slowly after a long dive in deep water, one struggles for breath. When I was a child I could never have enough snow. Safe in a well-heated house, the more snow, the more I rejoiced, and the more security I felt. But this is something different. The very quietness and persistency of it all is somehow ruthless and frightening.

"The only thing that keeps us from being buried alive," I often say to J., "is the cabin. How can animals live in this? What on earth happens to Indians out on a trap line miles from home?"

Then J. tells me about the terrible blizzards of the Arctic tundra, where snow, unhindered by hills or trees, is blown by sixty-mile gales over the flat expanse, and no man or beast can live through it unless he stays under shelter until it has blown itself out. But J. says the deadly stillness and monotony of snowfalls here is far harder on the nerves, though less fraught with danger.

In a world so completely white (even the dark green of woods is now hidden under heaped-up snow) one might suppose there would be a monotonous lack of color. But the snow is always reflecting lovely shades from sky and clouds, red and gold and green of sunrises and sunsets, blue and purple lights and shadows. And the little open water patch of Tetana is a mirror for the sky.

Many of the tallest trees are bowed nearly double under the great weight of snow, but it is surprising how few of them ever really break. Always, after a storm, before the fresh breezes appear to chase the clouds away, a gentle stir comes, only a breath at first, that sways the trees softly, and frees them gradually and carefully of their terrible burden. When one constantly watches the workings of a wilderness one comes to know that things are cared for with a surprising orderliness and steadfastness — it would seem with definite purpose. It gives one a sort of faith, and a deep, abiding comfort.

As soon as the snow stops we open the door, climb into the snowbank outside, and begin to clear out the entrance and caches of wood. We now have another shovel which J. made from a pole and the sides of an old box. The windows have continually to be dug out to let in daylight. And one or both of us pull thundering masses of snow off the roof because we're afraid that the weight (so much greater than we ever anticipated) may break the rafters. If snow is allowed to remain on the roof long enough for the heat from the cabin to melt it, it turns to ice and becomes impossible to scrape off.

We can't even step outside our door any more without snowshoes. Snowshoes are as essential a part of walking as one's own two legs. Skis are not

used in this country. The snow is too deep and soft, the forest too thick and extensive, and no traveling on the mountains is done until spring. When the snowshoes are not in the cabin being dried off (it's important to keep the webbing dry so that snow won't stick to it and add extra pounds of weight), they are stuck upright in a drift, and, as we go out, we step directly into them.

We have three pairs of snowshoes, bought last fall when we came through Takla. They are larger and quite different from the flat snowshoes used in the eastern United States, or the little round bear paws which are all that are necessary in the Arctic. These have high upturned toes and the webbing, except that directly beneath the feet, is very fine and breaks easily. The turned-up fronts and fine webbing are necessary in this climate, for the snow is so soft that flat pointed toes would trip one and coarse webbing would let one sink far below the surface.

Our snowshoe trails are beginning to radiate in every direction. They're covered constantly by fresh snow, but if they're not neglected too long, we can usually find traces of them. Since there is little wind, the snow seldom drifts and sometimes there is a faint depression to indicate a trail, or we can feel with our snowshoes a certain hard line underneath all the fresh snow as opposed to the softness on either side. We try to reopen the trails after each new storm, and we've marked them by big blazes chopped as high up on trees as we can reach. Walking on a trail that already has some sort of firm foundation is the only way to get about. The snow is so deep and fine that it's an exhausting business to go through it even on snowshoes.

We are completely cut off; for it would be impossible to travel more than a few miles a day on an unbroken trail.

This is a dead world. Even the clear throbbing silence that we knew at first is muffled by the deep snow that blankets the trees. When we walk in the forest, we feel as if our ears were stuffed with cotton. I'm more terrified than ever of being separated from J., for we've discovered that even a loud pistol shot can't be heard a quarter of a mile away, and shouts don't carry for more than twenty yards.

Now there are practically no signs of animal life. When snow in this country is too soft and deep for man to travel, it is also too difficult for animals. The squirrels, except for two that haunt our feeding station, seem to have retired permanently to winter quarters. There is not a marten track. Even the moose, with their long legs, have evidently found the snow too deep, for they appear to have left this region entirely. All the little mammals have retired to subterranean passages 'way below the surface. By setting traps far down, under old logs and stumps, we are still able to catch mice and shrews.

But we begin to wonder if our sole contribution

on winter habits of animals in forests of the North is to be a statement to the effect that all but the smallest either leave the country or go into a state of hibernation and hole up completely.

December 11. — The very few birds and animals that have stayed around the cabin in the depths of this great winter are becoming our warm friends and comrades. We all share a common bond in the hardships of intense cold and deep snow. The crumbs and scraps of food that we can save from our own meager meals, we put out on the snowbanks. The tiny chickadees, the Canada jays, puffed into soft gray feather balls against the cold, and the two squirrels, now await our every emergence from the cabin door in hopes of food. The birds are so eager that they have begun to fly directly to our hands and shoulders. The dippers, feeding on an apparently inexhaustible supply of water insects, still make lovely music and play in the open water along with the friendly little golden-eye.

During the day the sun stays always in the southern sky; it passes across from southeast to southwest. It doesn't come up till half-past nine in the morning; by half-past two in the afternoon it goes down behind the Driftwoods. Soon after three it's dark, and we come in, light our little coal-oil lamp, pile up the stove, and settle down for tea and games, reading, writing, or skinning specimens. Our eyes, which once grew tired from reading by bright electric lamps, never seem to grow tired here, though we read far longer than we ever did at home. J. is going straight through the rather fine print of Shakespeare's plays.

After supper, when dishes are washed, I wind the clock and cross off the calendar. This is a ritual followed religiously at the same time every night. If one day is neglected, we might never find it again. But we are becoming surprisingly efficient at telling time by the sun without the aid of watch or clock. We are not nearly up to the Indians, however. Even on sunless days they seem able, nearly always, to tell the correct time within half to three quarters of an hour. We have tested them by our watches over and over again. J. fills in a daily weather chart; this serves as a check on the clock and calendar. We sink down then in our chairs, moccasined feet stretched to the stove, with sighs of sheer joy in the certainty that nothing will disturb us. For by twilight in winter every living thing must be holed up safely in order to survive the cruel night.

When the spirit moves us, say about once a week, we take a bath. I mean a real bath in the wash-tub. J. packs the tub with snow and sets it on the little stove (which it almost obliterates) to melt. A full tub of snow becomes one third of a tub of water, or much less, depending on whether the snow is solidly packed, or dry and light. We keep adding snow until we have the desired amount of

water. When the water is hot, we set the tub on the floor and proceed. Since there is some slight feeling over which of us shall have the first bath in clean water and which the second in dirty, we take turns. I am just able, by sitting with knees drawn up to my chest, to squeeze my whole body into the tub. J., at least twice as large as I, must hang his legs out. He feels rather bitter about this. We scrub each other's backs because the slightest turning projects a flood across the cabin. Nothing is softer and sweeter than snow water, and we always use one of the two cakes of lavender soap for these special occasions.

No one need suppose that, because we take tub baths rather rarely, we go dirty! I have never felt cleaner in my life. There is no dirt, anyhow, in this great pure snow world to make one feel unclean.

Dressed in a few, warm, lightweight clothes, I'm always delightfully comfortable, warmer really than I ever was at home in winter. I wear light wool "long-handled" underwear, woolen ski pants, shirt and sweater, and three pairs of wool socks and a sort of light slipper, which we made from pieces of Hudson's Bay blanket, under the moose-skin moccasins. Ever since cold weather set in we have worn moccasins exclusively just as J. predicted. These are as soft and flexible as chamois skin and so light I feel as if I were going around barefoot. As long as they are dry, my feet keep warm all day, even when I'm out in deep snow. Tight, or stiff, shoes that bind the toes in the slightest degree are useless. This costume, with the addition of a parka, wool cap, and two pairs of mittens (woolen ones inside and moose-skin outside) when we go out, seems to be exactly right even in the coldest temperatures, which, so far, have reached 38 below.

Thanks to J.'s instructions I'm learning countless little wrinkles on how to care for clothes in winter. Every speck of snow must be brushed off before it has time to melt in the warmth of a cabin or campfire. Sometimes one spends five or ten minutes scraping snow off moccasins (above all, moccasins), trousers, jacket, and cap with a big knife, stick, or mittens.

The fewer the clothes, the more freely and lightly one's body can move and hence the warmer one is. But one must have two sufficiently woolly layers and something windproof for outside. To pile on additional layers, however, is a great mistake, either when dressed for outside or going to bed. Extra clothing in bed, I find, not only hampers the circulation, but also prevents the heat of my body from warming the sleeping bag around me. Going to bed without any night clothes on, as the Eskimos do, is really the warmest of all. J., reverting to the days when he traveled and camped with the huskies, often goes to bed stark naked. I've tried it and it works well — until morning. Getting out of bed naked, with the thermometer *inside* the cabin at zero, or below, is just too rude a shock.

Christmas Eve. — Today we were greeted by a cold snap — just in time for Christmas. It is brilliantly clear and the mountains stand out once more — so distinct that they seem almost on top of the cabin. After supper, when stars were flashing above the snow piled to within a foot of the top window-panes, I went outside to view the world.

"You won't feel cold," remarked J., "*at first*, but watch your lungs."

As I opened the door I wondered what he was talking about. With the first breath, I knew. I choked and gasped and sputtered. In this temperature one's breath freezes as one inhales and less oxygen than usual is taken into the lungs. Except for this, I simply was unconscious of the cold. By taking little short breaths I found that I could breathe sufficiently well. The snow underfoot was so hard that it didn't seem like snow at all. As I stepped on it, it tinkled musically like pieces of metal striking together.

In these very low temperatures, the air is crystal clear. Over the absolute stillness of the icy night, the stars looked as though they had come alive. These were not the serene, peaceful, far-off stars of summer skies; these were flashing and sparkling and burning, fanned by invisible fires to dazzling life. These were more brilliant than I had ever seen them anywhere, in the tropics or on high mountaintops; the light they shed across the earth was as revealing as clear moonlight. The white lake, the white mountains, the white forests, were glittering in their radiance. When I realized suddenly that I was almost too stiff to move, I went in, and J., who has seen before the sky of an Arctic night, smiled in understanding at the expression on my face.

Christmas Day. — Last night when we went to bed the windows on the inside were covered with frost an inch thick; the logs in the walls, and the shakes in the roof cracked like gunshots, as they were split by the cold; and out on the lake the ice kept up an almost steady booming, interspersed with the horrid ripping and tearing that always makes my spine tingle. During the night I was waked repeatedly by such terrific cracks in the logs that I thought the cabin was coming down on our heads. When the temperature is falling, we expect a drop of 15 or 25 degrees during the night, beginning at sunset, but last night it broke all records.

This morning I was the first one out of bed. These days I can hardly wait to get up. Whether this is because I'm always hungry, or because the night is so long, I don't know, but it is refreshing to be able to jeer at J. as he lies lazily abed with his morning smoke. Although when we went to bed last night we piled up the stove with slow-burning green wood, this morning the fire was practically out. It was still dark outside; dawn had not yet begun although it was long past eight. The win-

dows were so densely frosted that it seemed as if daylight, even if it were there, could never penetrate the cabin. I lit the lamp, then carefully laid the pile of shavings, as always unfailingly prepared by J. the evening before, in the front of the stove and applied a match. After which I delicately laid on more shavings and then larger and larger sticks. Everything was ice cold and I was careful not to touch any metal with bare hands, having learned from bitter experience that skin, especially moist skin, freezes fast and is sometimes peeled right off at the slightest contact with very cold metal. Still clad in bathrobe and slippers, I went to scrape away the frost and read the thermometer outside. I realized then that, although I didn't feel chilled, I could hardly move my arms.

"I'll just see what the temperature is *inside* first," I thought, and went to peer at the thermometer hanging above our dining table. It read 25 below. Gosh! That couldn't be right! How could we sleep like that, how could I be wandering around with only a wrapper on? I *must* see what it was outside!

I couldn't even find the mercury. It dawned on me, after a time, that it had gone its limit and jammed at 50 below. My exclamations roused J. and we were so busy arguing over the thermometer that we forgot to say, "Merry Christmas!" I was convinced that if the mercury could have gone beyond 50 it would have read at least 60 below. J. said it was not much colder than 50; that he could tell from past experience in the Arctic just how many degrees the temperature drops when it gets beyond 45 below. For one thing, if it is 55 or more below, when hot water is poured out of a window, it freezes solid before it reaches the snow level. I could hardly wait until we had hot water to try this experiment. Sure enough — when, later, I poured a stream from the teakettle onto the snow outside, the water steamed and twisted into threads, but did not turn actually solid till it reached the ground.

After a breakfast of canned grapefruit which we had been saving especially, and pancakes with the last of our syrup, also preserved scrupulously for Christmas, we did our usual chores. I cleaned the cabin and began a round of baking. In addition to bannock, which I bake daily either in the drum oven or in an open frypan on top of the stove, I made tarts of strawberry jam and a chocolate cake. As these favorite articles of diet make inroads on a meager supply of Crisco, jam, and sugar we have them only for very special celebrations.

When I went outside to scatter crumbs for our furred and feathered friends, the jays were almost too stiff to move. Instead of flying down to snatch the food before it left my hand, they sat on the spruce branches, their feathers so fluffed up that

I could hardly distinguish head from tail. Sometimes they moved near the smoke from our stovepipe, which was giving forth some warmth. The chickadees, tiny as they are, though also tremendously puffed out, were slightly more active than the jays.

Toward noon the temperature moderated enough for us to enjoy a tramp. That is, it had gone up from 50, or whatever below it was, to 36 below. Our snowshoes tossed up clouds of crystals. Young trees which, in autumn, had reached above our heads had been completely covered with fresh snow, so that they were transformed into great mounds and small hills. Wherever we looked our eyes were dimmed by the twinkling brilliants scattered before us. The azure of the sky above, the unsullied whiteness below, the mountains and the woods, the intense pureness of the air, were exhilarating beyond imagining. And there was not a sound or a motion, anywhere, to distract our senses of sight and feeling.

Soon after noon the temperature began dropping again, fast. Our faces, which we rubbed constantly with wool mitts, began to show a tendency toward frostbite, and J.'s right big toe, once badly frozen in Arctic tundras, was starting to pain severely. So we turned homeward.

As daylight faded, the rays of the sinking sun tinted the snow with red and lavender. The mountains grew purple and then came that period which, if I could make a choice of the wonders of all the twenty-four hours of a winter's day, seems the most wonderful of all. It is that moment of white twilight which comes on a particularly clear afternoon, after the last colors of sunset fade and just before the first stars shine out. I don't suppose its like can be seen anywhere except in the snowbound, ice-cold Arctic places. Everything in the universe becomes a luminous white. Even the dark trees of the forest, and the sky overhead, are completely colorless. It is the ultimate perfection of purity and peace. But even as one looks and wonders, the white sky takes on a faint pale green, there are the stars, and then the great winter's night is upon one.

We had our Christmas dinner at five: dehydrated potatoes and onions and a bit of moose steak, especially saved and tendered, baked in a pan with stuffing. For dessert there were the jam tarts and chocolate cake. With these vanished the last vestiges of Christmas, the things which made it a little different from our other days.

Have we greatly missed the things that make Christmas Day in civilization? Other human beings, Christmas carols, wonderful food? I suppose so, but I think that this lack is more than made up for by the deep contentment of our healthy minds and bodies, by our closeness to and awareness of the earth, and of each other.

LONDON TRIVIA

by JOHN SHAND

1

WHEN the Romans were in London they enclosed the city within a great wall of such solidity that fragments of it still remain. In 1939, after centuries as an open town, London raised another wall to protect itself in war — a wall as high as the clouds but tenuous as a spider's web; and, like a web, it hung in the air to catch things that fly. Most of those who saw the balloon barrage rise unexpectedly, as if by magic, were more pleased by the sight than alarmed by what it signified. This attitude was foolish, no doubt. We were like children clapping our hands at a house on fire. But those swaying balloons, effortlessly carrying their long steel ropes, were pretty as they turned in the wind, shining like silver in the sun or fading out of sight in the gray rain; and in the silence of night we learned to enjoy the aeolian chant, the wailing music of the wind sounding in the stretched cables.

Looking back from the right side of the war, I think we were wise when we enjoyed our new London Wall as a rare, exciting, and ephemeral addition to the common pleasures of the metropolis. We should have been no better off had we taken fright at it; and anyway, it turned out to be more successful as a work of art than as a weapon of defense. It did not stop bombs from falling; but it looked well, and at least it provided a subject for solitary musing.

The new wall, rising above the ruins of the old, dramatically illustrated the continuity of history and gave point to the adage that things change but remain the same. Here was a theme as rich for meditation and wonder as Wordsworth found when on Westminster Bridge he declared: "Earth has not anything to show more fair" than the towers and temples shining in the beauty of the morning. Was the wheel coming full circle? Would the famous city of London — yesterday the colonial outpost of a world empire, today the heart of a commonwealth

of nations — tomorrow sink again into obscurity, or even disappear forever amid the ruins of European civilization?

As we look at the bomb-wrecked areas today, we see how easily London could vanish. Grass and a thousand varieties of weed flourish and already collect a thin soil in which bushes and small trees seed. Seen thus, the city for a moment appears only as a vast clearing that could quickly relapse into primeval wilderness. Strange birds flash in daylight among the gray rubble, while at night the owl, finding food and room to move, sails around St. Paul's or hoots triumphantly from some ruined belfry. Thus the ancient cities were buried, which now we curiously dig for in jungle and desert. So soon does Nature resume her sway in the midst of a metropolis still very much alive.

To me, the excellence of life in London lies in the emotion of such rare moments, far more than in the pleasures, not contemptible either, of meeting new wits and examining old monuments. I wonder the poets do not more often sing these keen delights. Who can forget walking for the first time across Hampstead Heath and seeing the whole city spread before him from the green top of Parliament Hill? Maps and words and figures had proved it was a mighty town, but to overlook it, as from the cockpit of an aeroplane — the astounding size of the place!

And yet, the littleness of the place! The City keeps within its small ancient boundaries, while Greater London, with its eight millions of people, covering 693 square miles, may be viewed as a conglomeration of small towns and villages, even of one-street hamlets. Each group of citizens is divided by its occupations, amusements, manners, and even by its many variations of dialect — as Shaw has noted so amusingly in *Pygmalion*. They jostle for room in the streets and the subways, but they do not meet. They take a beeline daily between home and work, and the rest of the city is unknown to them. If required by accident to deviate from their accustomed routes, they lose their way as easily as strangers. Ask a Bloomsburian how to get to Bedford Park, ask a Kensingtonian the road to Kennington, inquire on the

James Bone was the London correspondent for the *Manchester Guardian* for close to forty years, and in the course of that assignment he wrote his charming and knowledgeable book *London Perambulator*. Now Mr. Bone's successor, JOHN SHAND, follows in his footsteps to report on the scarred but imperishable beauty of the Old City.

heights of Highgate for the marshes of Erith, or even in Maida Vale for Primrose Hill, and the rustic Cockneys will scratch their noddles in vain.

2

ONCE upon a time a Cockney was one who was born within sound of Bow Bells. A city of homely size, of comfortable area, was pictured by that definition. Bow Bells have been broken by bombs; but while they still rang faintly above the weekday traffic or echoed in the silent Sabbath streets, the one place where a Cockney was least likely to be born was within sound of them. Even the police seem to have given up trying to cope with the ever expanding map of the metropolis, and some seem to be cultivating an almost incredible ignorance. An American journalist walking near the Guildhall asked a policeman in this year of grace 1946 what was the name of the church in front of him? The policeman was in good temper, unoccupied by crime or the exigencies of directing automobiles; he simply did not know, and obviously did not want to know.

The taxi driver can still be depended on to carry a fare wherever he wants to go — “C’est son mètre,” as a joker said, as he calculated the fare on the mileage clock; but if the average driver while carrying you to the Abbey or the Tower can tell you, “It’s an oldish place, sir,” that is about as far, in these days of compulsory education, as his historical and antiquarian lore will go.

But we happy few, we lovers of London (most of us born elsewhere), we will not sneer at the Cockney; for he poor fellow, being native to the place, thinks it incumbent upon him not to explore, lest by doing so he might thereby be mistaken for a visitor. And to give him his due, the Cockney, as Hazlitt noted, may conceal a jealous pride in his city, though he knows so little about it, though he enjoys so small a portion of its wealth and luxury. In his essay “On Londoners and Country People” Hazlitt is contemptuous of this pride. He pictures with disdain this poor creature who, because he lives in the capital, thinks himself superior to those who live outside it. “He resides in a garret, or a two pair of stairs’ back room; yet he talks of the magnificence of London as if all the houses of Portman or Grosvenor Square were his by right or in reversion. He meets the Lord Mayor in his coach and without ceremony treats himself to an imaginary ride in it.”

Well, the Cockney of today still enjoys standing for hours to see the procession go by, still likes to crowd in the Mall to watch the debutantes going to dance at the Palace, still finds it fun to stare at notables stepping out of limousines for a first night or a charity fete — but is there not here a touch of the artistic, or the purely disinterested mind? Is it ignoble to be able to enjoy vicariously

the pleasures of the pageant, the banquet, and the play? Is it even the lesser pleasure? Surely the delight of the spectator gaping outside the Guildhall may exceed that of the Lord Mayor’s guests about to put their knees under the loaded tables of civic hospitality.

Who that has in course of duty attended such affairs remembers them with joy? If there was pleasure it was in that peculiar sense in which Dr. Johnson, visiting the Pantheon, replied to Boswell’s statement that there was not half a guinea’s worth of pleasure in seeing the place, by saying that at least there was half a guinea’s worth of inferiority to other people in not having seen it. One remembers chiefly only the happy accidents that sometimes relieved the tedium, as, for example, at a festive dinner in the Great Hall of Lincoln’s Inn when the long line of pompous speeches seemed to stretch to the crack of doom and the march of platitude echoed unceasingly from the vaulted roof — a night of terrible eloquence, the oppression of which ended only when one’s neighbor, a distinguished scientist, pointed out a fortunate side view down the high table which enabled us to see that the royal guest of honor, as bored as the rest, was playing “noughts and crosses” on a menu card under cover of the cloth.

In the diurnal drama of a major city it is often the minor players in the long list of dramatis personae that provide the spectator with the most entertainment. Dickens knew it and proved it. Of all the characters in his novels, we enjoy most and remember best the obscure eccentrics, not his heroes, heroines, and villains. And those who believe that these diverting creatures have vanished from the London scene are as mistaken as those who believe that they never existed outside the fantastic imagination of their creator. Just as it is true that such people as Mr. Guppy, Captain Cuttle, Mrs. Jellyby, Miss La Creevy, the Marchioness, Mr. Serjeant Snubbin, Silas Wegg, Flora Finching, and Poor Jo were all much nearer to being portraits of real humanity than were the characters necessary to the plots, so it is true that the wildest humor of Dickens fell below, rather than exceeded, the possibilities of nature.

Do you remember Mr. Wemmick’s father — “the Aged” — in *Great Expectations*? Wemmick Senior’s little gothic cottage in the South London district of Walworth was reached by crossing a ditch over a plank, which was hoisted up and down like a drawbridge; and the comforting notion of a house fortified against the dangers of war, revolution, and simple burglary was increased by a flagstaff flying a real flag, and by a real gun that was fired every night at nine o’clock.

Delightful, but absurd? Amusing, but incredible? Well, I knew (up to the beginning of the war) a much respected gentleman in the City of London who ran a prosperous and prosaic business, but whose secret passion was ships. He collected every-

thing nautical, from models of ships small enough to go inside a bottle to authentic ship's figureheads as huge and heavy as an Epstein statue. On week-ends he retired to a house on the river which for joyous eccentricity easily surpassed anything imagined by Dickens. The visitor fetched a servant to open the front door, not by pressing a button, but by pulling a rope which sounded a ship's bell. Almost the entire ground floor housed the collection of giant figureheads — nightmarish gods in the twilight, but jolly enough in daylight, all freshly painted in the gilt-and-gaudy style of their original colors.

There was no staircase to the sitting room, but a ship's ladder with white ropes for handrails. The room was a mixture of captain's cabin and ship's bridge; and the owner, in nautical costume, with a piratical black patch over one eye, had all the instruments of navigation at hand — in case his house slipped into the Thames and started sailing for the sea. Conversation was continually interrupted while he clapped a telescope to his good eye to examine a ship going by, and to name its owners and probable cargo. When he wanted tea or a glass of grog he sounded an engine-room telegraph bell which communicated with the kitchen, and a manservant in steward's uniform promptly appeared.

This London businessman rode his hobby horse with the same mixture of passionate interest and shy consciousness of its absurdity as that with which Uncle Toby followed Marlborough's battles with Corporal Trim on the bowling green. He apparently knew the history of half the famous clippers that once were launched from Blackwall, and the personal characters of all the present pilots of the Thames Estuary. The floor of his fantastic chamber was laid out as a ship's deck, and all round the walls were illuminated tanks, filled with fish, the fronts of which were glass portholes taken from famous liners. Imagine a stormy night, a gale thrashing the rain on the windows, and the host and a company of sailors all telling tales of shipwreck while they imbibed liberal supplies of rum and whiskey. For it was on such a night that one visitor, rising unsteadily to his feet, noticed for the first time the inhabitants of the glass tanks, and shouted: "Take to the boats, men, we're sinking! The fish are staring through the portholes!"

Yes, in spite of wars, taxation, bureaucracy, socialism, London still holds her quota of individualists, and if another Dickens is ever born he will find them out. Is there not a touch of Dickensian fancy in two old London women, one rich and the other poor, who meet once a week in this fashion? The poor woman earns a living trundling a barrel organ around the streets; the rich one lives a lonely life in a West End mansion. Once a week the sharp-voiced, weather-beaten old East Ender takes her hired barrel organ and trundles the heavy in-

strument through the traffic from the Angel to Marble Arch — a journey of several miles. There, in a secluded street, she churns out her concert for a fee of five shillings, while her audience of one, in shawl and lace cap, sits delightedly by the drawing-room window. There was a day when a policeman, new to the beat and deaf to music, gruffly instructed the barrel organist to "move on," and the strains of *La Bohème* were interrupted. But only for a moment. The ungallant policeman was peremptorily told by the lady of the mansion, who popped her head out of the window, to interfere at his peril with the lady turning the handle, and the concert continued.

The barrel organ, once among the most popular street amusements of the Londoner, is slowly disappearing, and will soon go the way of the songs of the street traders and the tinkle of the muffin bell. The museums ought to acquire some of them before it is too late. During a walk to discover where, how, and by whom these instruments were kept for hire, one lately encountered a scene fit for Hogarth's pencil.

It was in a dark little eighteenth-century alley in the Italian quarter of Mount Pleasant that one found the home of the *piani di estrada* — the street piano, as it is accurately named in its native tongue. The old storeroom was lit only by a dull jet of gas, and in the corners loomed the dark shapes of the barrel organs. Some male troupers opportunely arrived on their way home to supper and bed. Painted an inch thick and attired in shabby female finery and ludicrous wigs of flaming reds and yellows, they wheeled in the organ which they used to accompany their dancing and singing.

The tired buskers were not too tired to chatter about the day's work, and pleased by a sympathetic audience, they danced a final jig to the strident music. As the handle was turned and the music went round and round — it was the tune with that very title (the melody once swept the town, though it is dead as Caesar now) — the dancers' shadows wavered fantastically on walls and ceiling while other more sinister shadows filled the hungry hollows of their rouged cheeks. It was a macabre ballet — a funeral dance for the barrel organ.

3

THESE little scenes are outside the scope of the guidebook, untouched by the statistics of officialdom, and may seem unimportant to those anxious to know only how the London of the future is shaping; yet they are not without value. They remind us that the anonymous crowd we jostle in the streets is composed of individuals. They are marginal sketches to enliven dull texts about London's social problems. Buildings great and small have been knocked down by war and will now be set up again in peace; Conservative politicians have

been swept aside and Labor politicians put in their place; but wars, however terrible, and political revolutions, however complete, are but ripples on the surface in a city old enough to have been described by Tacitus as "renowned for the number of its businessmen and the density of its traffic."

London has seen many wars and revolutions. Those of its citizens, still alive, who saw whole acres of the City's most famous thoroughfares going up in flames under a rain of fire-bombs, will never forget the appalling yet fascinating spectacle; especially will never forget that moment when the raiders fled and the guns stopped, and how the silence was filled with the low roar of flames, the crash of falling masonry and glass — the fierce crackling of a gigantic bonfire composed of houses and offices of no great value and of historic buildings impossible to overvalue.

But Londoners have survived this second Great Fire as they survived the first of 1666. Already we read about it with the same feeling of something past and done with, as we read Pepys's celebrated description of the city being cremated in his time. We do not read, as of something past and done with, the diarist's descriptions of London's rich men, poor men, beggarmen, thieves — for they, under different costumes, remain the same, as do the theaters, taverns, palaces, and brothels, under different names and in changed localities.

The architects have planned a new London, as Christopher Wren planned it under similar circumstances; and the planners of today, like those of yesterday, are being crushed and flattened by the natural pressure of an immediate demand for somewhere to live and to work. We should enjoy a beautiful city; we do not want merely an ugly, workaday city, but the returning hosts of men and women and the growing flood of visitors cram the available buildings to bursting point, and the irresistible demand for a roof of any kind must soon overcome all aesthetic considerations, as it did in the seventeenth century.

The heart is sickened by consideration of the human miseries involved; the mind is overwhelmed by the size of the problem — or, at least, the hearts and minds of politicians and editorial writers are, by public cry and proclamation, so sickened and overwhelmed. But the individual fights his own fight, wins or loses, without pretending much interest in the fate of his fellow citizens; and the present writer, though he lost his old home, and lives in imminent danger of being turned out of his current home with nowhere to go, still prefers to enjoy the native humors of the town rather than to grow melancholy over the solemn problems common to us all. Shall there not be cakes and ale because we are not so thriving as of yore? Are we likely to thrive again if we sit down and sigh? Londoners are a cheerful folk and will laugh their way through the dangers of peace as they did through the terrors of war.

There are great men and little men of London — dull dogs, all of them — who would not give twopence to know the cheap little eating house near St. Paul's where one gets a better meal today (though less elaborately served) than at the Savoy or the Ritz. But Dr. Samuel Johnson, that eminent citizen, was always ready to hear about such things.

Johnson, who once announced that "most schemes of political improvement are very laughable things," who affirmed that "let fanciful men do what they will, it is difficult to disturb the system of life," delighted in London trivia and was often able to illustrate the subject with examples from his own experience. When Boswell observed that the poor in London went about gathering old bones, and wondered why, Johnson, erudite in more than bookish matters, told him: "Sir, they boil them, and extract a grease for greasing wheels and other purposes," and proceeded to expound the secrets of the trade in detail.

Talking of his first days in London, Johnson remembered that he dined very well for eightpence. "It used to cost the rest a shilling, for they drank wine; but I had a cut of meat for sixpence and bread for a penny, and gave the waiter a penny; so that I was quite well served, nay, better than the rest, for they gave the waiter nothing." Was he not always ready for a ramble, even at three in the morning? Johnson was a true London Bohemian and, in spite of his respect for rank and convention, was on Falstaff's side of the fence.

If Dr. Johnson found amusement and instruction in these domestic details of London life, we need not be ashamed to describe them; and though of making books on London there is no end, the enthusiastic observer may always hope to tell of things unrecorded or forgotten or to give an individual picture of a hackneyed subject — for it is ten to one that your novelty is old news to a dozen others.

4

O TOWNE of Townes!" exclaimed William Dunbar in his tribute to the city, "London, thou art the flour of Cities all." The poet was writing to please the "burgomasters and great oneyers" and must be forgiven his boast. If, five hundred years later, we repeat the boast, we do so only in a whisper, of course, lest we cause offense in a world shrunk so small that we can all hear what everybody else is saying. Dunbar, just like any modern visitor, chiefly gaped to see the lords, barons, merchants "full of substance" and "most delectable lusty ladies bright," the riches and royalty of the capital city, the palaces and churches, the tower of "Julus Cesar," and other obvious splendors.

Doubtless these are things to be enjoyed. The royalty of old St. James's, the hotel-like grandeur of Buckingham Palace, are very well, though few of us may hope to see inside them and talk with

those who live in them. The riches of Bond Street and of Piccadilly are on view to all — if only, as children look at toys, through the window. Let us by all means stare dutifully at famous buildings and people, reverently push our way through the ever crowded Abbey, humbly search for the hidden beauties of those City churches which have survived the war or have not yet been sold for office sites by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners.

The Lord Mayor, to us as to Dunbar "Above all Maires . . . most worthy," is a sight not to be missed, whether in all the panoply of civic fuss and ceremonial or in plain clothes distributing justice at the Mansion House. The Tower of London — beefeaters, crown jewels, and all — indubitably demands our homage. And we salute the Monument, Big Ben, Nelson on his column, and other familiar landmarks unknown to the old poet. The tourist has scarce time even for these celebrated gewgaws.

But if foreign and country visitors, and the Cockneys themselves, see only some of the listed treasures, there are in each generation a few enthusiasts — odd fellows with an insatiable curiosity about London, who search its streets with that same passion which impels others to cross deserts and climb mountains. Walk with one of these and the dulllest district becomes entertaining. These explorers find treasure in the most unlikely places. They know all the antique lore of the city — where to find the oldest houses and inns, the tradesmen with the longest connection with their trade, the obscurer clubs, where the famous lie in forgotten graves. They are constantly adding entertaining notes and supplementary chapters to the library of books already written on London.

5

THERE is, too, the London reporter — that indefatigable journalist who tells us what is new in town, whose daily entries keep London's Domesday Book perpetually up to date. He shows us to ourselves and to the world as we are today — fighting for houses and flats, battling against government controls, rebuilding our ruined streets with temporary huts, queuing for rationed food, cleaning up sandbags and shelters, saying farewell to Europe's refugees, welcoming world conferences, parting with the soldiers of the Commonwealth and the United States, staggering under strikes, crowding in record-breaking numbers the theaters, concert halls, and art galleries, darning our shabby clothes, and striving against odds to regain that foreign trade upon which London has thrived for nearly two thousand years.

It is no idle custom of the City Fathers to visit the bust of Stow, the old chronicler of London, and to place in his right hand once a year a new quill pen. It symbolizes the value in which we hold all

London's chroniclers from Tacitus to the clerk who tabulates the City budget. Those who sketch the contemporary scene hold a livelier interest for the majority of readers than those who delve in the past, and one hopes that industrious compilers are collecting choice specimens of their craft for the benefit of posterity.

Was not Pepys a London reporter of the first rank? Was not Dickens the prince of London reporters? The workaday journalist cannot hope to possess the skill of Dickens in describing the sinister silence of a London fog or in sharpening the comedy of Cockney talk. He cannot hope to have Pepys's gift for gossip and anecdote. But except for the indispensable books of reference, I confess that the London reporter's pages seem to me to be more instructive and amusing than all but the very best volumes of London's historians and antiquaries.

I was never able to find pleasure in seeing places merely for the sake of seeing them. The noblest building has no charm for me until some personal emotion has endeared it. Vainly I once tried to feel, as others said they felt, awed by the beauty of Wren's cathedral. It was useless to pretend. So far as it could be seen from the surrounding narrow streets and over the roofs of high office buildings St. Paul's seemed a handsome edifice; but perhaps because the aesthetic feeling — in some a pure passion — in me requires a personal emotion to give it warmth, my admiration for the cathedral never developed after my first curiosity had been satisfied. It was part of London, not part of my London. Only since that memorable night when, from a roof in Fleet Street, I watched the great dome with its golden cross rising serenely above the smoke and flames of the burning city, has my heart responded to this masterpiece in Portland stone. Now, though I pass it daily, I never grow tired of looking at it.

The interior of St. Paul's usually depressed rather than exhilarated me until one day, attending a national service there, I was taken by privilege to a little balcony high inside the dome. There, when I was alone above the crowd, yet at one with them, St. Paul's completely came to life for me. The swelling voices of the choir, the solemn organ, the kneeling congregation, a shaft of sunlight that for a moment illuminated a group of nobles and commoners, and above all, the nation's need for the blessing we were there to pray for — these gave a human warmth to the cold beauty of the cathedral and a human proportion to the vast structure. St. Paul's ceased to be merely a great example of architectural genius and was seen as what it really is: a church, a place for men to worship in. My imagination at last took wings. I saw that the beauty of St. Paul's, its fame, age, historic associations, could enrich but not create the emotion roused by the exercise of its true function. From that moment I could indeed admire it.

PROXIMITY FUZES: A CHALLENGE TO AIR POWER

by JAMES PHINNEY BAXTER

1

IN anti-aircraft fire the purpose of the fuze is to explode the projectile at a point where the maximum number of lethal fragments will pass through the target. Any duck hunter who studied this problem soon reached the conclusion that the best fire-control devices, no matter how accurate their tracking and how superhuman their computers, left much to be desired. In 1940 it was generally estimated that good anti-aircraft brought down one plane for every 2500 rounds. This degree of inaccuracy resulted from poor range finding rather than poor aim, for the existing fire-control systems gave good results in calculating the angles of fire. Both optical and radar range finders, on the other hand, contained a lag which could be diminished but could not be eliminated. The most optimistic of gunners dared not hope for a direct hit with a shell fuzed to burst on contact.

Reliance had to be placed on time-fuzed shells. If these functioned perfectly the shell would burst at an instant when the plane would be within the cone of hurtling fragments. This *if*, however, remained very big. Even if the range had been estimated correctly, there remained several possibilities of error: first, in the manufacture of the fuze; second, in its manual or automatic setting; and third, in the estimated allowance for "dead time," which is the interval between the instant the fuze is set and the instant of firing. In practice the explosion might occur anywhere along a thousand feet of shell path, so that, even if all other factors were favorable, the chances of a hit were few.

The stakes of the game were high indeed. The success of the German campaign in Norway had shown what land-based air power could do to checkmate sea power. Advocates of the plane against the capital ship crowed, "I told you so." The dive bombers roared down from the skies of Holland, Belgium, and France, opening the roads to Dunkirk and Paris. Unless some improved methods could be found to

knock them out of the skies, the mobility of fleets and the security of ground forces would be seriously threatened.

Fire-control methods could, as things turned out, be greatly improved, but not to the point desired. The obvious answer to the problem was a fuze operated not by time but by proximity to the target. It was easy enough to see what needed to be done, but incredibly difficult to find the ways and means. The only successful development of proximity fuzes for shells was American, sponsored by the Office of Scientific Research and Development. Except for the development of the atomic bomb, this constitutes perhaps the most remarkable scientific achievement of the war.

When the National Defense Research Committee was established in 1940, the problem of proximity fuzes had already been under consideration for some time in the United States Navy, whose Council for Research was then headed by Rear Admiral Harold G. Bowen, the first Naval officer to serve as a member of the NDRC. It was clear that the airplane constituted a growing threat both to surface ships and to ground forces and installations. Late in July, Charles C. Lauritsen of the NDRC learned that the Western Electric Company and the Radio Corporation of America were manufacturing 20,000 miniature tubes for the British Army. He drew the correct inference that they were desired for experiments with proximity fuzes.

On August 12, Lauritsen and Richard C. Tolman, also of the NDRC, conferred with Commander Gilbert C. Hoover of the Bureau of Ordnance as to work which their division might undertake for the Navy. Radio and other proximity fuzes were discussed. Captain (now Vice-Admiral) W. H. P. Blandy, Chief of the Bureau of Ordnance, was from the first interested in this problem. After further conferences with officials of the Bureau of Ordnance, the first research contract drawn up by the new agency was concluded on an actual-cost basis between the NDRC and the Carnegie Institution of Washington, for "preliminary experimental studies on new ordnance devices" to be undertaken at the Institution's Department of Terrestrial Magnetism. The DTM became the base of operations of Section T of the

President of Williams College, JAMES PHINNEY BAXTER was given leave of absence to serve in Washington, first with the Office of Strategic Services, and later as the official historian of the Office of Scientific Research and Development. His book *Scientists Against Time* will appear under the Atlantic imprint this autumn. This is the second of three installments from it.

NDRC, whose chief, Dr. Merle A. Tuve, had performed with Dr. Gregory Breit in 1925 the celebrated measurements of the height of the ionosphere which led to important consequences in the development of radar.

In September, 1940, it was revealed to the American investigators that the British, in anticipation of air attacks, had been working on proximity fuzes for bombs to be dropped on hostile aircraft by interceptor planes. The British were also working on proximity fuzes for ground-to-plane rockets, and had considered their use as a plane-to-plane weapon. They were experimenting with various types of fuzes, but regarded radio proximity fuzes as the best of all, both for rockets and for bombs. They had thus far, however, had little success, and they deemed the shell problem extremely difficult.

2

IN the United States, as in Great Britain, the early emphasis was on the development of proximity fuzes for bombs and rockets, rather than for shells. A wide range of approaches was considered. The Bureau of Ordnance stressed the fact that unless the triggering pattern were properly related to the fragmentation pattern so that the target was included within the cone of fragments, the fuze would have no value for combat and would simply, in Captain G. L. Schuyler's phrase, be "the world's most complicated form of self-destroying ammunition."

During the first year much of the extensive research work was spent on the elimination of ideas and projects which were shown by laboratory and field tests to be impracticable for quick military application. This was true of the extensive studies of both acoustic and electrostatic fuzes.

Meanwhile the work of Section T, under increasing pressure from the Navy, shifted more and more to the radio fuze for shells. It would be hard to overstate the difficulties of the problem. Open the ordinary radio set on your table and try to imagine how you would fit it, equipped with a power plant and a transmitter as well as a receiver, into the nose of a 5-inch shell in a space about the size of an ice-cream cone. Remember the "setback" or translational force exerted on you when you are standing in a bus which starts suddenly. A bomb dropped from an airplane starts gently enough on its descent. When a rocket is launched, its various components are subject to an initial acceleration of some hundred times the force of gravity (100g). The translational force applied in firing to an anti-aircraft shell, on the other hand, is approximately 20,000 times the force of gravity. An electronic tube weighing less than an ounce must be subjected to a force of over 1000 pounds during the acceleration of the shell in the gun. Most conventional tubes available in 1940 gave a high percentage of failures when accelerated merely to 50 times gravity.

To make the story complete, picture to yourself the immense centrifugal force applied to the radio set when the shell spins at speeds as high as 475 rotations per second. It is not simply a matter of producing tiny tubes whose glass or metal envelopes will not break when subjected to these tremendous forces; their delicate cathodes, plates, and grids cannot be thrown out of alignment without impairing or destroying the performance of the tube.

To meet the Navy requirements, the fuze would have to be sensitive and rapid in operation, but not subject to being triggered by the passage of other shells or by the reflection of radio waves from ground, water, and clouds. It must also be safe to handle and not subject to serious deterioration in storage. Somehow, by some miracle of design supplemented by another miracle of production technique, a radio set compact enough to fit in a shell must be made rugged enough to stand these tremendous accelerations, and it must be manufactured in large quantities.

The first requisite, as Tuve put it to his fellow workers, was to conquer their fear of the gun. The first tests of the ruggedness of some existing vacuum tubes proved surprisingly encouraging. A .22-caliber bullet fired into a lead block, on which was mounted a standard small tube, produced approximately 5000g without damaging the tube. Several types of miniature radio and hearing-aid tubes, mounted in wax, were dropped from the roof of the three-story Cyclotron building at the Department of Terrestrial Magnetism to the concrete driveway below, with less damage than had been expected. Others were tested in centrifuges, and dropped in steel containers against lead and steel blocks. The experimenters then constructed a homemade smooth-bore gun out of steel tubing and fired electronic components from it. Contracts for the development of rugged tubes were placed with the Western Electric Company, the Raytheon Company, and the Hytron Corporation. By February of 1941 three types of miniature vacuum tubes had been developed which were rugged enough to withstand firing inside a 5-inch star shell.

For testing these improved handmade electronic components, Section T acquired from the Navy some 37- and 57-millimeter guns and the use of a field at Stump Neck, Maryland, until it could obtain a testing field of its own at Newtown Neck. At first the projectiles were equipped with parachutes which opened after firing. When these proved unsatisfactory, the shells were fired vertically so that they would land base down and could be recovered by digging.

The first experiments were confined to testing an oscillator alone (radiosonde), to see if it could withstand the acceleration of a 37-millimeter naval gun. When fired vertically at Vienna, Virginia, on April 20, 1941, it could be followed in flight by means of a radio receiver.

The fact that they could still hear the radio signal

after the shell landed puzzled the listeners. The matter was cleared up within ten days by the discovery that the ruggedness of the elements tested and the sensitiveness of the receiver were such that the oscillator could be heard half-buried in the ground. When seven 5-inch shells were fired at full velocity at Dahlgren, Virginia, on May 8, over water, Tolman, Lauritsen, and Tuve, listening in a boat, were able to hear signals from two of them as they passed overhead.

The success of these tests, and the progress being made in designing successful circuits, led the late Captain S. R. Shumaker, then Director of the Research and Development Division, Bureau of Ordnance, to request that Section T place a first priority on the development of a radio proximity fuze for shells.

Meanwhile, in November, 1940, Dr. Alexander H. Ellett of the University of Iowa had come to Washington at Tolman's request, and, after working for ten days with Tuve's group, had organized, at Tuve's suggestion, another NDRC group to work on proximity fuzes for bombs and rockets at the Bureau of Standards. This group started work on both radio and acoustic fuzes, but dropped the latter in April.

The development of a radio proximity fuze for bombs at the Bureau of Standards had meanwhile progressed rapidly. The first model, fixed at the top of an 84-foot radio tower at the field station of the Bureau of Standards at Camp Springs, Maryland, indicated the passage of planes which came within 50 feet of the fuze. Other tests were conducted with the model carried in tethered meteorological balloons which were then shot down with a rifle. At the Naval Air Station at Lakehurst, New Jersey, fuze models were suspended beneath a blimp and the wave-form of the fuze signal as shown on an oscillograph was photographed as fighter planes dived past. After two earlier tests in February and March at the Naval Proving Ground at Dahlgren, six bombs containing fuzes of a new model were released separately on April 26, 1941, by a plane flying at 3000 feet. All six functioned properly at heights of from 150 to 300 feet over the water, which corresponded closely to their predicted performance as indicated by the previous laboratory tests of the responsiveness of the fuze. A few weeks after this outstanding success, work began on similar fuzes for rockets.

By May, 1941, Section T had achieved a basic design for a radio proximity fuze for shells, which separated the components into an oscillator and amplifier circuit, battery, safety device, and detonator. The pressure from the Navy for this fuze had grown so great that it was decided to confine all of Section T's attention to it, and to transfer all work on fuzes for bombs and rockets to Ellett's section. L. R. Hafstad's group, working on photoelectric fuzes, consequently moved from the Department of Terrestrial Magnetism to the Bureau of Standards in July. By October the photoelectric fuze they had developed for rockets was superior in many respects

to their successful fuze of that type for bombs. They had been aided in both developments by information concerning previous British efforts.

The transfer of its own work on fuzes for bombs and rockets to Ellett's section at the Bureau of Standards enabled Tuve's section to drive ahead faster with the program of radio proximity fuzes for shells. It gave them more space for their work at the Department of Terrestrial Magnetism, just at a time when progress in the development of rugged components permitted their project to gain speed.

3

IT WAS one thing for a physicist or an engineer to produce a handmade tube at a laboratory bench, and another thing to teach unskilled women the art of assembling small, rugged tubes on a pilot line or large-scale assembly line. Since the circuits called for four or five tubes, and the failure of any one would destroy the usefulness of the whole system, a standard of 98 per cent performance was indicated. The first attempts to produce the tubes by assembly-line techniques at Sylvania led to a marked drop below this standard, till a campaign of instruction and inspection raised the quality to the required level.

This story repeated itself again and again in the production of VT ("variable time") fuzes, indicating the necessity of follow-through from the laboratory to the last step in large-scale manufacture. No matter how perfect the laboratory models might be, the whole effort would have come to naught without mass production of a usable device. And never, perhaps, in the history of assembly-line methods have the standards of performance been more difficult to meet.

These requirements of extreme ruggedness applied not only to vacuum tubes but to batteries, condensers, resistors, and the setback switches which kept the dry-battery voltages from the components until the shell was fired. It proved necessary to assign a large part of the staff of the section to the problem of developing suitable batteries and to maintaining satisfactory standards of quality once they were placed in production. The first approach was to develop a miniature dry battery able to stand the shock of being fired from a gun. The first completely assembled batteries, in essentially the same form still used for the Navy's Mark 32 fuze, were delivered on June 20, 1941.

Two limitations on the effectiveness of this battery forced Section T and the National Carbon Company to a more radical approach to the problem. The first was its short shelf-life, limited to six to twelve months under normal conditions or to three or four in the South Pacific. The second was the difficulty in making dry batteries still smaller for use in smaller shells. Extraordinary ingenuity and long periods of experimentation were required to overcome these major difficulties.

Long shelf-life, possibly reckoned in terms of years, could be obtained if one could eliminate the dry-battery "mix" and substitute a liquid electrolyte stored in a suitable container, such as a glass ampoule, to be released at the time of use. The problem was to get an ampoule strong enough to withstand the shocks incident to normal handling of the fuze, yet not so strong that it would fail to break when the shell was fired. The spin of the rotating shell would spread the electrolyte after the container was broken, and the short delay before the battery began to deliver power would constitute an additional safety factor. The road to success was almost as long and difficult as that leading to satisfactory rugged tubes, but the efforts of National Carbon Company engineers and production men and Section T personnel were at last crowned with success, both for 2-inch and 1.5-inch models. Special studies were required to find an electrolyte satisfactory at low temperatures.

When the first complete fuzes were tested over water at Dahlgren during the late summer, much trouble arose from prematures and duds. This difficulty kept Section T members under heavy pressure throughout the autumn, during which the Erwood Company of Chicago undertook the production of experimental models of fuzes and components, and Sylvania and RCA were brought into the tube program. In November, 1941, Captain Shumaker concluded a development contract with the Crosley Corporation for pilot production of radio proximity fuzes and for preparation for full-scale production.

4

WHEN the Japanese flyers scored nineteen torpedo hits on our stricken fleet at Pearl Harbor and two days later sank the *Prince of Wales* and the *Repulse*, the sense of urgency which spurred the members of Section T increased. The fuze, which its advocates hoped would improve anti-aircraft fire certainly by a factor of 3, and possibly by a factor of 30, was desperately needed. On December 10 and 11 the Navy renewed the pressure on the NDRC to expedite to the utmost the work of Section T. Already priorities of need had been established for these fuzes, which put the United States Navy first, the British Navy second, the United States Army third, and the British Army fourth.

Captain Shumaker had set the goal of a 50 per cent score at a Dahlgren firing test, using material manufactured by pilot plant workers, as the signal for full approval for large-scale production. His conditions were fully met in tests held on January 29, 1942, when 52 per cent of the units assembled with Erwood components functioned properly. Shortly afterwards the Navy committed \$80,000,000 for manufacture of these fuzes. (Up to this time the research undertaken by Section T had cost a little over \$1,000,000.)

Now that the Navy had decided on full-scale

production, requiring a large extension of Section T's efforts to follow through from the laboratory bench to the last stage of manufacture, Tuve insisted that the Section be expanded and moved to quarters larger than those available at the Department of Terrestrial Magnetism. It was decided to detach Section T from Division A, place it directly under the Office of Scientific Research and Development, taper off the contract with the Carnegie Institution of Washington, and conclude a new management contract with the Johns Hopkins University, as of March 10, 1942.

Under the new arrangement the Bureau of Ordnance transferred \$2,000,000 to the OSRD for expansion of the research on proximity fuzes for shells and assigned Commander (now Rear Admiral) W. S. Parsons, USN, to act as special assistant to Dr. Vannevar Bush in charge of Section T activities. Tuve continued as Chairman of the Section, reporting to Bush through Parsons, with Hafstad as vice-chairman. D. Luke Hopkins of Baltimore, vice-president of the Maryland Trust Company and a trustee of the Johns Hopkins University, became the representative of the University to supervise the administrative details of the contract.

The staff of the Applied Physics Laboratory they created at Silver Spring, Maryland, grew from fewer than 100 in April, 1942, to over 700 two years later. Tuve, Hafstad, Hopkins, and Parsons — and later his relief, Commander (now Captain) C. L. Tyler, USN — constituted one of the ablest and smoothest-working teams that ever sought to translate new scientific ideas into mass-produced devices for combat use. Their drive, enthusiasm, and ability to inculcate team play, secrecy, and standards of highest quality pervaded not merely the central laboratory but the fifty allied establishments, academic and industrial, that shared in this great work.

The Navy-OSRD-Johns Hopkins team enjoyed many advantages. It was able to attract well-qualified technical men for the work, and to maintain flexibility of assignments within the group, thanks to freedom from Civil Service requirements. Purchase of technical equipment and materials could be made without the delays inherent in government purchasing methods. The Bureau of Ordnance not only furnished funds and distinguished personnel but permitted prompt and full access to all necessary information. Thus the technical staff of Section T was kept currently posted as to the immediate needs of the Fleet.

A milestone in ordnance history was passed in April, 1942, at the Marine Corps base at Parris Island, South Carolina. Here a Taylor cub plane covered with aluminum gauze was suspended from a Navy kite balloon in such a way that it would swing with the wind through an arc of perhaps 100 feet in the course of a minute. Against this target were fired 182 5-inch Navy shells with reduced charges equipped with standard VT fuzes made by

factory methods. These tests, under conditions approximating service use, were highly encouraging. But before more elaborate tests could be undertaken from a ship at sea, much hard work was required on safety devices, over and above those normally provided for the conventional time and contact fuzes.

A single burst of a VT-fuzed shell close to the muzzle in the early days of the project would quite likely have meant the end of the research as well as the death of some or all of the gun crew. Tuve figured that if personnel and equipment were to be reasonably safe, muzzle bursts should not occur more than once in a million rounds. To get this degree of safety, the fuze had to be provided with both mechanical and electrical safety devices, all subject to severe limitations of space and requiring a high degree of ruggedness.

The safety devices, incorporated in a separate unit known as the rear fitting, went through a long and difficult evolution. The natural attack was to start with the standard clockwork time fuze, and to adapt parts of it to the VT fuze. This was done with shells, but the clockwork mechanism proved too bulky for smaller projectiles. For these a switch was eventually developed consisting of two chambers separated by a porous diaphragm. In the inner chamber, mercury maintained an electric short which acted like the safety mechanism of a revolver. When the shell was fired, the spin of the projectile forced the mercury out of the inner chamber through the porous diaphragm into the outer chamber, removing the short so that the primer could fire. By this means the fuze was "armed," just as a pistol is made ready to fire by cocking. A wealth of ingenuity was lavished on the device, which represented, in its later models, the highest degree of control yet achieved in the field of powder metallurgy.

A further safety device is incorporated into the auxiliary detonator at the base of each VT fuze, in which the rotation of the shell is relied on to move misaligned explosive charges into alignment. Another highly ingenious device, known as the reed spin switch, serves as a safety device prior to firing the gun, and provides a means of self-destruction for the projectiles that miss their target. A vast amount of effort on these safety features was expended by the personnel of Section T and of various subcontractors—and to such good purpose that the VT fuzes have been the safest ever furnished the armed services.

Satisfactory progress with safety devices paved the way for the first tests of the VT shell fuzes under conditions essentially like those of battle. These took place on the cruiser *Cleveland* in Chesapeake Bay on August 10 and 11, 1942, with spectacular results. Shells fitted with fuzes produced by Crosley, Sylvania, and Erwood were fired against drones (radio-controlled target planes) which were knocked down one after another with an expenditure

of very few shells. These results gave a great impetus to the work, and increased the desire of the Navy for fuze deliveries in quantity at the earliest possible moment.

By September, production had reached 400 per day. As rapidly as possible 5000 rounds of VT-fuzed ammunition were accumulated at the Mare Island Ammunition Depot, from which samples were flown daily across the country to Dahlgren to make sure that nothing had gone wrong in transit and loading. By the middle of November, 4500 shells were on their way across the Pacific, and by Admiral Halsey's orders they were distributed at Nouméa to the ships most likely to see early action.

5

ON January 5, 1943, four Aichi 99 dive bombers attacked an American task force, scoring two near misses and a hit on a cruiser. One pilot, thinking he was outside effective anti-aircraft range, flew in a straight path long enough to give the *Helena's* after 5-inch battery a perfect setup. Two twin mounts opened fire with VT fuzes, and on the second salvo the Japanese plane crashed in flames.

From that moment a great increase in the safety and mobility of our sea forces was assured, provided Section T and its contractors and the companies working on Navy production contracts could solve the problems of large-scale manufacture. Here American industry came through as superbly as in the production of radar and the atomic bomb. Before the war began, the nation's entire tube output amounted to no more than 600,000 a day. Before it ended, Sylvania alone, which was producing 95 per cent of the miniature rugged tubes, was turning out more than 400,000 a day.

At the peak, over 10,000 persons were engaged in rugged-tube production. Every tube manufactured was spun in a centrifuge to an acceleration of 20,000g, and hundreds of thousands of them were shot from guns in tests designed purely to control quality. By the end of the war more than 130,000,000 tubes had been produced, and the cost had dropped to less than that of many commercial standard tubes. Similar triumphs in the production of rugged reserve-type batteries were achieved by National Carbon, Eastman Kodak, and the Hoover Company. At the peak of production, with 300 different companies and 2000 different plants at work, nearly 2,000,000 fuzes were manufactured each month. Large scale production had reduced the cost per fuze to between \$16 and \$23, depending on the type.

The great secrecy required created many problems. Even after contracts were negotiated, only top personnel in the key companies were given basic information. Few subcontractors knew anything important about the project. Fuzes transported by rail from assembly plants were kept under

Marine guard. Upon arrival in port, no one was permitted to leave a transport until every VT fuze on board had been accounted for and turned over to the proper authorities.

When the fuzes simplified so greatly the work of the men behind the Navy's 5-inch guns, the desire of the Army for prompt deliveries naturally grew more intense. Proximity fuzes appealed to the Ground Forces not merely for anti-aircraft fire, for which the targets were less numerous than formerly, but primarily for howitzer fire against troops on the ground. It had long been realized that air bursts would inflict many more casualties on troops in trenches and foxholes than would shells fuzed to explode on contact. The difficulty was to set time fuzes with sufficient accuracy to ensure bursts at the exact range and height desired. It was hard to time, precisely enough, a projectile traveling several hundred feet in a tenth of a second.

Shells fitted with radio proximity fuzes could deliver uniform bursts at the preferred height regardless of variations of terrain, bad weather, or darkness. Tests against targets placed in deep and shallow trenches indicated that the VT fuze, triggered by reflection from the ground, could improve the efficacy of howitzer fire against personnel by a factor of 10 for long-range fire. With the VT fuze, air bursts "follow" the terrain, bursting at the same height from the ground over a hill as they do over a valley. To the Ground Forces the new device seemed a heaven-sent means to open holes in the German lines for our advancing troops.

The danger, however, was that, despite the self-destroying features incorporated in the VT fuze, the Germans might recover a dud and be able to duplicate the fuze in time to use it against us. If they did, they might blast the Eighth Air Force and the RAF from their skies. If they gave their discovery to the Japanese, it was possible that we might lose one of our greatest advantages. So, though the Navy began production of fuzes for the British and United States Armies in November, 1943, the Combined Chiefs of Staff ruled that VT fuzes could be fired only over water, where there would be no risk of compromising the device.

The arrival, in the autumn of 1943, of secret intelligence that the Germans were preparing to use robot bombs against London and the ports in southern England where the forces destined to invade Normandy would eventually be gathered threatened the success of the great cross-Channel operation. Activity in the OSRD reached fever heat. With the coöperation of Allied intelligence services, a Section T member brought back from London detailed information concerning the buzz bomb six months before the first one was launched at England.

A complete mock-up of the robot bomb or the V-1 was hastily constructed, and was suspended between the two towers on the Section T proving

ground operated by the University of New Mexico group near Albuquerque. Full-scale tests proved that the buzz bombs would trigger the VT fuzes, and indicated which model of proximity fuze would function best against them. Under the compulsion of necessity the Combined Chiefs of Staff relaxed their security restrictions to permit the use of VT fuzes against the new German menace. Three months before the first buzz bomb fell on British soil a shipment of VT fuzes arrived in England.

The problem of hitting the robot missiles, traveling at 350 miles or more per hour, was solved by relying as little as possible on the gunner's skill of hand and eye, and trusting as completely as possible to the accuracy of the new devices which had been developed for anti-aircraft fire. The laurels went to three new weapons, all developed by the NDRC, and all manufactured in the United States. They were the SCR-584 radar, the M-9 electrical predictor, and the radio proximity fuze.

As all three were used in combination, and none would have been so effective without the others, it is impossible to divide the credit, which was won in abundant measure by all. When General Sir F. A. Pile, Chief of the British Anti-aircraft Command, sent a copy of his report on these celebrated operations to Dr. Bush, he wrote on the cover: "With my compliments to OSRD who made the victory possible."

6

IT WAS an extraordinary story. When the V-1 bombs were first launched against London on June 12, 1944, the anti-aircraft played at first a minor role and interceptor planes carried the chief burden of defense. During the second week of July a large concentration of anti-aircraft guns was effected on the Channel coast where the duds and the early bursts from VT shells would not be dangerous to civilians. This concentration included large numbers of British 3.7-inch guns and five battalions of 90-millimeter guns, all under the command of General Pile and all equipped with SCR-584 radar, the M-9 predictor, and the VT fuze, described in Army parlance as the T-98 or Pozit fuze.

In the four closing weeks of the eighty days of V-1 attacks, the shooting steadily improved. In the first week, 24 per cent of the targets engaged were destroyed, in the second 46 per cent, in the third 67 per cent, and in the fourth 79 per cent. On the last day in which a large quantity of V-1's were launched against British shores, 104 were detected by early-warning radar but only 4 reached London. Some 16 failed to reach the coast, 14 fell to the RAF, 2 crashed, thanks to barrage balloons, and anti-aircraft accounted for 68.

General Lear, Chief of our Army Ground Forces, who regarded the VT fuze as "the most important innovation in artillery ammunition since the introduction of high explosive shells," pressed strongly

for release of the device to the Army. Careful estimates had been prepared as to the shortest possible time in which Germany or Japan might duplicate the fuze, for it would have been a most formidable weapon indeed against our planes in bomber formations. Finally on October 25, 1944, the combined Chiefs of Staff agreed to its release for general use, on a date which was later moved ahead to December 16 to counter the German break-through. Great credit is due to Admiral King for his ability to see the war as a whole and his readiness to expose one of the most closely guarded of Navy secrets in order to help our Ground Forces over the hard sledding ahead.

Dr. Bush visited General Eisenhower's headquarters for conferences on the introduction of the new fuze into general Army use. On December 16, von Rundstedt launched the last great German drive of the war. The VT fuze did deadly service that day against German planes, and two days later was first used in howitzers to stem the German advance toward the Meuse and the threat to Liège. Observers close to the scene of action agreed that "the terrific execution inflicted and the consternation resulting from night and day bombardment" had contributed materially to halting the advance and hastening the reduction of the salient.

Prisoners of war characterized our artillery fire as the most demoralizing and destructive ever encountered. General Patton wrote to General Levin Campbell, Chief of Ordnance, on December 29:—

The new shell with the funny fuze is devastating. The other night we caught a German battalion, which was trying to get across the Sauer River, with a battalion concentration and killed by actual count 702. I think that when all armies get this shell we will have to devise some new method of warfare. I am glad that you all thought of it first.

The VT fuze proved its worth repeatedly in the days that followed, notably in the crossings of the Rhine and in the defense of the all-important Allied base at Antwerp, against which the Germans laid down a heavy barrage of V-1 bombs. It was used with great effect in the Mediterranean theater and in the heavy fighting on Okinawa and Luzon. Although the Navy continued to control the procurement of VT fuzes and on December 1, 1944, took over the Johns Hopkins contract from the OSRD, by far the largest share of production since the close of 1943 has gone to the United States Army.

The successful development of proximity fuzes for the defense of ships against planes introduced a new factor into the fire-control problem. Because fewer rounds per bird were required, several targets might be engaged simultaneously. Where three or more planes were in range, centralized fire control became inefficient as compared to local fire control, since, because of the much greater probability of hitting, fewer guns needed to be engaged per plane. The reader who has fired into a covey rise of quail

knows the importance of picking an individual target.

Studies at Michigan on damage probability had made it clear that the full potentialities of the VT fuze would not be realized unless the Fleet was equipped with local-control gun directors and unless each of these was provided with less cumbersome, more versatile radar equipment to permit blind firing. In the autumn of 1943 the Bureau of Ordnance asked Section T to undertake the development of both manual and power-driven gun directors for local control of fire with proximity fuzes. In these systems radar is used for blind tracking, range, and range rate. Lead angles from the above-deck components are transmitted to a below-deck computer for combination with director position angles to give the final angles for positioning the gun.

The highly successful manual Gun Director Mark 57, whose development was pushed rapidly at Eastman Kodak Company, was issued to the Fleet late in 1944 and proved of much assistance in improving gunfire against kamikazes. Prototypes were installed on the *Missouri* and the large cruisers *Alaska* and *Guam* and production models later on many other vessels. They are known to have accounted for many a suicide plane, with an astonishing economy of ammunition.

7

THE detonation of torpedoes upon proximity to the underhull of a ship had long been a desired aim. Since the underhull is the most vulnerable part of a ship, a proximity exploder might greatly increase the effective target area and break the ship's back. The major navies, including our own, had expended lavish efforts on the development of magnetic exploders for torpedoes, but had found the problem a difficult one because of premature firing when the torpedo rolled, pitched, or yawed. When the United States Navy invited its assistance in 1943, Section T proposed a new line of attack, which eventually provided a solution for the earlier difficulties. The proposed basis of operation made the exploder insensitive to minor changes caused by the roll, pitch, and yaw, but on the other hand it called for a much more delicately balanced device.

To solve this problem the OSRD concluded a separate contract with the University of Washington for the establishment of an Applied Physics Laboratory to work in close liaison with the central laboratory of Section T at Silver Spring. To make the design usable in all marks of torpedoes, the most difficult case of all was attempted first, that of the aircraft torpedo Mark 13, which was more subject to roll, pitch, and yaw than the larger submarine torpedoes and had to withstand impacts of the order of 300g from airplane drops.

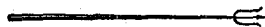
The Mark 9 Torpedo Exploder, which resulted

from these studies, was successfully adapted to aircraft- and submarine-launched torpedoes, both steam- and electric-driven. It utilizes highly sensitive electrical components, and parts developed for the rugged VT fuze. The unit is equipped with an anti-countermine switch which prevents premature firing by protecting the device from the mechanical shock resulting from the detonation either of other torpedoes in the salvo or of enemy countermine charges. Designs were "frozen" in November, 1944, and production was entrusted to the International Harvester Company. This device was ready for use when Japan surrendered.

Meanwhile, Section E had developed proximity fuzes for bombs and rockets. Those for bombs were first used against Iwo Jima in February, 1945, and later in Italy and against the Japanese mainland. Section E likewise succeeded in the difficult task of developing smaller proximity fuzes for the 81-millimeter mortar to reach the Japanese in foxholes. A highly ingenious system of manufacturing circuit components, such as condensers and resistors, and

the connections between them, by new techniques developed in the field of ceramics by Globe-Union, permitted considerable saving of space. By V-J Day an Army production program of 100,000 mortar fuzes per month was getting under way, and would shortly have been quadrupled but for the Japanese surrender. It was believed that these fuzes would have increased the effectiveness of mortar fire by ten to twenty fold.

If one looks at the proximity fuze program as a whole, the magnitude and complexity of the effort rank it among the three or four most extraordinary scientific achievements of the war. Towards the close of hostilities it monopolized 25 per cent of the facilities of our electronic industry and 75 per cent of the nation's facilities for molding plastics. The job never could have been done without the highest degree of coöperation between American science, American industry, and the armed services. That it was done at all, borders on the miraculous. The results are writ large in the story of the war on land and sea and in the air.



THE FAULTLESS SHORE

by EDWARD WEISMILLER

WE HAVE survived the dead-white chill of moons
That dogs have howled at, in terror remembering dreams
And the running, always the running through the thick grass.
We have outlived these things; we are sure they pass,
Or are not what they seem.

We wake, and are content. The captured sky
Welcomes our heavy wings and makes them bright.
The sullen, shadowed earth with flowering light
Blazes: we watch, and watch our fathers die,
And know their death is right.

We have taken islands rough with iron and stone;
There we correct what was not well before.
By how much more we build, and how much more,
Weakness crumbles: feather and leaf and bone
Lapse from the faultless shore.

This is our world. We have made it what we could.
We have outlawed fear; we have fixed the sun at noon.
What is there now shall dare escape the grave,
What footsteps shall recross the echoing wood
And stumble into the cave?



AN ATLANTIC "FIRST"

A Story

THE RADIANT WOOD

by ESTHER CARLSON

IT WAS many years ago and I was a child, yet the radiance of the beautiful wood still illumines my imagination and eddies through my dreams. One night after I had gone to bed, I woke up with the moonlight in my eyes. It was streaming through the windows so brightly that at first I thought it was the sun, but then I knew it was the moon, for it was white and big and right over the tree in front of our house.

The house was very silent and the street outside was very quiet, and for a while I was afraid to move, for it seemed that any sound would burst the moon, like a pin in a balloon.

Nevertheless, I crept from my bed and tiptoed to the window and looked out upon the silent street, with the white sides of houses glistening in the moonlight and the dark trees squatting impotent and angry before the beauty of the sky. Nothing moved. There was not a breath of air.

Then I heard the front door open and footsteps on the porch. I saw a man walk down our front steps. It was my father going out into the silence.

I watched him for a moment with interest, for my father seldom left the house in the evening, and then I had an idea. I would follow him and see what he did; so I slipped out of my window onto the porch roof and down the tree, not bothering to put on any clothes, for it seemed as though my father and I were the only two people awake in the whole world.

He was perhaps a half a block away by this time, but it was easy spotting him, as he was the only one on the street. He walked with a steady, sure stride, as if he knew where he was going and had it all planned out beforehand. It was fun following him.

At first I pretended I was Pathfinder trailing a Mohawk, and then I changed into a Marine stealing through the jungles after the enemy. But my precautions were unnecessary, for Father did not look back.

From the back he looked lonely and weird to me, with his hat in one hand and his mackinaw over his arm, striding along. Father had never been one to stride. In fact, I could not remember how he walked ordinarily. Father walking, in my mind, was associated with Mother—Father and Mother walking to church Sunday mornings. But it was her vigorous step that I recalled. Father just moved along on borrowed energy at her side.

He was a shy man and I never said much to him. He never said anything to me except for a "How's it coming?" once in a while. At night he'd come home from work in his old brown corduroy trousers that bagged in the seat, eat dinner, and then if it was winter he'd read the paper until bedtime, or if it was summer he'd mow the lawn or tinker around outside. Father was not a queer man. He was my father and he was not queer. He was just "around." If he hadn't been around I should have missed him.

Pretty soon I gave up games in following Father. I walked openly about a half a block behind him and he never knew I was there.

It is a strange feeling to be following your father through a silent town, when he does not know you are there and you do not know where he is going.

After a while we came to the edge of town, but Father kept right on, and I had come too far with him to turn back now. We traveled on a narrow dirt road with the fields stretching on either side. Then Father turned off on an even smaller road. It wasn't even a road, just two wheel tracks in the earth, rolling along the side of a meadow and over

A New Yorker in her twenties, ESTHER CARLSON breaks into print with this first, and we think quite original, fantasy.

a small hill. I could not remember ever being there before.

Wheel tracks in the earth, curving over the hill. In the moonlight the lines were plainly marked — lost for a moment in the shadow of the hill, but gleaming again on the summit. The world is full of wheel tracks in fields. No one remembers now the journeys that made them.

My father did not look back once. He had forgotten everything behind him. My footsteps were only echoes of his. He crossed over the small hill, but I stood on the summit watching him a moment. The tracks ran into a tangled undergrowth and then into a dark wood. Father soon joined the heavy shadow. I hesitated to follow him in there.

Perhaps it was an enchanted wood. Maybe Father was really a fairy prince who had been cursed by a witch and so had to be just Father, except in the wood, where he became a prince once more. It seemed entirely possible to me.

Indeed the brooding wood looked enchanted — dark — unearthly. I stood, hesitant, for the wood could be full of all manner of things which only a child could imagine, but which a child dare not think of. Curiosity, however, moved me down the path toward my father. My father was in the wood.

I stuck to a single rut in the road, so that when I entered the wood, I should not stumble over bushes. The heavy, lush sounds of night came from the undergrowth and added to the silence, the loneliness and calm and horror, of a wood at night. Leaves brushed my face, like searching fingers; the tall grass clung to my legs, yet let me pass. I kept to the rut as though it were a tight rope stretching over a chasm. How long I pushed through the darkness I do not know. Then I saw my father.

My father was standing in the center of a clearing, with the woods all around. He stood straight and tall and proud. He did not look like my father, yet I knew it was. He was noble of feature, mighty and brave. He was dressed in strange clothes, but I knew it was my father. There was moonlight upon him. He was the center of moonlight.

"Father!" I cried.

He turned slowly and looked at me.

"My child," he said simply. I ran across the clearing to him and stared up at him. He smiled at me and I smiled back.

A white horse came silently into the clearing, glowing with moonlight. I knew that I, too, reflected the moon and that the moon was magic. Father mounted the white horse and drew me up beside him and we rode into the wood. The wood was not dark any more, but filled with radiance. I looked down the corridors of trees and I could not see the ending of them. They were tall and lovely, and underneath there was a carpet of grass, creeping, flowing, among the tree trunks.

"Who cuts the grass here, Father?" I asked him.

"I do," he replied. "Every week I have to or it would grow too high."

I nodded, impressed by his wisdom.

I could not tell where we were going, or how far we traveled on the white horse, because he did not go in a straight course, but zigzagged and circled constantly. I had never ridden on a horse before, but I liked it. The easy up and down of his back soothed and satisfied me and presently I put my head on my father's shoulder and fell asleep.

2

WHEN I awoke we were still in the radiant wood. I looked at my father to be sure he was there behind me, and I touched the neck of the white horse softly. Everything was real. My father and the horse and I and the strange country. It was the moon I was not sure of. I could not touch the moon.

"Father," I said, "I want the moon."

"It belongs to the sky."

I wanted the moon very much, to caress it, curve my hands around it, hold it to my child's breast. I reached out my fingers to the moonbeams to hold them, like long spears. I knew my father knew the secret of the moon, but he was silent.

The wood became greener, the trees more lovely, the radiance more intense, as we rode on. Suddenly, in the midst of the quiet forest, we came upon a pool. It was like night, shot through with star beams. Around the pool stood seven tall trees, and the branches of the seven trees embraced over the bright black water.

The white horse stopped and my father dismounted, lifting me after him. I looked at him again. He was noble of feature, strong and brave. He did not look like my father, who tended the fires in winter and mowed the yard in summer, yet I knew it was.

He took me by the hand and together we walked to the pool. There was no sound but the quiet stirring of our horse farther back in the woods.

"Where are we going, Father?" I whispered.

He looked down at me and smiled, but did not answer. Both of us, reflected in the moon, me short, my father tall, both of us in radiance approached the pool.

My father sat down on the soft grass, as if to watch what I would do. I looked at the seven lovely green trees and the black water. I felt the cool radiance of the moonlight flow over my body. Then, laughing, I raced around and around and around the pool.

When I had raced around one way long enough, I turned around and ran the other way until I was exhausted. I fell on my stomach beside the pool and put my finger in. The waters responded to my touch and rippled silver all the way across. I peered over the rim.

There was my face — and almost behind my face was my face again, and behind that another, multiplying over and over again, like stair steps, endlessly into the depths. I moved my head, and all the heads moved. I stuck out my tongue, and all the tongues came out. I was delighted.

"Look, Father!" I cried.

There was no reply. My father was gone.

"Father!"

The moon had disappeared and the trees swayed backwards and forwards in unison. I sat up, stiff with terror. The pool was hard and black, like glass. And suddenly I saw from the farthest down of my faces a different head — then the body — then the legs of a man walking slowly upward on the face steps. I watched in frozen fascination as he drew closer and closer.

I saw who it was!

It was the man who drove the garbage truck — the man who always said he would "skin me alive" and laughed — the man who smelled like death and whom I feared more than anything else in the world. His head rose from the pool, gigantic, terrifying, bathed in luminous shadows, and his feet kept climbing on my faces. His arms reached for me. I could not move.

"FATHER!"

Our horse began to snort and paw the ground. Then I saw my father. He stood straight and tall and radiant. He drew his sword. I ran and hid behind him and clung to his legs.

The ogre's arms flailed the air, and the peace of the wood was ripped and torn and shattered by his cries, like a mad beast's. His arms reached after me.

My father swung his sword. The ogre retreated and a mist that smelled like death eddied and flowed around us. He charged again, and again my father swung his silver weapon, and again the ogre screamed and drew back, this time with blood breaking from his breast.

He reared up, blotting out the sky, and bore down upon us, huddled there. I thought nothing could stop this monster in his fury. But my father raised his sword once more, and with a single passionate movement plunged it into the ogre's heart. The world swirled and the blazing moon reappeared and pressed down upon us. The mist flowed scarlet — and then the ogre toppled with a crash, and the wood was silent once more. And as he lay there, the mist dissolved slowly, and with it the ogre disappeared.

Father sheathed his sword. An amber-colored fawn came from the woods to the pool and drank the water silently. The moon glowed and I gazed in adoration at my father. The radiance trembled through the forest. He put his hand on my head.

"Just call me," he said. "Any time."

We smiled at each other.

Imperceptibly the radiance began to dim. My father took my hand and we again mounted the white horse and rode through the wood.

The ground was not level anymore, but cut by ravines, and the trees were gnarled and twisted where once they had swept straight to the sky. The trees had shadows.

"The trees have shadows now, don't they, Father?"

He sighed. "Shadows make things logical," he said. "Otherwise we should not be sure they existed."

The radiance dimmed, flowed through us and back, back, back. Our white horse zigzagged and circled and presently I put my head on my father's shoulder and fell asleep. When I awoke the forest was dark.

"Where is the radiance?" I cried.

Suddenly my father looked unhappy, and I saw him again as a vague and quiet man who did not say much to anyone.

"It belongs to the moon," he said.

We stopped and I jumped to the ground in the dark wood, and returned home through the tangled underbrush, following the wheel tracks over the hill.

I climbed up the tree in front of our house and slipped into my room through the window and went to sleep again, with the moonlight in my face.

When I came down for breakfast the next morning I saw that Mother had set out plates for all of us — Fred and Uncle George, Mother, me and Father.

"Father is gone," I said.

Mother looked at me and laughed.

"Wake up!" she said. "He's right upstairs. Where would he go to?"

I opened my mouth to explain to Mother, and then I didn't, for Father came down the stairs.

He had on his old brown corduroy trousers that bagged in the seat, and his gray vest.

I smiled at him and it seemed to me that I saw deep in my father's eyes an answering smile of understanding. But he only nodded to me shyly.

"How's it coming?" he said.

JUMPING OVER THE HUMP

by JOHN BARTLETT BALLOU

1

ON the morning of January 30, 1944, at approximately 0800, we left Chabua in a C-46 bound for Kunming, China, on what I anticipated would be a regular mission. It was raining very hard when we left Chabua, and from all reports the Hump wasn't going to be much better. This was my second consecutive trip in ship 413 and my twenty-first trip over the Hump. I had a swell crew — the engineer lived with me and I had flown before with the pilot, Lieutenant Anderson.

About an hour and fifteen minutes out I received the report "Red-wing," which meant "enemy aircraft in the vicinity." I told Anderson, but he wasn't concerned because it was very cloudy and he figured he could dive into a valley and get away if the enemy showed himself. Everything was going well, and I thought this would be just another trip, when all of a sudden things started to pop. I had been dozing a little and was suddenly awakened by a shuddering explosion. Although it was hard for me to believe, Zeros had actually shot out the left engine. Lieutenant Anderson immediately feathered the prop. The co-pilot dived from his seat for his chute and motioned for me to get into mine. The ship was shaking terrifically, and without any questions, I unfastened my oxygen hose and ran to the rear for my chute. Without oxygen at 18,500 feet, this much exertion really knocks you out, so by the time I had my chute on, I was puffing like an old steam engine and seeing spots. I couldn't buckle my right leg strap, which was too short, and I was very nervous.

In the meantime, the ship had gone into a 45-degree dive and the engineer had opened the emergency door. I saw flames up front and knew it wouldn't be long before we took the "big step." The pilot waved back, and the engineer took one look and jumped. I watched his face as he hit the

slip stream, and I have never seen a man's face change expression so fast. He was gone in an instant, but seeing him take that step made me realize just what I was getting ready to do.

The co-pilot followed the engineer. Then I stepped to the door with my hand on my rip cord. The rip cord came out of its elastic pocket before I left the ship, and when I jumped, the slip stream jerked my arm, opening my chute much too soon. My back grazed the tail, and it felt as if I had run into a brick wall.

When I came to, probably half a minute later, I was seeing spots and my left leg was killing me. The chest strap had come up and was cutting my neck. The force jerked me out of the seat of the chute, and despite all my efforts, I couldn't get back. I just hung there by my neck and one leg. It seemed as if I were standing still, for I couldn't see the ground on account of the undercast. I heard a loud roar, and looking over my left shoulder I saw the ship, empty and on fire, making a sharp bank on its side and coming directly at me. It whizzed past me with its wings perpendicular to the ground, so close that I could see the controls in the cockpit.

After the ship had passed me, the "prop wash" caught my chute and collapsed it. I had a free fall of about five hundred feet and then it caught again. I heard another roar and was petrified at the thought of the ship's making another pass at me. Then I heard a huge explosion and knew that it had finally hit.

My neck was bleeding; I couldn't get into my seat; since I hadn't buckled my right leg strap, the left strap was bearing all the weight and cutting deeply into my leg; and it was raining hard. As soon as I broke out of the overcast and could see the ground, I realized that I was descending rapidly. I looked over the area and saw a stream to my left and decided to head for that as soon as I hit, but I hadn't yet noticed how thick the jungle was. I was still surveying the situation when, before I knew it, I was crashing through the treetops and finally came to a stop about ten feet from the ground. I undid my straps and dropped to the ground exhausted and nauseated from nervous-

A native of Salem, Massachusetts, who graduated from the Salem High School in 1942, JOHN BARTLETT BALLOU served for three years in the Army Air Forces, chiefly in the CBI theater. He emerged as a Sergeant with the Air Medal, the DFC and clusters. One might say that he had good luck in his flying, for he survived a crash landing in Nigeria, and in his fifty-six trips over the Hump he twice bailed out into the Kachin country. Here is how it feels to jump for your life.

ness. I must have sat there for an hour resting and praying, giving thanks that I was still alive. I had been fortunate in not losing my gun belt when the chute opened, and I still had my pistol with the primary twenty-one rounds intact.

The jungle was so thick that I couldn't turn around without hacking with my machete for a few minutes. Within a half hour I encountered a cobra. I shot at it, but succeeded in killing it only after firing a full clip. I never was very good with a gun, so from then on I traveled with my machete in my right hand and the .45 in my left. I had to laugh at the sight I must have made. Could this be me, the peaceful kid from Salem, Massachusetts, lost in the middle of Burma? I couldn't believe it.

I was sitting on a log munching on a piece of chocolate when I heard voices in the distance. For the first time it dawned on me that I might be behind Jap lines. I no sooner got to my feet when a dog saw me and ran at me, barking his fool head off. The first native, probably the leader, saw me next. I could hear him cock his rifle as he dropped to the ground. The other natives followed suit, and all guns were aimed at me. I walked toward them with my hands up, and they stood up. I learned later that they thought we were Jap paratroopers invading Burma.

The leader then mumbled something to me, so I opened my jacket and showed him the flags sewn inside—first the American, then the Burmese. But I might just as well have shown him a picture of my Aunt Nellie for all the recognition I got out of him. Then I took out the small piece of paper which I had been carrying and which had Kachin and Burmese phonetics on it and started in with my first struggle with Burmese pronunciation.

2

It seemed to me that we were walking at a terrific pace, but these short-legged little fellows appeared to be traveling with ease. I knew then that my soft Air Corps career had caught up with me at last, and for the first time in my life I wished I had been trained for the Infantry. The climbing didn't seem to faze them at all, while I was exhausted from the beginning. They had legs like "Charlie Atlas"—all muscle. I was so tired from climbing that it seemed to me as if we had covered half of Burma when we finally arrived at our goal.

I noticed a small gathering of natives in front of a long, narrow building, or *basha*, made of bamboo and grass. Their eyes seemed to pierce right through me, and I felt nervous not knowing just how this group would receive me. After the preliminary greetings and explanations between the natives were over, the leader of my original group turned to me and went through the motions of washing himself. I knew what he meant, for I was a sight, so I nodded in the affirmative.

One little fellow came over and led me down to a small stream. As I shed my clothing, he took it and started washing my clothes by slamming them against a smooth rock. There were quite a few leeches stuck to my legs. They are hard to remove, and I was having quite a bit of trouble until my little laundryman noticed my plight. He immediately dropped his work and set out to show me the correct way to remove a leech. He ran back to the *basha* and emerged with a flaming piece of bamboo. He would touch the leeches with little pieces of red-hot bamboo and their heads would immediately come out of my leg, and then he would brush them off.

The villages were made up of one or two long buildings in which the people lived, plus a few little buildings for chickens, pigs, and water buffaloes—their work horses. The main buildings contained about a dozen fireplaces with a separate family gathering at each one.

After the "supper dishes were done," the men got out their little bamboo cups and started mixing up their evening smoke of opium. They don't smoke it straight like the Chinese, but mix it with some sort of grass. First they melt the opium in little metal pans and then dip this grass in by means of chopsticks. Then they go through a process of rolling and pressing until the mixture becomes quite firm. Next they mix up some sort of liquid which I supposed was for a mouthwash. Their final step is to bring out their pillows, which are solid wooden blocks. They have a hard time keeping their pipes lighted, but that doesn't worry them because they're sound asleep before they get many drags. They take a few puffs sitting up, followed by a little mouthwash. Then they lie down with their heads and pipes on the wooden blocks, contentedly puffing away until they pass out.

After the sun had gone down, it started to get very cold, but I hadn't noticed it, sitting so close to the fire. When I decided to try to get some sleep, I pulled a few banana leaves over me for a covering. They weren't warm at all, but were a little better than nothing. I also used a wooden block for a pillow, and regardless of the shape of my bed, I slept like a log.

I was awakened about five o'clock the next morning by the roosters' crowing. I saw a young native fixing a chicken for breakfast. He put it on a rock, chopped off the head and feet, discarded them, then proceeded to chop up the rest into small pieces—feathers, intestines, and all—and finished by dumping everything into a pan and putting it on the fire to cook. It turned out pretty well, though, if you could pick up a piece of meat out of the assortment. They gave me two hard-boiled eggs *with salt*. They treasured salt as we do sugar today. They hid it away in a slender bamboo casing, and when they offered me some they did so with the elegance of a king knighting me. It was crude rock salt and rather a purplish color, but it

was salt, so I used it rather than hurt their feelings.

After eating, I tried to teach a few of the boys baseball, but soon gave it up, since pitching the ball and trying to hit it, run out and catch it, and throw myself out at first base was just a little too much for me. They got a big kick out of my attempt, at any rate, and I figured that as long as I stayed in their good graces I was safe.

In the meantime older natives had been hustling around, apparently getting things together for a trip. A few of them went down the hill and came back with three elephants. I was as pleased as a child with a new toy, since I naturally thought we were going to ride on them. By this time my stiffness was working out, but I still felt as if I were a hundred years old.

As we were standing around watching them put the bamboo harness on the elephants, we heard a long "Ka-cha-ee" which came from the valley. One of the natives answered and ran down to meet whoever was approaching. When the party came into view I saw that it was my tent mate, the engineer, Burkhardt, being helped along by two natives. I ran out to give him a hand.

He had a broken rib and bruises all over his body. He had landed in a tree about fifty feet from the ground and had undone his chest straps first. When he bent over to undo his leg straps, he fell forward and down almost out of his chute. His ankles caught in the leg straps and this probably saved his life. He hung upside down for quite a while and finally freed himself by swinging back and forth till he caught the trunk of the tree and shinnied up the tree feet first until he had enough slack to free his ankles. By the time he got his feet free, his arms were dead tired and they gave way. The next thing he remembered was one of the natives, who had helped him into our camp, bending over him and bathing his head with water. He said the native had treated him like his own son.

By this time, they had the elephants all harnessed and packed. The leader came up to me and inquisitively pointed to Burkhardt. I supposed he meant, "Is he ready to travel?" Still thinking that we were going to ride on the elephants, I said, "Yes," as we were both eager to get started at once. But it turned out that the elephants were only going along to bring back the salt and other things that the natives would get for rescuing us. Only one native rode on the lead elephant's head, in order to steer him. Burkhardt ended up riding on one, though, for he was quite lame. From his description of the ride afterwards, I was just as glad that I had walked. He said he had all he could do to stay on the beast's back.

It was raining buckets and the paths ran either straight up or straight down. The deep mud made the going very hard and it was most discouraging to climb to the top of a little knoll only to slide to the bottom again. I was a muddy mess within fifteen minutes and Burkhardt was worse. We

finally devised a system, though. We each got directly behind an elephant, and as he plowed through the mud, we followed right in his footsteps before the mud and water had filled them in.

I wouldn't believe that elephants could do what they actually did on that trip if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes. Every once in a while we would come to a steep embankment which I wouldn't have attempted to ascend if it hadn't been for my friend "Jumbo," the elephant I was following. Jumbo wouldn't hesitate a second. He would just stick his foot right through the side of the mountain, sinking it in about a foot. It was a sight to watch that huge, cumbersome hulk go up the incline so swiftly.

If Jumbo happened to make a misstep and started to slip, he would immediately drop to his knees, straightening out his hind legs for a brace. He would set himself once again, and then *wham!* he would stick his front hoof about two feet into the ground and off he would go again. For me it was just like walking up a flight of stairs. If I was a little slow in stepping into his footprints, they were little lakes by the time I reached them, because the rain water ran so swiftly down the hill. This went on all day until dusk, when we stopped off at another little Kachin village, where we were treated just as I had been the night before.

3

THE rain came down in torrents the next day, but we continued on. At dusk we reached the top of the seventh peak, the highest and steepest of all. Fortunately, this was the last. We descended the other side a short distance and soon came to a dirt road. I was overcome with joy, for there on the road were tire tracks deeply imprinted in the mud — American jeep tracks.

Burkhardt was doing well on the elephant's back by now, and after we had walked up the road a mile or two we heard a jeep approaching. Sure enough, at the next bend there was a sturdy little Willys plowing its way through the mud, which was over the hub of the wheels. A white man was driving — an Englishman. As soon as he saw us he jumped out of the jeep and ran forward to greet us. After the usual formalities of introductions and such, the Englishman, the little Kachin chief, Burkhardt, and I piled into the jeep and set off for camp.

Just as we approached the clearing where the village was situated, we noticed a C-47 overhead. It was the weekly "dropping" plane. American troop carrier squadrons dropped bags of rice and other supplies to the villages once a week. The Englishman told us there was an American liaison station near-by, consisting of a five-man radio team, and that supplies for them were also included in that dropping.

Then the Englishman gave us the good news that

Anderson had arrived there two days before us; and as we crossed the clearing, Anderson ran out to meet us. About noon of the next day, a runner brought in the sad news that the co-pilot's body had been found in a tree. From the native's description of his chute, we knew it had been riddled with bullets. The news set us back a pace or two and made us realize even more just how lucky we three had been.

There were two jeeps at this camp, which we used to get to Fort Hertz, where a C-47 picked us up and took us back to Chabua.

4

IT WAS June now and the monsoon was just starting, so we had rain every day. My three tent mates and I were all equal in Hump trips, which numbered fifty-five by this time.

On June 19, 1944, we were sitting around playing pinochle and relating a few adventures and celebrating with a bottle of Scotch that some generous pilot had donated to one of the fellows. It was a bit late, but the celebration was for my birthday. I had become twenty years of age just eight days before.

Along about midnight, when the party was really getting gay, the CQ came into the tent and said that I was wanted down at Operations for a trip to Chanyi. The call came as quite a surprise, for it was a terrible night. The rain was coming down in torrents. Looking towards the east, we could see lightning flashing back and forth across the Hump. The one thing that we were all afraid of on this route over the Himalayas was the terrific thunderheads that used to build up. They could crack a plane up just like a matchbox. They were big, ugly black clouds shaped like an anvil. We had all had experience with them before and had sweated out many an hour flying through them.

Operations hadn't sent anyone over since late that afternoon and they wanted us to try the flight as a weather ship. We were to radio the weather conditions back to the base as we flew across; and if it got too rough, we were to turn back.

I began to suspect something was going to happen as soon as I saw the number of the ship we were to take — 699. My last two trips had been made in that ship. It was very rare for anyone to make two consecutive trips in the same ship, because we had about forty planes on the field, but to make three in a row was surely a sign of something. I remembered that the only other time I had made two consecutive trips in the same plane was in the unlucky 413. I also noticed that I hadn't been originally picked to make this trip, but the other fellow was reported to be sick, so I had been chosen. I was connecting all sorts of silly superstitions with this trip. I had gone down twice — in the transport on the way out, and in the 413 — and

if it happened again, it would be the fatal "third time."

As soon as I met the crew and started briefing, I forgot these silly ideas. The pilot's name was Richard ("Dutch") Kimble. The co-pilot was Robert Champlin, and the engineer was Lindegarde. We were all in very good spirits on the way out to the ship and were joking about the weather. The ship checked out perfectly; and being the only ship to go, we were cleared from the tower to take off at our will.

Kimble made a beautiful take-off in spite of the fact that the rain on the windshield practically blinded him. He couldn't see twenty yards in front of him. It took about forty-five minutes to reach our cruising altitude of 17,500 feet. We got this by circling the field and then we headed south-east. The sky looked blacker and blacker as we flew along, and the turbulent air caused the ship to pitch and rock. I got the first weather message off with quite a bit of difficulty just as we passed over the first ridge. The lightning was terrific and it lit up the whole ship at every crack. We were all on edge, for we were right in the middle of the worst thunderhead we had ever seen.

All of a sudden, things started happening. There was a huge crack of lightning that seemed to split the ship in two, and sent it into a terrific dive. Kimble lost control of the ship for a moment, but with Champlin's help he got it straightened out again. The left engine was cutting out because the carburetor had iced up. Kimble decided to go back and told me to report his decision to the home base.

I noticed that the radio compass, which was turned into Myitkyina's homing beacon, had been pointing directly to our rear; but as he turned, it straightened around until it was pointed right at the nose of the ship. In other words, we had passed Myitkyina and were now heading back. I tried to get the information back to the base, but with the first compression of the key I could tell something was wrong. As I keyed the transmitter, St. Elmo's fire sparked from all the antennas in the ship. I shut off all the radio equipment immediately, including the IFF, which was never supposed to be turned off. If there were any fumes from our load of gas, it wouldn't take a very big spark to blow us all to kingdom come. And sparks continued to come from one of the antennas.

By this time, Kimble had control of the plane only one fourth of the time, and the updrafts and downdrafts were tossing us around like a toothpick. One minute we were at 15,000, then we would be at 18,000, and then down to 14,000. I really started to sweat then. I knew we would never make it back to Chabua, and Myitkyina was in Japanese hands.

The left engine finally cut out altogether, and our altimeter started to spin *counterclockwise*! This was enough for me. The peaks around Myitkyina

varied anywhere from 11,000 to 13,000 feet, and we were down to 14,000 feet already. I undid my safety belt and oxygen hose and went to the rear of the ship for my chute. The other three crew members had their chutes on by the time I got back to the cockpit.

Then I saw Kimble tell Lindegarde to start throwing out the load. We began untying the ropes but hadn't got far when the right engine started cutting out. Immediately, I thought of the stories I had heard of fellows who got killed trying to save the ship by ditching the load, and I said to myself very selfishly, "This isn't for you, kid—get out while the getting's good." I decided that if Kimble didn't give the word to jump within the next minute, I would take one piece of cargo to the door and go out with it.

I was really scared at that point. I knew we were going to jump for sure. The thought that kept racing through my mind was "What? Not *again!*" I remembered the terrific jolt I got the last time I jumped, so I checked my chest strap and it seemed tight enough. The ship was in a terrific dive again, as the right engine was now powerless. Seeing Lindegarde fumbling around the door, and also seeing Champlin leave his seat and start for the rear where we were, I suddenly got the overwhelming desire to get out of that plane as fast as I could.

Lindegarde had the door unlatched, so I stuck my hand in the crack, shoved the door open, and jumped out into space. I pulled my rip cord immediately and the same thing happened as before—the chest strap came up and cut my neck and I slipped out of the seat. I felt as if the leg straps would cut me in two.

5

IT WAS black as black could be and pouring rain. The winds were terrific. Every now and then a gust of wind would catch my chute, collapse it, and drop me in a free fall of four or five hundred feet. Then my chute would catch again. This happened about six times, and every time I felt that little initial gust of wind I would become petrified with the thought that the chute might not catch this time and I might go hurtling to the ground, wherever it was.

I couldn't see my hand in front of my face—and what a helpless feeling that was! I felt like a piece of paper in a hurricane—as if I were being blown all over the sky. I heard the ship roaring around somewhere until finally the right engine quit altogether. Then all was quiet. I saw a huge red glow appear below me and then heard a terrific explosion—the ship had hit. I prayed that the other fellows had followed right behind me.

The night seemed to get blacker and blacker. It was just like dropping into a big well. I won-

dered whether I would hit a mountain or land in the jungle or in a river. Jumping at night isn't so easy as in the daytime. I couldn't get my bearings and wouldn't know which way to head to the nearest water. I might even land just beside a village and, not knowing it was there, walk right away from it.

As I was thinking about all this and just as I finished one of my free falls, I suddenly crashed through treetops. I halted abruptly and hung there in space. I couldn't feel the ground with my feet and I couldn't feel anything but little twigs with my hands. I was caught in a tree and my neck felt as if it had been broken. Now that I was no longer falling, I managed to pull myself up into the seat of the chute. I immediately gave a prayer of thanks. How lucky I had been to get out alive again.

I began to worry about the other fellows. Did they jump in time? Kimble was still fighting the controls when I left. I was soaked to the skin by now and feeling quite miserable about the whole thing. Had I done right in jumping without actually being told to? Maybe the other fellows felt that I had deserted them. I was alive and they might be lying dead somewhere near-by. This thought haunted me.

Then I thought back a few hours—back to the tent. The other fellows were probably still sitting there having a swell time, and here I was hanging out on a limb, like so much laundry, in the middle of Burma. I tried to light my cigarette lighter to see just how I was situated, but it was too wet, so I just resigned myself to that position until dawn.

When daybreak came at last, I saw that I was hanging from a tree about twenty-five feet from the ground, on a very steep mountainside. The large trees in Burma go straight up for thirty or forty feet without a single branch. They sprout out very thickly from there on up, and look somewhat like a feather duster. My predicament was that the chute was caught on the lowest branch and I was about six feet from the trunk of the tree, which was five times as big around as I was. Even if I did get over to the trunk, I would never be able to get my arms around it to shinny down.

But I couldn't hang there for the rest of my life, so I started swinging myself by pulling on the shroud lines. I would either pull myself free from the branch by the momentum or else I would swing over and try to grab the tree trunk. I worked up to a pretty good arc and tried to catch hold of the trunk. After several unsuccessful attempts, I caught hold of a piece of bark and clung to the tree for dear life. I managed to get a haphazard foothold in the bark with my toes.

I had undone my chest strap and one leg strap during the night. With a great deal of difficulty, I now got my other leg strap undone. I held onto the chest strap with my teeth and unzipped my jungle kit, which was in my chute seat pack. I threw all the contents of the jungle kit onto the ground.

After emptying it, I let it swing back out into space. I had no sooner made one movement to climb down the tree when I immediately lost my grip. With a crash of branches from the underbrush, I joined my belongings on the very solid ground of the Himalayas.

Surprisingly enough I wasn't hurt badly. I had hit a small bush and it broke my fall. All I suffered from the rapid descent was a turned ankle and a very sore rear end. Well, that was one way of doing it, and at least I was on solid earth again.

I gathered the contents of my jungle kit and spread them over my person. As I picked up the package of .45 shells, I looked down and saw that my revolver was missing from the holster. My only weapon was the machete from the jungle kit.

I could hear water rushing near-by and decided to head in that direction, as I figured it would be easier to walk in the stream than through the smothering jungle. There was quite a steep embankment going down to the stream, which was completely covered with undergrowth. As I hacked my way through this brush, I suddenly broke into a clearing of the stream, and the quick change of pressure against the machete made it go hurtling out of my hand and into the stream. I had lost the implement that I needed most of all. I tried desperately to recover it, but all my efforts were in vain.

The going wasn't too bad at first, but I soon came to places where the stream dropped straight down for thirty or forty feet, forcing me to go up and around through the jungle. Then I had to break the vines and branches with my hands and they soon were a bloody mess. I was soaked to the skin from rain and perspiration, but I didn't want to discard any of my clothing, for I thought it would probably get quite cold that night.

Dusk approached very unexpectedly and caught me off guard. I managed to find a spot sheltered by a fallen tree, where I built a fire and ate a supper of chocolate and water. Then I doctored myself up a little with iodine and soon fell into a heavy slumber.

With the coming of dawn, I got a good look at myself. My hands felt as stiff as boards, and it nearly killed me to open them. When I started to flex them, all the scratches and cuts opened up again. But in spite of all, I ate some more chocolate, swallowed a quinine tablet, and started again.

The same groping, stumbling progress continued on for the next three days. After my chocolate ran out I ate water cress, bamboo shoots, banana stalks, different types of grass and leaves that I could never identify, a few tropical berries, and even some sort of bug that didn't turn out to be so delicious as the little "survival pamphlet" had described it to be. My matches held out quite well, and I managed to have a fire each night. The fourth day I got a terrific case of dysentery, which slowed me down almost to a standstill.

I was terribly discouraged that fourth night. I had been traveling northeast the whole time without running across the faintest sign of civilization. I thought I would spend the rest of my days wandering around in that steaming, God-forsaken jungle. By this time, my whole body was covered with sores and cuts but they didn't bother me. I just felt numb and tired and hungry. I knew it wouldn't be long before a dose of malaria would hit me, since I already had a fever and my quinine had run out with the chocolate. My brain was dull and I couldn't think clearly. I felt that I had walked my last step. I fell on my face and buried my head in my arms.

I was awake long before dawn, and lying there waiting for daybreak I prayed over and over that I would come to a path before it was too late. My clothes felt as if they weighed a ton, and they were awfully wet and muddy. My body was racked with fever and yet I felt as if I would freeze any moment. My head was spinning like a top. I took about ten groping steps and suddenly came upon a small clearing. I fell on my face again, but this time on purpose — I fell down to kiss the ground. I had found a *path* at last! I had spent the night ten yards from my first sign of civilization.

6

THE question now was which way to go — up or down. Remembering that the Kachins were hill dwellers, I decided to go north up the path. I couldn't travel fast enough. I stumbled along up the mountain for an hour or so, passing familiar objects of Kachin life along the way. As I rounded a bend in the path, I suddenly came upon a typical Kachin village. Saved at last! I took two steps and then I froze in my tracks. There, hanging on the end of the closest building, was one of the small Japanese flags that every "Son of Nippon" carries. I didn't know what to do. However, I don't recall seeing a thing happen. I passed out as soon as I lay down in the underbrush.

The next thing I knew I was being carried by some little men. I didn't care who they were — Japs or Kachins — just as long as someone took care of me. I don't know how far they carried me, but it seemed to be quite a distance. We finally came to a halt at a little cave which was just above and to one side of the path. It seemed to be a girl's voice that gave all the orders. I went out cold again as soon as they laid me down.

It was late the next afternoon when I was awakened by a young native girl who was trying to feed me some rice and curry. I ate everything they brought on this time, as weak as I was. I was famished, and malaria or no malaria, I was going to eat. The large meal made me sleepy, so out I went again. I woke up the next morning just in time to see the same native girl giving a young Kachin boy some sort of instructions. I saw the boy start up

the hill, and thinking no more of the scene, I began to look away, when all of a sudden I saw a larger man, a Jap, step out in front of the boy. It all happened so quickly that it's hard to describe. The young Kachin, who couldn't have been over twelve years old, whipped out his Gurkha knife, slashed the Jap a mortal blow, and disappeared over the hill. The Jap went down without a murmur. Presently natives carried the body away and hid all signs of a scuffle and then moved on.

No one visited me during the daytime and I was told that the Jap patrols were out looking for the crew of the plane that had been found. I was thirty miles behind Jap lines and was in the hands of a system similar to the underground in France. However, Miora Misko, the young native girl, who spoke very plain English, stayed with me 'way into the night, talking about all sorts of things. The daughter of a Japanese Army officer and a Burmese woman, she had gone to college at Myitkyina and had taught school for a few years. It was she who had sent the boy for quinine. He returned the next day and she started me off with two tablets about every four hours. She made me some clothes out of an old parachute, and gave me a little shoulder bag for carrying my belongings.

After ten days, things began to pop. Miora said the Japs knew I was in this neighborhood and were beginning to close in. I was feeling a lot better, so she told me that I must move on. My guide was the young boy who had massacred the Jap. The first night we stayed at Walabum. Word of my coming must have been sent ahead, for they had everything ready for me. They had my escape well planned with runners ahead and behind us all the time to give warning if Japs were approaching. All we did was step off the trail twenty or thirty paces and hide in the brush until the patrols passed. It all went off so smoothly that it was hard to believe it was a game for life or death.

Around noon the next day, the going got real tough and I sat down on the path exhausted. As my little guide stood there trying to persuade me to move on, a native came running down the hill with a bamboo tube in his hand. He handed me the tube and when the liquid touched my lips I tasted something very familiar and delicious. This water was mixed with D-ration chocolate! I felt like a new man — I knew that an American was near.

The native pointed to me, holding up one finger, and then pointed toward the hill and held up another finger. I practically flew up the hill and there saw a white man sitting by a brook washing his feet. I gave a yell and ran forward to meet him. It was Kimble.

He had barely escaped from the doomed plane. When he ran back to jump he found the door closed. He tore his hands to shreds trying to find the handle but finally succeeded and toppled out backwards.

He pulled his rip cord and hit the ground seconds later, with the ship crashing on the mountain at the same time. His face was banged up and he had a terrible cut on his leg. His experience with the natives followed right along the lines of mine.

We sat and talked a while, wondering what had become of our other two comrades. Then we noticed that the natives were getting rather impatient and we pushed on feeling jubilant at our reunion.

The next day we arrived at the mighty Mali River, which was much higher than the natives expected it to be from the heavy monsoon rain. Around noon of the following day another small party joined us, and much to my delight, Lindegarde was with them. He had really had it rough. He had been punctured in the crotch by his fall, and had been in the jungle for nine days. I thought the leeches had done a job on me until I saw him. That night Kimble and I picked forty-five maggots out of his cuts.

Lindegarde, Kimble, and I lay around resting while the natives built rafts out of long pieces of bamboo. On the morning of July 5, three rafts were completed. The river didn't seem to be going down at all and the Japs were closing in behind us, so we decided to try to cross the river. We had crossed the worst part of the current when we lost control of our little craft, so we all jumped overboard and swam to shore. In swimming ten feet to shore, we were carried more than thirty yards down the river.

The next day at about noon we came to Supka, an English first-aid station. We met some swell Englishmen there and became very good friends with a Captain Walker, who said he could spare a jeep for us. He had sent a radio message to American headquarters giving our present status. Arrangements were made for a small plane to pick us up in two days at a little strip called Tingpai, which was about fifty miles up the road.

It was about an hour and a half's flight to Fort Hertz in the little plane, and as I looked down at that winding, turning, climbing, descending road, I gave a sigh of relief that we did not have to hike it to Fort Hertz. At Fort Hertz there was a C-47 waiting to take us back to Chabua and a good meal. Now that we were so close to home it seemed as if that C-47 were standing still. It was only another hour and a half, but it seemed more like twenty-four hours before Chabua's runway lights came into view.

We were a sight to behold as we stepped off the plane to be greeted by our comrades. We all had heavy beards and our hair was over our ears. I was still wearing the outfit that Miora had made for me, and Lindegarde was really sharp with his ripped khakis exposing his leech-bitten legs. None of this mattered though, because we were so happy to be back.

TO LIVE IN

by JOHN HOLMES

HERE where I live, wind blows old elm trees' shadow in the street lights,
And moon climbs to get above ragged clouds these September nights.
In the daytime, in autumn, children blow by in gusts, like leaves
Running nowhere in a wonderful hurry, the way a yellow curtain moves.
It was bitterly cold here last February, the wet snow four feet deep.
Asleep I dream more, and more strangely, than one should for sleep,
Than perhaps I would south, or west, or nearer water or in hills.
Letters come here one or three at a time. I am not near my friends.
I write them, and I write this, on a wide desk I built with my hands
To be workbench, warehouse. Daily it piles, it scatters, it spills.
There are some parts of some of the near streets I like sometimes,
Say, after midnight, or morning at nine in spring, walking my rhymes,
Some spots I think two ways about, one way a secret, but these are few.

Old, but not old enough to be taken seriously, and never will be new.
God knows better than some towns. Near the job. A good school for the boy.
I can joke the man in the hardware store. I think often I would enjoy
Selling the multiple orderly disorderly good usable things he sells.
I talk to the mailman, cop, priest, neighbors, who certainly have hells
As I have mine, who certainly hear the elms in September moonlight
And sunlight, see the snow and the children and the leaves blown bright
Down these streets we walk on so many so many times every day. We talk,

Here where I live spaced between trees in a house under the wind's walk,
Of nothing at all, really. Ourselves. Coal. Grapes. Not much of stars
Out tonight strewn up under the local and the world sky's high floors.
Maybe the wind, if the wind has been blowing today. Leaves, if the wind
Has brought more down on the sidewalks than usual. Not much. Our children,
How they know everybody, meeting us at the evening trains, and run, run,
Shine, care, need. How terribly we love them, but not saying what we mean.

I'd live here if they hadn't given me the place, and they did, a present
It took years to unwrap, not quite what I asked for, either. They never are.
I say thank you, this way in a poem or somehow, and wonder what it's for.
It's to live in, a timeless history the leaves and trees and children make;
Their country, where I live their weather daily, yearly, for their sake.
They never question it, it is where they live. I can exult here or be hurt
As terribly as in Richmond or San Francisco. I question it in head and heart.
Their streets are wider, longer. Summer is forever, and all the houses tall.
They do not remember in this leaf-fall the last year's yellow leaves at all.
They need not; and I need not, living the local sky and names. I am never alone
Living the moonrise, the bonfires, prices, neighbors, and always the children.

THE METROPOLIS AGAINST ME

by ELLERY SEDGWICK

1

INCREDIBLE as it seems, people get used to New York, and the perpetual drama of the city does not strike them in the face. In my mind that drama is always present, but never did it strike me so forcibly as on the first morning I went to work in the big town. In the business world of the city I had not one friend, and when I tumbled out of my Pullman berth and found myself standing on Forty-second Street at seven o'clock in the morning, I knew I was in for the fight of my life. The palisade of buildings scowled across the way as if each one were an active belligerent. It was the metropolis against me, and the odds were on the metropolis. I laugh now as I see myself clenching my fist and shaking it at the big bank opposite, muttering to myself: "Damn you, New York. I will wring a living out of you yet."

I walked up to a newsstand. There were a hundred magazines on display, but the one which I had come to edit was far too anemic to find a place in that tumultuous competition. I thought of the name and the horrible handicap it must prove in the struggle for existence — *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly*! Frank Leslie had made a reputation for himself with his illustrated weekly of Civil War fame, but the name "Frank Leslie" was dead as a haddock, and as for "Popular," that was not even funny as a joke. However, beggars aren't choosers, and through the kindness of Walter H. Page of blessed memory, who put in the necessary word for me, I had been given the job of reconstructing this magazine. So to its office I betook myself on the stroke of nine that horrible morning.

I had had a single interview with the partners who were my prospective employers, but that had merely given me a sense of the flabbiness of their support, very present with me still, as I pushed the door open and asked for the proprietors. The office boy had a scared look which was not reassuring. "Both gen'l'men are out," said he, and I felt in my bones

there was trouble ahead. "Where's the editorial room?" I asked. The boy pointed silently across the hall. Following his direction I threw open the door of a singularly unprepossessing room. There in one corner was a big iron safe; in the center a huge old-fashioned desk and two chairs. In one of these sat a tall, rigid young man some dozen years older than I, and before him a mountain of papers. He gave not the slightest sign of recognition of my presence.

I spoke with the greatest politeness: "Pardon me, but may I ask where my desk is? I am the new editor." It was as though a bee had stung the stiff young man. He turned on me with a look of the utmost ferocity. "This is the editor's room," he said. "I am the editor. No new one needed. Be so kind as to close the door as you go out."

Dimly I understood that I had entered on some quarrel respecting the ownership of the magazine and that my "proprietors" had felt it a comfortable time to be out of the way. But this was the first round of my fight with New York, and I was not ready to throw in the towel. Fortunately I kept my temper. I said civilly, "May I ask your name, sir?" "There's no need to ask it, but it's Tyrrell, if you want to know." "Mr. Tyrrell," said I, "there seems to be some question of legal authority here. You and I can't settle it. I will take a chair and start to work and you can keep right on working too." I seated myself definitively at the other side of the desk.

You would have thought my gentle words an explosive insult. "If you want to try to be editor, try it!" With that he stretched out both arms, sweeping every paper into one monumental heap, got up, walked to the safe, stuffed every manuscript, letter, pad, pencil, paper, within, slammed the iron door, put the key in his pocket, and remarked, "Now you can try your hand at getting out the magazine." With that, out he stalked, leaving me victor of a singularly barren field. Nothing was left to work with: no schedule, no manuscripts, no slightest aid to issuing a magazine, no suggestion of what the magazine was like, nobody to turn to.

Now I had noticed that it is a frequent habit with executives to press a push button. There was one on the desk. I pressed it, and the scared office boy

ELLERY SEDGWICK, the dean of American editors, was at the helm of the *Atlantic* from 1908 to 1938. From his memoir, *A Happy Profession*, to be published under our imprint this autumn, we have selected three characteristic installments which tell of his schooling at Groton and Harvard and of the apprenticeship he served in New York City. This is the third installment.

reappeared. "What is your name?" "William, sir." "William," said I, "I have immediate need of your services. Will you kindly go out and fetch a locksmith." The first dawn of a smile spread over William's freckled features. He touched his sleek forelock and disappeared down the elevator. Half an hour later he returned with a very handy workman who tackled the lock and opened the safe competently as any Jimmy Valentine. I unearthed the schedule, took out the manuscripts, ran my eye over page proof and galleys, and went to work.

It was not until afternoon that the proprietors came in and gave me a sheepish welcome. They were sorry to have been out when I arrived, but absence was unavoidable. That day was merely the harbinger of all that was to come. The proprietors continued as they had begun, seeing trouble afar off and making a safe getaway before it arrived. But in some way or other they compounded their difficulties with the widow of the founder, who, so far as I could tell, had once held title to the magazine. I cannot recall seeing Mr. Henry Tyrrell again, but his patroness, Mrs. Frank Leslie, did make her appearance: a figure of fun if ever New York had one to show. She was a shriveled old lady, bedizened like a Dresden china shepherdess archly carrying Bopeep's staff with a shining silver hook, smirking and talking as if she had been Queen of Sheba. The partners fawned about her and she smiled with a flutter of her enameled cheek. That is all I remember.

2

COMPULSION is the powerhouse of the world's mechanism. It is wonderful — the smoothness with which the infinite complexities of earning a living wage resolve themselves in the daily round. Nine o'clock, twelve o'clock, five o'clock, all is crowded confusion. And then suddenly the last disk drops into the last slot and all is orderly. My own special compulsion was three meals a day and an envelope every Saturday afternoon holding twenty-eight dollars. Just that. All twenty-eight were essential to me and I earned them. I kept at my job.

It was a comfortless job, but in it I found a friend and that made all the difference. The young advertising man on whom our precarious existence depended was able, courageous, and honest. We formed an offensive and defensive alliance. Robert Cade Wilson has since made his mark in New York publishing. So successfully has he cultivated the clients of his successive periodicals that now in his retirement he is cultivating roses, acres of them — and to turn twelve-time contracts into Ami Quinards and Spanish Beauties is something to have lived for.

It is my constant advice to young aspirants of the publishing business that instead of joining some company solid, orderly, and regimented, they should sign up with a leaky ship, scrape down her decks,

caulk her seams, refit her sails; for it is on the slipperiest deck that adventure beckons, and a speedier chance for rising in the world. *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly* was a hulk not fit for a crew in a ladies' breeze, and without a qualified skipper aboard, but she did give her apprentices a chance to learn a good deal about the difficult art of navigating in a storm.

What every editor does not know is the financial scaffolding which supports him. At the heart of the competitive system is a wild and whirling center, where dog eats dog and throats are cut with suavity and dispatch. Very close to the heart of the tempest lies the magazine business. In travelers' tales I have read of a zone of blessed quiet, the vacuum nestling at the heart of the storm center, but I have never discovered a parallel to this in business. In any hurricane, of course, there are great galleons like the *Saturday Evening Post* or *Life* and *Time* which ride out the gale with hardly a tremor apparent, but for the LST's and their like, the small and unseaworthy craft, crises come thick as April gusts.

Editorial rooms are such gentlemanly places, — or were at least in my time, — and tradition is so strong that they should serve as drawing rooms for literary conversation, that a recruit gathers the impression he is entering upon civilized existence. My advice to him is to distrust appearances and occasionally to visit the boiler room and study the intricate mechanism that generates power for the machine. The price of paper, the net on subscriptions, the comparative value of newsstand sales, how advertising is solicited, and the delicate degree to which editorial cooperation can be properly applied — all this multifarious and complicated machinery, which in theory is no concern of the editor, in reality concerns him so nearly that without it he cannot exist.

Of all this I have acquired little precise knowledge, but something of it I do know, and occasionally feel competent to form independent judgments. This reasonable power of appraisal has been of great practical value to me; especially valuable is an inkling of the dynamics of advertising. Often I have devoted a few days to intensive training in that romantic sphere, keystone to the arch of imagination in American business, and have accompanied the advertising solicitors on their trips, interesting clients with new ideas and trying to inspire the deadly round of advertising argument with exciting visions of a magazine's future.

On a rickety little periodical like *Leslie's Monthly* (as I insisted on renaming the magazine, wiping out the twin stigmas of "Frank" and "Popular") there was an abundant opportunity for the editor to make himself familiar with these manifold problems. The very crudity of the organization made it easier to understand. The beginnings of this course in my new curriculum, however, were painful. Very soon after my arrival in the office, dog had eaten dog. One proprietor had vamoosed; one was left, but he, being

a gentleman uncertain of his own mind, soon began to consult my wealth of inexperience upon financial matters.

3

MEANTIME my work on the magazine had grown quite beyond my power to handle. I needed a reader. After very careful inquiry I learned that the young daughter of the Librarian of Columbia University desired employment, and it did not take great discernment to discover that Miss Dorothy Canfield was a pearl of price. She joined my staff; rather she became the staff, for at the time she and I did all the work. She was not so many years younger than I, but, long before twelve months had passed, her talent and imagination as well as the admirable education she had received were very evident to me. The bits of writing she showed me confirmed my judgment. I knew she was at the threshold of a career.

Late one day after a long manuscript session, she asked with that quiet little look of hers whether she might consult me very personally. Her problem was not wholly simple. A young Mr. Fisher, employed by the F. A. Stokes Publishing Company, with which I had intimate relations, had asked her to marry him. She cared for him, but the prospects of the young people did not shine brightly. He was a year or two younger than she. Neither had money, and her confidence was clouded by the fact that even then she was manifestly growing deaf.

We had a long and sympathetic conversation. I asked whether she had no resources. She answered that she had nothing in the bank, but one hope might be taken into consideration. From her father's father she had inherited an old farm at Arlington, Vermont. "Mostly stumps?" "Yes, mostly stumps." But the acreage was large and a house and barn still stood from her grandfather's time. Could the place be let? Possibly — but for a pittance. However, it might be practicable for two people to live there. "You can write," said I, "and you will write; but he?" That was the stumbling block. Fisher was no farmer, and even if he were, the six meals a day required for two were not to be wrung from that thin soil.

Who would not bet on a Dorothy Canfield! I asked whether Fisher would not join our deliberations. He did. I liked and trusted him. Dorothy outlined her plan and I reinforced it. If they were married and went to live in the remote country, would she settle down to an undeviating routine and write for four hours every morning with another spell in the afternoon when she felt the inspiration upon her? In that case she must be absolutely care-free. The exigencies of housekeeping must not bear down upon her. She must keep her mind steadily on her work. Would he, then, make the sacrifice, give up his position, and make his career as the necessary partner of her existence; do the chores,

tinker with the motor, stop the leaks in the roof, stand between her and all the world? He would do everything, and moreover he was clever with his hands and wholly competent to fulfill his side of the bargain.

So they were married. But it was her dearest wish to have many children and those children must have as good an education as their mother. This was certainly a complication. But Dorothy took it in her stride. Every year that a baby was expected, as she wrote me long after, she would plant on her hillside ten thousand young pine trees. It was done German fashion; a scoop of earth, a tiny hole, six inches of pine tree pushed in and tamped down. Then, two paces along a string line, another hole, another tree, and so on, acre after acre, till ten thousand minute sprigs of green stood in their geometric rows. Eighteen years later rows of tall pines were fit to be harvested, and off went a child to college.

A few years ago I walked through those groves with Mrs. Fisher. Thousands of pine trees had been sawn down, trimmed, and sold to the mill, but thousands still stood. As a long-range educational system, the Fisher Model stands pre-eminent as its namesake in the field of automobile bodies. "Body by Fisher" is a famous slogan, but for energy, perseverance, and downright intelligence, "Education by Fisher" stands not a whit behind.

Of course I could not foresee the full achievement of Dorothy Canfield: her novels, her stories, her books on education. But I knew enough then to stand by the experiment and I take my tiny share of the pride in it.

In my little world, as in the big world outside, the old order was changing fast. For a generation, three monthly magazines, and three only, had been reckoned of consequence, and their aristocratic price of thirty-five cents a copy defined and distinguished their constituencies.

Then in 1893, appropriately the year of panic, *McClure's* was founded, and with those other tent-centers, the *Cosmopolitan* and *Munsey's*, began hustling their dignified elders out of the road. The mass movement had begun. With cheap prices and the advent of illustration direct from the photographic plate, monthlies sprang up like mushrooms on a warm night. Whereas the *Century* with its elaborate dress expended some five thousand dollars a month for plate engraving alone, a tenth of that sum provided competition by new illustrated magazines appearing freshly every morning on the news-stand.

Starting a magazine was like stocking a pushcart. *McClure's* began when the total resources of the partners scarcely exceeded seven thousand dollars. Competition was murderous and we all lived by our wits. One day *Everybody's*, which had been almost as inconspicuous as *Leslie's*, catching the flying coat-tails of Tom Lawson, a speculator who had a way with him and scores to settle, plunged into muck-

raking and presently soared to the zenith while the rest of us were still glorifying the self-made heroes of the trusts. Next *McClure's* called the turn while *Munsey's* made hay beneath the shining sun by lively mediocrity and mass advertising. As an example of the crude impudence of Mr. Munsey's methods, I recall an issue of his magazine which sold out to the last copy, thanks to a simple facsimile of his handwriting on the cover: "This is the best magazine I have ever published. Frank A. Munsey."

Wedge in the ruck among the also-rans was *Leslie's Monthly*, without capital and without character, depending for its very life on an occasional hit.

4

WHAT'S in a name? Everything. To Bob Wilson and me the name *Leslie's* meant wish-wash and failure. The proprietor, accustomed to think his trademark a large capital asset, was reluctant, but we needled and nudged and worried him till finally he consented that henceforth we should be the *American Magazine*. We registered the new trademark in Washington. A week too late, Mr. Hearst, thinking of his Sunday Supplement, applied for copyright on the name, but we had it — the *American Magazine*. That small piece of luck filled me, somehow or other, with great expectations. There was no hope animating Mr. Micawber which I did not nurse in my own bosom — and something did turn up.

A revolution — I had seen it coming — occurred in *McClure's Magazine* and the most brilliant staff ever gathered by a New York periodical left Mr. McClure in a body. Some outlet they had to have and one miraculous day they signed a contract assuming the burden of debt under which we had been staggering, throwing in a little cash beside, and taking over the magazine. Blessed be the word "American." The name has salvation in it. Just what the price was I forget, but it topped half a million and it secured my precious savings. Of the whole, some sixteen or seventeen thousand dollars were coming to me from my small holding.

A young man out of a job is a young man in a hurry. The talent had left *McClure's*. There was room for commoner stuff. I applied there for a job and found it, but what that job was I never knew. When I began one task I was sure to be switched to another. I began to think myself a problem child.

A year at *McClure's* was an adventure of quality. It enabled me to watch at close range a very remarkable man. Mr. McClure had genius, there was no doubt of that — genius with all its coruscations. But his genius was an amalgam: something I do not like to call charlatanry, but which certainly was dross, was mixed in with it; perhaps that is an invariable concomitant. No man's flame burns wholly pure. But somehow Mr. McClure's word was not like the word of other people. It was spoken in en-

thusiasm. It was reviewed in an atmosphere where new interests had arisen and ardor had cooled into indifference. After all, few colors are fast when winds and rain have beaten upon them.

I do not think that Mr. McClure ever thought he lied, any more than a greater man of somewhat kindred temperament whose word was often questioned, Theodore Roosevelt. The thought of both men was tinged with emotion. The emotion they remembered long after the dry and literal words of talk crumbled into forgetfulness. What is truth has troubled historians as well as philosophers. Is literalness the test? Is it the genuine feeling, the hot enthusiasm, which registers veracity, or is it the analytical dissection of a bargain in cooler weather and in other circumstances?

Men like McClure think so fast that precisely what they say seldom registers. After all, a thing is said in one mood. In quite another it seems reasonable to retract it. These are all nice questions. What I can affirm is that people who made a bargain with McClure were not likely to find that the terms which remained in their minds completely tallied with his recollection.

I recall the office one melancholy day. Mr. McClure was away and a lady of obvious consequence came in leaning on her ebony stick, asking sharply where he was to be found. It was Mrs. Humphry Ward, and through the office went the rumor that on Mr. McClure's last trip abroad he had heard of a forthcoming serial of hers and had offered twenty thousand dollars for it, but that when the manuscript arrived and the readers called it a disappointment ("a washout" was, I believe, the term used), Mr. McClure had written to Mr. Phillips, his partner, kindly to see to it that the manuscript was returned and the matter explained to Mrs. Ward.

A man cannot be the sum of all the virtues. Mr. McClure had many, and I like to dwell on them. One which I prize highly was his enthusiasm. That was a burning force. He never liked the word "crusade," but when he went crusading, he might have given points to Peter the Hermit. Everyone about him caught fire and he would inflame the intelligence of his staff into molten excitement. The mood would be too hot to last but would bring results. Should anyone object that another magazine had printed an article on the very subject he was suggesting, the chief would run his hand through his electric hair and shout: "You say other magazines have told that story. You are wrong. A story is never told till McClure tells it."

He had a Napoleonic belief in his own star. Small wonder! That star had led him out of the Irish bog which had once been home. It had guided him to America. It had shown him how to pick up an education of sorts. It had pierced the blackest night of poverty and had brought him to success. More than all, when he was a farm boy in a hand-me-down suit it had encouraged him to ask a professor's

daughter, a girl far above him in station and in accomplishments, please to wait for him for seven years while he proved himself worthy of her, and, in the very teeth of her father's natural opposition, to marry her when the time was out. It was a story worthy of Jacob and the daughter of Laban.

5

MR. McCCLURE'S mind embraced everything an editor needs to store there — and nothing more. It was purely eclectic. Of the past he knew nothing, but every contemporary idea seethed promiscuously in his brain. He professed to have read Homer and Virgil, too, in his youth, but they were the only dead authors in which I ever saw him evince the slightest interest. Asked once by Mr. Kipling how he liked *David Harum*, McClure replied: "Never read him. He's dead." And quick as lightning Kipling commented: "The mark of genius, McClure, is to eliminate the unnecessary."

Eliminate the unnecessary he certainly did. His brain traveled light, as a man's should when he is constantly on the move. Its cargo was living writers, living ideas. It never occurred to him that the dead past had something to do with them, the dead who were so living to us. On the other hand, it never took a reputation to attract him to an author so long as the author was producing. With talent, he made electrical contact. Stevenson, Meredith, and Kipling he may have taken for granted, but that was only because they were friends and gave sustenance to him, Sam McClure, whose infallible divining rod was his personal enthusiasm. And always he gave in return. Pick up Stevenson's *Wrecker* and see the gay portrait of Sam McClure in the delightful guise of Jim Pinkerton. Conan Doyle had not emerged from obscurity when McClure swooped down upon him, bought twelve stories, and recklessly paid him sixty dollars apiece.

"I had but one test for a story," he said, "and that a wholly personal one — simply how much the story interested me. I always felt I judged a story with my solar plexus rather than with my brain; my only measure of it was the pull it exerted on something inside of me. Of course sometimes one is influenced by his own mood; if one is feeling more than usually vigorous he is apt to transfer some of his own high spirits to the story he is reading. To avoid being influenced by this, I always made a rule of reading a story three times within seven days to see whether my interest kept up. I have often been carried past my station on the elevated, going home at night — reading a story I had read before within the same week."

As every sound editor must, Mr. McClure talked to everyone he met. Never, he declared, did he pick up an idea sitting still. Notions came to him from everywhere — from everywhere but the past. He was forever on the move to the future. Seventeen

successive nights in a sleeper did not terrify him. He seldom wrote, for he had little gift for expression and could employ plenty of men who had. One paragraph borrowed from his recollections sums up his tumultuous existence.

"From 1890 on," he wrote, "I was overcome more and more often by periods of complete nervous exhaustion; when I had to get out of my office and out of New York City, when I felt for my business the repulsion of the sea-sick man for the food he most enjoys in health. Crossing the ocean would relax this tension. New interest would take hold of me in London or Paris and before I knew it, I was picking up ideas again. Good editorial work can only be done out of spontaneous personal interest; it cannot be forced. To lose his enthusiasm is the worst thing that can happen to an editor — next to having been born without any. In Europe I always got a renewal of power to be interested; and that for me was simply the power to edit an interesting magazine."

The blessed quiet of those days when McClure was abroad. The dove of peace descended upon the office and every man took up his own life.

Poor McClure! His misfortune was to have had his career before an Atlantic crossing squeezed six days into twelve hours. His tempo was always beyond the speed of the old universe. The aeroplane would have helped the world to catch up with him and would have spurred him to higher bursts of celerity. His was a toy copy of the tragedy of Napoleon, who never had the atomic bomb to play with.

I should have understood Mr. McClure better had I then been more familiar with his past. He was a trafficker in ideas — by education as well as by instinct a peddler. His history is all of a piece. At Knox College he had stretched his course from four to seven years through constant pauses to peddle kickshaws through the countryside. For hundreds of miles he traveled from door to door. When he could, he drove. When he couldn't, he walked. If a farmer's wife refused to buy, at least she would not refuse to gossip, and young Sam never left the kitchen door without adding some new quirk of human nature to his stock in trade, to be retailed in after years through his newspaper syndicate or his magazine.

To sum up: a week in the McClure office was the precise reversal of the six busy days described in the first chapter of Genesis. It seemed to end in a world without form, and void. From Order came forth Chaos.

6

EXECUTIVES are self-made, and spare God the responsibility. Never, I affirm, in American business, was there a brighter talent than McClure's for disorganization. If the chief did not originate a design, he could at least obfuscate it. One day he found me

working assiduously at some task assigned by a minor authority. Mr. McClure, striding through the office, happened unfortunately to glance in my direction. "What are you doing?" he said sharply. "No matter what it is, put it away. Go home and lay on my desk at nine tomorrow a list of twenty ideas, twenty good ones. Now get on."

The staff worked under some natural law of desperation. The chief was forever interrupting, cutting every sequence into a dozen parts. He would foster ideas of his own, sitting on them like a mother hen till they hatched, but with the process of other people's business he had small patience. There were despondent attempts at self-protection. Schemes were constantly made to circumvent his activities. Since the office could not harbor a quiet desk, so by collusion with the cashier, the staff would hire a secret room in some hotel, and then, until the hide-out was discovered, a systematic effort would be made to finish an article before the deadline. The device never served for long. All New York was within too easy reach, and there were occasions when staff articles would only be written in the precarious security of a Washington bedroom.

Yet with all his pokings and proddings, the fires he kindled were brighter than any flames his staff could produce without him. The sun will burn up anything that comes too near, but it remains the source of life and light, and the intensity of McClure's enthusiasm would bring any project to a white heat. Extraordinary as it was in a man so comprehensively devoted to disorder, his word was thorough. He would have Steffens or Stannard Baker work two months or three on an article to ensure absolute accuracy. Miss Tarbell toiled for three years on her serial history of Standard Oil, and when it was done, the work was invulnerable. No abler group than the McClure staff ever labored in an American vineyard. But in journalism the standard is everything, and the standard was set by McClure himself.

For that I honor him. Slipshod work, even in tiny details, he would not tolerate. Strange in so romantic a man, but (Mr. McClure was full of contradictions) to him a fact was a fact to be scrutinized, attested, indubitably fixed. Of course in this scrupulosity the law of libel played its minatory part, but McClure's passion for accuracy (in everything but his own assurances) was a noble trait. In the office of the old *New York World* there used to hang a placard, ACCURACY, ACCURACY, ACCURACY, but that seemed a mere safeguard against damages. In *McClure's*, accuracy was a moral force.

Mr. McClure had a standard for writing quite as

high as his standard for facts. The staff accepted it and lived up to it. They gave him something beyond their best. It was not style McClure taught. Tradition, so living to the rest of us, meant nothing to him, but he knew that what interested him would interest the world, and the thing he demanded was its expression in clear, logical, intelligible, hard-hitting form. He had also the artist's instinct against exaggeration. He revered the power of understatement. "Always," he shouted, when in one of his excoriating articles Lincoln Steffens pilloried Tom Platt, "understate the facts. Always understate the facts. When *McClure's* calls Tom Platt a moral leper, *McClure's* understates the facts."

It was miraculous how in that incandescent office the forces of attraction and repulsion were kept so nearly in balance; that with all the subterranean rumblings and occasional little spurts of flame, the explosion was so long postponed. But come it did, and one day John Phillips, the office seismograph, measuring the tremors and apparently controlling them, Miss Tarbell the historian, the dynamic Steffens, Stannard Baker, fairest of reporters, Henry Siddall, the handy man, and Bert Boyden, assimilator of rancors, dearest of companions, walked away, recruiting the pungent Mr. Dooley on the way, and, to my own blessed relief, taking over the *American Magazine*.

To turn from Mr. McClure to his minion, that parade of all the talents from *McClure's* to the *American Magazine* meant to me twin blessings in one. It took the burden off sore shoulders and it gave me a fresh start. I had taught myself what I could and it was time to study under a master of the trade.

Besides, my pride was stirred. The very name *McClure's Magazine* had an irresistible attraction for any young man who believed the American world susceptible of improvement and wished to be counted in as a "helper" on the job of improving it. The magazine had been yeast in the ferment of the era of Theodore Roosevelt. True it was that the President, in one of his astute oscillations to the Right, had borrowed a pungent phrase from Bunyan and stigmatized McClure as the Man with the Muck-rake, but that charge had been political and unfair. *McClure's* hunted alone. It never joined the pack of sensationalists; when it indicted a man or an institution it gave chapter and verse. It never murdered by innuendo nor massacred by invective. Its onslaughts were coherent, cogent, lethal, but the general policy of the magazine was constructive. It supported orderly progress. It had become an American institution of which multitudes had a right to be proud.



AN ATLANTIC STORY

FIRST BLOOD

by GEOFFREY HOUSEHOLD

SHE was a treaty cruiser, built for speed. Urgency was in her lines, urgency in the deep hum of the engines. Urgent were even the seemingly casual attitudes of the men in open shirts and gray flannel trousers who crowded her decks. She was jammed full as a refugee ship; yet this was no ragged cargo hysterical with relief and embarrassing the ship's company by their gratitude and misery. The men on deck were lean, well-fed army officers returning hastily to the Middle East from their canceled leave. They were not yet in uniform. War had not been declared.

Mr. Avellion sat on a locker, watching the two huge curves of Mediterranean that raced towards the horizon from the cruiser's bows. There was no other movement on the water and no cloud but a dark patch of haze astern hanging over Marseilles. Ships, more sensitive to threat of war than of weather, were in port. The sea was an empty blue pool.

He was a civilian. In that eager warship, racing to deliver her packed human freight at Alexandria, there was a small group of businessmen, all specialists in shipping, oil, and cables, or obscurer but imperial trades. None of them was important enough to command an unpurchasable air passage, but all were badly needed at their stations before Mussolini, if he meant to move, could delay their arrival.

There was peace in Avellion's heart: quivering and uncertain, but peace. He drew a deep breath as if to float this unaccustomed ardor of well-being more securely in an expanded soul, and coughed.

Author of the novel, *Rogue Male*, and of several brilliant short stories, GEOFFREY HOUSEHOLD was an *Atlantic* contributor before the war called him into uniform. His gift as a linguist and his knowledge of Central Europe gained him a difficult appointment in Intelligence, and later he served with distinction as a major in the British Army of the Middle East. Now he has returned to England and to the writing to which he has long looked forward.

He was of use; he was wanted. What was it that the Board of Trade chap had said to him? *Mr. Avellion, your local knowledge will be invaluable.* To ask him to leave in twenty-four hours was a bit stiff. Still, chaps like himself were important in time of war. Nobody could tell what value they mightn't find in his little business at Suez. He was sometimes hazy about the details of what he did there, especially in the morning with always a gaggle of silly Arabs shouting at him; but objectives became beautifully clear at sundown when his boy brought in more ice and the second bottle. Whatever he might feel for the rest of the day, there were two hours every evening when his life was full of interest. The dreams of those hours had, after all, been true. *Invaluable* — that was what the Board of Trade chap had called him.

He became aware of a voice.

"Eh? What did you say?"

"I said, 'Not much chance if they catch us.'"

The speaker, by profession a cable manager, was as obvious a businessman as Mr. Avellion, but his fat was more neatly distributed throughout his person. Avellion was pear-shaped, with much of his weight far to the south of his belt; he cultivated a small white military mustache, above which was a powerful nose sprouting blue-gray buds like a tree in winter; his appearance was raffish and faintly disreputable, at any rate when compared to the plumpness, the round clean-shaven face, the precise little mouth and nose of his fellow passenger.

Avellion's bloodshot eyes twinkled at him.

"They won't try, my boy."

"First thing we'll know about it will be the whole Italian Navy on us," grumbled the cable manager.

"They won't start till we do," said Avellion, "not they! They're still hoping we shall rat, like we did at Munich."

"Hope you're right. But I don't like it," replied

the cable manager judiciously. "I don't like it. The ship can't even fight. Do you know we have fifteen hundred passengers on board?"

"A fine lot of boys!" Avellion boomed. "Proud to be with 'em. Well, how about a little drink?"

"There isn't any."

"What?"

"There couldn't be enough, you see. So they've closed down altogether. We'll be short of food, too. Bound to be."

"Bound to be," echoed Avellion dully.

All around the after turrets the deck was strewn with men lounging on blankets and reading, sun-bathing, playing bridge, or asleep. The more energetic strolled back and forth, picking their way through and over the tangle of feet. The lifeboat against which Avellion leaned his shoulder was full of men: an orderly shambles in which everyone seemed to be unpacking and repacking kit. Scraps of conversation drifted past him, mingled of annoyance, indignation, and sardonic amusement.

"Thirty-six hours in the train, and we drank it all up. . . . No time to buy any. . . . Well, who the devil would think of packing his cellar? . . . Now you know what war is like, old boy!" Then laughter at the sorry plight of eight hundred officers on the quarter-deck and seven hundred men in the flats that did duty as troop decks, all torn at two days' notice from the delights of leave, and all without a drink.

Avellion had done just as they — packed his immediate needs and drunk them up. He was allowed only such baggage as he could carry; there had been no room for more than two bottles. They had left Newhaven on the night boat, sleeping wherever there was space to sit or lie, then spent an unshaven dawn at Dieppe, where the six special trains stood hissing in the sidings and the French children cheered and the adults watched with grim, set faces these forerunners of another war. So passed a day and a night, while they waited in sun-baked railway yards or trundled slowly southwards to Marseilles, until the trains emptied themselves into the cruiser and that weary, merry crowd sorted itself out on her decks.

It was magnificent, thought Avellion, a memory forever. During the last war he had been out East, clerk in a merchant's office. He had since accused himself of — well, not funk but lack of spirit. He had been indispensable, they said; and it was true that, so far as the business went, he was. He had always told himself that next month the rush of work would ease, and that then he could enlist; it never did ease, and suddenly the war was over.

Yet now, twenty years later, here he was among these careless, loose-jointed boys and men, off to war with the first party of the professionals. *Followed their mercenary calling and took their wages and are dead* — that was one of the bits he would chant in his imperial solitude. And he was proud of himself. At fifty-five it wasn't so bad to have completed the journey and shared the hardships, such as they were, without feel-

ing one penny the worse — except that, God, he couldn't endure many more hours without a drink!

2

Dusk fell. The blind turrets lifted their guns like the antennae of insects feeling for the night, and fired blank charges. The professionals jumped, and for a moment searched sea and sky for the enemy; then smiled as if they had known all along that these muted bangs were some naval ritual of active service. Avellion did just as they, but with effort. Though his mind was calmly convinced that there was no chance of war for at least another week, his nerves were uncontrollable. Thereafter he started at any sound at all.

A bugle summoned his mess to supper. He followed the notices which led him down, through hot and hotter boxes of steel, into the Marines' Flat. The ship's company seemed little affected by August in the Mediterranean. The soldiers blanched as they insinuated themselves between the steel walls, and the sweat leapt to their skins. Avellion felt faint. He slid onto one of the long wooden benches and smiled dimly at his neighbors across the table until he recovered. The meal was simple; there were tinned stew, tinned and now liquid butter, and marmalade. He pecked at it. There was warm water to drink.

The man who sat opposite him, sunburned as an Egyptian, said, as if apologizing for the shortcomings of the senior service: —

"Not much in the way of grub, I'm afraid. They were given no warning that they had to pick us up, and it's a marvel how they manage to feed us at all."

The speaker's silk shirt was open to the waist, and beads of perspiration trickled between the iron-gray hairs of his chest. Avellion knew the type. The man would turn out to be a colonel at least, when he changed into uniform in Cairo.

"Jolly good show, I call it!" said Avellion stoutly.

The military eye rested on him pityingly and approvingly.

"They shouldn't have sent civilians out this way."

"It was the fastest," Avellion replied. "We have to be there before the balloon goes up."

A good phrase, that. He had learned a number of them in the train: to say "browned off" for "fed up," to speak of "armor" instead of "tanks." Thirty-six hours in the train. In his compartment one other businessman and four young chaps on their way to rejoin their units. All the whiskey gone as well as some bottles of red wine they bought at a station. Whiskey. It was hard to eat a meal without it.

The senior officer left. Avellion asked who he was, and immediately aroused enthusiasm. Yes, he was a colonel and certain to be commanding a division in a year, and had all sorts of new theories about armor. He had been invited to mess with the captain of the cruiser, but as soon as he saw how bloody uncom-

fortable everyone else was going to be, he insisted on coming along to share. Just like him! Grand fellow.

With this shot of romanticism in his water, Avellion managed to drink two glasses of it. The liquid poured off him, leaving no satisfying body behind.

He staggered up on deck and retired to the space of forty square feet, between some ventilators and a pom-pom, where the civilians had drawn apart and spread out their bedding — two blankets per man issued by the ship, and whatever they could find in their baggage to mitigate the hardness of the deck. Once by themselves, the businessmen were outspoken in their condemnation of the cruiser, the discomfort, and the various government departments that had facilitated or demanded their voyage.

The ship raced southwards at thirty knots, and for a little while the contrast between the cool wind of her passage and the sweltering heat below decks was calming as whiskey to Avellion. He took no part in the general conversation. His inflated imperial mood had vanished, but nevertheless he was disgusted with his fellow civilians. They were wrong, and he was weary, and the world was very wrong. If only he could sleep!

The night passed. It seemed an interminable twisting from one hip to the other; yet at times there was a glassy unconsciousness and at times a wild succession of half-wakeful thoughts, so mad that they could only be explained as dreams.

At dawn he watched his companions crawl from their blankets, ridiculous in untidy scraps of clothing or worm-like in nakedness. He stayed still. The dreams bothered him. There was no way of waking up from them; yet he was, he knew, awake. It was familiar enough, that feeling, but shadowed by the apprehension of some horror still unrealized.

The horror rose to the surface. There was to be no whiskey that day and nearly all the next day. No whiskey till Malta, thirty hours away, and no guarantee that one could land at Malta. But of course they would be allowed to land. He clung to that. Only thirty hours away. And of course they would be allowed to land.

"Good morning to you."

It was the cable manager. He had washed and shaved and extracted enough from a well-packed suitcase to give himself the dapper niceness of a holiday-maker.

"Got a touch of fever?"

Avellion tried to concentrate his thoughts.

"Fever? Fever?"

"You're shaking all over."

Avellion held out his hand and looked at it stupidly. It did not seem to belong to him. It was dancing. He put the tips of his index and third finger on his knee and let them gambol like the legs of a ballerina. That was an old trick of his at parties — to wrap a handkerchief round his wrist to form the skirt and let his fingers dance. They danced now. His whole hand danced furiously, and there was nothing at all he

could do to stop it. He felt a rush of anger at the man who stared.

"Nonsense! Nonsense!" he said. "Always like this in the morning. Everybody is. Where the devil do I get a wash?"

He could not shave, but the cool water in which he dipped his face and wrists revived him. He dressed, and strolled round the deck, stepping with care over the prostrate bodies of the Army. With many he exchanged smiles. They felt, obviously, that their discomfort was comic, that nothing whatever could be done about the inefficiencies of the War Office as a travel agency, and that one might as well enjoy the enforced idleness. For Avellion there was comfort in the prevailing bonhomie, and again a measure of calm in the exhilarating rush of the ship across a perfectly flat Mediterranean. He could not face breakfast or lunch, but it was not so bad. Not so bad. And he was four and a half hours nearer Malta.

3

IN the afternoon he had trouble with a very primitive Avellion who wanted to scream. He kept him in order, but was driven to cadge — very decently — for drinks. Drink was the subject of his conversation with all casual acquaintances. But the passengers' baggage was bone-dry. Everyone to whom he spoke was also hoping to God that Mr. Avellion — his nose looked so promising — would produce a bottle and himself offer treat. A naval officer murmured uncomfortably that the wardroom too was dry; they couldn't, he said, very well open the bar for themselves alone when the ship was full of devastatingly thirsty soldiers. He moved uneasily away.

Avellion clung for support to that *invaluable local knowledge*. He had it all right. His line had always been the native trade, and he knew the dhow skippers from Oman to Suez, their ships, their reputations, and their rackets; little cargo could run the blockade to Abyssinia and no gossip of it be repeated in his office. He looked forward to new, stern friendships, more dutiful than his innumerable bar acquaintanceships, more familiar than the strange attachments occasionally and passionately formed by Arabs for those they could not understand.

No more of just making and losing money. At last, he told himself, he had something to serve. And in good company like the colonel. For an important man, an important man in good and gallant company, not to be able to stand two days without a drink was absurd. Self-control! Mustn't make a fuss.

Two more hours passed, long as the whole voyage. The bugle summoned him to eat, but he could not face the mess flat and the sweating alleyways. The open deck was fresh and cool as sanity.

The cable manager had pity on him and, suspecting that the oily smell below had upset Mr. Avellion, brought him a sandwich. Avellion ate it and swallowed water. Nothing had taste or even feeling.

"Bothered by the sea, old chap?"

Avellion shook his head. The confession broke from him.

"I've got to have a drink," he cried harshly. "You don't understand. I've shifted a lot in the last twenty years. Not real heavy drinking. Only just what one needs in the tropics. It doesn't do me any harm, but being cut off like this —"

His hand danced in the air describing a vague figure of eight, a complicated gesture of emptiness.

"Ask the doctor for some," suggested the cable manager. "You ought to taper off gently. He'll know that."

"Yes. Yes, I will. Of course."

Avellion got up from his two blankets spread on the deck. He did not look back at them. There had been a queer shadow close to his ear, at the limit of vision. He scuttled off towards the sick bay, and then could not remember why he wanted to go there. He sat down heavily on a stanchion. To go to the doctor — of course that was it: to ask the doctor for a drink.

The cruiser hurled herself through the water, white ensign at the stern stiff with the wind of passage as the tin flag on a toy ship. The mercenaries of the Middle East strolled leisurely past Avellion; they could, he gathered, endure the steady diet of stew and marmalade; they could sleep well enough on blankets and the deck; they were ribald at the overcrowding, so close that one man's head was between the feet of another; but they still cursed bitterly at the lack of any alcohol to beguile the tedium of the voyage.

It seemed to Avellion that he was not alone in his torment. He was again ashamed. He too was a servant of the state, and invaluable. If they could endure privation, he could. Good God, he had recaptured his youth during those long hours in the train!

The doctor? It might be less than twenty hours to Malta at this speed. Then he could soak in it, and afterwards taper off gradually. That colonel, the one who sat and sweated into his marmalade, wasn't asking for special privileges. What? Go squealing to the doctor with all his comrades as thirsty as he? Comrades — comrades — he kept rolling the young word through his mind as he walked back to his blankets.

The night was peopled with strange images. It seemed busier and less long than the last. Once he screamed.

"Sorry, chaps. Must have had a nightmare."

It cost him a physical effort to say so. He wanted to go on screaming and tell them why. He screamed twice more — simply couldn't help it — but managed to make them sound like violent coughs.

In the morning he felt better. The shadow in the

corner of his eyes had gone. He decided that he hadn't felt so well for a long time. That was what came from self-control, from really knocking off the drink. He had a pet, too. As soon as the others had gone to breakfast he played with it. It seemed quite tame, but stayed always out of reach of his hand.

When the cable manager came back, Avellion showed it to him.

"Look at him!" he said. "Animals know whom to trust."

"Look at what?"

"Here, man, here! See him?"

"See what?"

"Little black rat. His Majesty's rat! Look at him."

The cable manager did not always appreciate jokes. He was therefore unduly willing to accept them when they were not there.

"Very good! Very good!" he said with an embarrassed laugh, and trotted away to take his exercise.

Several people watched, disturbed, the flitting of Mr. Avellion's hands and listened to the endearing terms in which he spoke to the invisible; but he looked sane, though unshaven, and they gave him the benefit of the doubt — an eccentric passing the hours of idleness in his own way, with, undoubtedly, the help of a bottle.

In a dream Avellion waited for Malta. There was nothing clear in his brain but a longing and a prohibition. "It will be all right when you get to Malta," he said to himself. "Do nothing till you get to Malta." Desire was no longer so simple that it could be defined as wanting a drink. At Malta there would be an end to unknown agony.

The colonel sat down by Mr. Avellion. He did not know what was wrong, or indeed if there was anything seriously wrong at all. He talked very casually with the eccentric businessman, and at last, as a good regimental officer, he understood and he admired the rat. He also said that Malta was in sight. Mr. Avellion began to weep. He then screamed luxuriously, and kept on screaming while the colonel led him to the sick bay.

Mr. Avellion got his whiskey, but it was of little interest to him. He even reached Malta, or at least the launch which came out to carry him to the hospital. The ship reported him as a case of delirium tremens caused by a habitual drinker's sudden want of alcohol. There were plenty of such cases in the books, due to poverty or isolation in desert or at sea. The ship was doubtful whether d.t. could be caused by sheer courage, but could give no other explanation of Mr. Avellion's abstinence and death.

WIND AND WINGS

by LLEWELLYN HOWLAND

1

IN the summertime, if the weather was fair, breakfast at "The Cottage" was served on the "South Terrace." Five strokes on an old bronze ship's bell (six-thirty, God's time) was the signal that brought the Skipper and his crew together around an old pine table.

A wind-twisted buttonwood tree shaded the mossy brick pavement, while a pergola over which clambered a wisteria still further protected the table against the butter-melting sunshine.

From his seat here the Skipper looked out to the southwest over Clark's Cove and the Bay beyond and forecast the weather from the sky, wind, and water — and from the evolutions of the terns and gulls made a shrewd guess as to what schooling fish, if any, were about. No misinforming daily paper was required. Sight, sound, and smell supplied all news that was essential.

One clear, hot morning as we gathered round the table, the Skipper appeared with a basket of peaches which he had picked in the walled peach alley before the sun could dry the cool night's dew from their soft cheeks, but in whose hearts lay the ardent glow and sweetness of a long procession of sunny days. To peel these thin-skinned beauties, we had only to pinch up and break a little fold of the downy envelope, when the whole of it could be stripped off, leaving the pinkish-yellow flesh ready to dissolve, a mouthful of juicy delight, the stone coming away freely without any clinging fibers.

Deborah, nominally the cook but actually the beneficent tyrant of the household, who maintained she could tell from the looks of the sunrise what food would "set tasty" with her "folks," had provided for us that morning a dish of bacon — half fat, half lean, sliced thick (five eighths of an inch at least), and cooked very slowly in deep bacon fat that had been strained through cheesecloth after trying. This came onto the table enfolded in a napkin, from which it emerged a pale yellow, as free from greasiness and as brittle as a heart of tender celery — but retaining the full-bodied flavor of Pig.

Son of New Bedford and heir of her best seafaring traditions, LLEWELLYN HOWLAND makes his summer anchorage at Padanaram, where, between cruises, he writes about skippers and ships and the fare which sailors thrive on.

At sunup that morning, in my bedroom, its window overlooking the low kitchen L, I had been awakened by Deborah's voice chanting over and over: —

"Some flour and water and milk of a cow,
A thousand of licks and a lot of know-how!"

accompanied by the sticky slap, slap, slap of bare palms and the flat side of a butter paddle on a batch of dough. For a full half hour, as I was dressing, "the incomparable Deb" continued these exercises, so I was not in the least surprised or saddened when, flanking the dish of bacon on the tray she set before the Skipper, I saw a Fayal basket heaped with flaky crescents of cinnamon brown, straight from the range oven, favorably known as "Debby's beaten biscuits."

To balance the biscuits was a glass jar of strained lemon-colored honey of last season's "Pepper Bush Run." For we "kep" bees at "The Cottage" and the Skipper took great pains to cherish a long, thick hedge of Clethra at the shaded and damp east bound of one of the meadows. From these graceful spikes of tiny white blooms in August our bees extracted the very essence of all that is most sweet in the New Bedford countryside.

For drink these summer mornings we had tea — Souchong — the color of a lazy, peaty brook, served in small Chinese bowls. When the bowls were filled from a teapot of matching pattern, the scalding liquor heated them uncomfortably; so there was a pause that gave time for the thin smoky steam to whet anticipation to a keen edge and bring the tea finally to that temperature from which all fiery harshness had disappeared, leaving only, as the first sip met the palate, a flavor of the Far East and an elusive suggestion of Stockholm tar.

In such surroundings, and spreading butter and honey on a succession of beaten biscuits, my mind strayed out and beyond the sparkling ripples on the surface of the distant Bay. Faraway lands had begun to raise their misty mountaintops on my horizon when the Skipper's excited voice recalled me from my daydreams.

"There they are! They've struck on at last!" And he pointed to the Cove, where a dark shadow was careering over the surface with an armada of terns hovering and diving above it.

The sustained drive and speed of this shadow, the concentration of terns and the agitated wheeling of a rapidly increasing flock of herring gulls that kept pace with it, all combined to convey a clear message to the Skipper. As he read it, the Bay had been invaded by the ever hoped-for schools of bluefish which unpredictably would choose these waters for an attack on the pods of helpless herring fry that always at this season flowed out from certain fresh-water streams.

Here was luck for me: something I had waited for all summer. For I had the Skipper's promise that if and when the bluefish struck on, I, as a neophyte, should be inducted into that most exclusive of fraternities, "The Bluefish Trollers" — Dr. Pease (a neighbor on the Point) and the Skipper. Gone were dreams; the glint on the water was not a pathway to future voyaging and adventure but the arena of the present, where at this very moment was waiting a host of swift and wily adversaries.

2

JUMPING from my chair, I was rushing off to fetch my basket, packed long since with carefully chosen gear, when Eli, Dr. Pease's farm boy, his shirt clinging to his sharp shoulder blades and beads of perspiration glistening on his nose, ran panting onto the terrace to announce: —

"Dr. Pease sent me to tell you you'll have to wait for him till he can find out what ails Mis' Bibb — she was took awful bad after breakfast. He give me a dime to tell you you wasn't on no account to go fishin' without him!"

A lurid statement of symptoms followed. Attempted murder by poison was the least I could gather, and yet, at the end, the Skipper only sighed, put a coin in the boy's half-extended hand, and said: —

"Well! Thank you, Eli, for the message and here's another dime to run home again and tell the Doctor I'll wait for him — but not one minute past ten — at the boathouse."

Off went Eli and with him my bounding spirits — for, "too bad" as was the thought that poison had wormed its way into a home on our Point, it was "just awful" to think that our foray on the bluefish must be postponed for two hours and more. The sun's glory and the splendor of the blue sky seemed dulled, and the hours of daylight stretched ahead drab and dreary, as I slumped into my chair again. The thought of the smack boat *Dragon*, all found and ready, waiting interminably at her moorings, almost brought tears to my eyes. Hang it all! Why couldn't Mrs. Bibb choose some other morning to be sick?

"If you'd rather help Deborah make gingerbread than go fishing," said the Skipper suddenly, "get right into the milk room and look hard at a pan of cream — don't waste such a sour face round

here! Or — you can look cheerful and help me pick another basket of peaches. They might perk up Mrs. Bibb after the Doctor's doses."

I soon found there was no room in the peach alley for such a pest as gloom, and the prospect of being allowed to deliver the basket — an errand of mercy — produced an actual glow of pleasure.

By half past nine the Skipper and I were at the boathouse, with our luncheon in a waterproof bag, the eelskin baits in glass jars of brine, "choked off" with hay in a stout splint basket, the hooks and lines looked to, and the water jug rinsed and filled. Again I was beset with impatience and gloom. Suppose the fish "took off" or Mrs. Bibb died, or a thousand other things went wrong! Even the Skipper's usual calm appeared ruffled by small gusts of temper.

By a quarter to ten the tension was almost unbearable — when suddenly it was released by the sight of an old friend, "Julius Caesar," shuffling through the sandy road towards us, his glossy chestnut hide darkened by sweat, while behind him surged and bobbed a wide-track buggy, its varnished leather hood glistening in the hot sunshine. Abreast of the boathouse the old horse was turned off the road, where he came to a jerky stop in the shade on the north side of the building.

Without a word the Skipper and I laid hold of that rig and had the horse out of the shafts, unharnessed, and the headstall buckled and long hitch rope fast, before Dr. Pease, with empurpled face, could heave his two hundred pounds out of his carriage. Still in silence the three of us, as if our lives depended on it, fell to rubbing down Caesar's coat with wisps of hay from a burlap sack that was lashed to the rear "ex," and it was not until Caesar had given himself a shivering shake of contentment, and a feed of hay had been spread at his forefeet, that the Doctor, mopping his own face and heavy black side whiskers with his bandana, broke into speech: "Jehosophat!" said he. "That was a close shave!"

This remark, although I wondered whether it referred to Mrs. Bibb, or the time, or to some event on the road, was entirely disregarded by the Skipper as with irritable energy he hustled us aboard the *Dragon*, to have her presently under sail heading for the open water of the Bay. Out there the fresh southwest wind, which had overcome the land breeze of early morning, gave the *Dragon* her top range of mobility, while the clear atmosphere allowed the Skipper to keep in constant sight of his scouts, the squadrons of terns, on whose evolutions he so largely based his maneuvers in his battles with the fish. Besides the terns there were flocks of gulls to be watched and also a fleet of twenty or more boats to be kept, so far as possible, at a distance.

"No living creature — not even a fish — likes to be disturbed at mealtimes" was a saying the Skipper kept in mind when he designed his fishing boat,

the *Dragon*. She was eighteen feet over all with a beam of six and a half feet, low-sided, and undecked except for narrow waterways and washboards. A crew of three was her limit without overcrowding. If properly sailed she made little disturbance forward or aft, and her low sides made for ease in getting fish inboard quickly and quietly.

The fish lines, or drails, as we called them, were cotton, three-strand nine-thread, with a hard twist, and about the size of a light cod line. A single steel hook scraped bright, the point and barb filed sharp to cope with the well-armed and armored mouth of the bluefish, was attached to the drail with a three-ply twisted copper wire leader on which was threaded a long bead of lead, also scraped bright. An eelskin inside out was stretched over this combination and so lashed that the bright hook, as it was towed, could wiggle freely somewhat after the manner of a sand eel's tail, while the shining bead suggested his head.

3

OUR stations and duties aboard the boat that day were: Dr. Pease as ballast in the waist, to windward, tending a two-hundred-foot drail; I on the lee side in charge of a longer line; the Skipper aft with no line, but both hands busy with the tiller and sheet of the loose-footed, tanned spritsail — his faculties on the stretch to put the Doctor and me over the belated stragglers of the driving schools, which take a bait more eagerly than the leaders of the van.

To "head off" a school of bluefish was unprofessional. To be caught in a jamb of boats was to be branded a "bungler"; but to outguess competitors by observation of the terns' actions was to the Skipper an art that seemed to give him more than half his pleasure in this sort of fishing. Nevertheless it was serious business and the *Dragon* was a silent ship, except for the Skipper's frequent warnings of "Hard-a-lee!" or "Jibe-oh!" — and the flip and flatter of a landed fish and the splashing as it was tossed into the fish well abaft the centerboard trunk.

So occupied, time slipped quickly by, until suddenly the day seemed to pause — the blue of the sky to windward paled to gray, the fish "took off," and the wind lost some of its vigor.

"Time to reel up!" said the Skipper as he noted this lull and realized that the fish well was nearly full, while his own "innards" felt empty.

As the lines came inboard to be faked neatly on their square hardwood reels, the *Dragon* was put sharp on the wind and presently came to anchor in the lee of "White Rock," with the sail frapped round the mast and stopped with several turns of the sheet.

While the "grub" and the wadded basket with its pot of hot tea were being dug out of the stern locker, the eelskins were peeled off the hooks and

sealed in the jars of brine and the hooks given a wipe with a tallowed rag.

Lying there in the cool shadow of the big pink granite rock, the *Dragon* was rolled gently by the little swell that swashed against the rock's sheer base, while her crew "relished" their sandwiches of toasted rye bread, cold roast beef, and raw tomatoes.

Sleep undoubtedly would have followed, had not a pod of herring fry, looking more like a chunk of pressed Smyrna dates than a school of fish, floated slowly upward alongside.

Instantly the *Dragon* became a ringside seat at an exhibition that far outdid any man-made spectacle. For suddenly from the depths shot scores of bluefish — a steel-blue flotilla of nature's submarines, murderous action personified — that tore into that huddle of innocence, ripping and slashing as it passed and leaving a wake of wreckage behind, while, timed to a split second, the air above was alive with heavy-winged herring gulls that swooped down to come to rest on the water, head to wind, and fall to work gobbling up the maimed survivors of the attack, now drifting helplessly on the surface.

Above the gulls was a ceiling of terns, more numerous and incredibly swift, attacking the pod that still floated aimlessly a few inches underwater. Shimmering, when touched by the sunbeams, like glazed porcelain and filling the air with their creaking cries, the terns wheeled, hovered, dipped, and rose till, their objective marked, they dove like bullets to disappear below the surface and reappear as quickly, each with a fishlet in its orange-red, black-tipped beak.

The concentration of such numbers of these aerial acrobats gave the feeling of being in the midst of a furiously agitated storm cloud that was tossed about in uttermost confusion and from which fell a silvery rain that puffed the sea with countless dimples, but of which not one drop landed on the *Dragon* or collided one with another. Of all his acts, the most skillful is that by which the tern, emerging from his dive, withdraws himself from the rain of his fellows. Mathematically, it would seem impossible for a body of his size and shape to come to the surface, spread his wings, project himself into the air with head to wind, and instantly select a course clear of his companions, who are showering down seemingly into the same spot he but that instant has quitted.

Then, as mysteriously as it had appeared, the pod of fry sank, the air above the *Dragon* was wiped clear of terns, and the only evidence of such murderous combat was a gull or two, lifting and falling on the gentle swell, mopping up what was left of the carnage.

But if, as the Skipper pointed out, the sky was searched, a steady drift of terns could be seen on a northeasterly course at a height of perhaps forty to sixty feet, while another ragged procession was flying out to windward, or southwest, so close to

water level as to appear at times to pass through, rather than over, a wave. Those aloft were flying light; those below were carrying every one a silvery fry.

After watching these hard-working birds for a while the Doctor said: "If it's agreeable to you, Skipper, I'd jest as soon cruise about for a spell watchin' the birds and tryin' to drive some sense into this blame' boy's head."

The "blame'" boy showed that *he* was "agreeable" to the Doctor's proposal by twitching the grapnel off the bottom smartly, while the Skipper unfurled the sail, shoved the sprit into its becket on the mast, and began to jog the *Dragon* slowly to windward.

From the spate of information that now poured forth I gathered that the birds on the southwest course were grownups who'd been to market and were hurrying home with their supplies to feed their ever hungry fledglings, which nestled on a barren islet, six miles to windward, known as "Gull Island"—the then, and present, summer resort of tern society; further, that they were flying as close to the surface as they could to take advantage of the "drag" the water creates on the lower hem of the wind that passes over it. Obvious too was the fact that this drag which brakes the wind extends upwards only a few inches on a windy day, while on a calm one, particularly when a strong tidal current is running counter to the direction of the wind, this influence stretches many feet aloft and is often powerful enough to appear to kill what little breeze is astir.

And now, as sometimes happens of a summer afternoon on Buzzards Bay, the southwest wind faltered and gradually dropped to a calm. Within a half hour the warmth died out of the air, followed by a cool breath from the east, tainted with a hint of clammy mud flats. Close on the heels of this herald came a light northeast breeze, bringing with it a rose-pearl fog that slowly enveloped the *Dragon* until she was sailing alone and silent inside a contracted sphere of mist and gray-green water.

During this shift of weather I had not been allowed to sit idle with heedless eyes; for again the Doctor gave all his attention to "driving sense in," and before the fog shut down too thickly I had seen the procession of birds, beating their way close along the wave tops to the island, suddenly rise to take the *upper* track, while those coming to market dropped to the *lower* one—a complete reversal of conditions earlier in the day. Watching the homegoers sailing high with hardly moving pinions, it was beyond doubt that they had found the exact height at which the new, favorable wind

gave them the maximum of speed with the least effort and that the travelers below had gauged to an inch the level where the drag cut to its limit the countercurrent of air.

With visibility contracted to a few yards by the fog, I became fearful that my interesting friends, the terns, would lose their way, leaving the "chickens" on the island to starve. In a whisper I confided this fear to the Doctor—but he only shook his head and pointed astern, where, looking like gray ghosts with black caps, tern after tern shot out of the smoking wall to leeward and disappeared to windward in the blink of an eye. So seen, ahead or astern, every bird cut the boat's course at the same angle; there was no sign of confusion in his flight; every move was purposeful; he was confidently on his desired course.

By early evening the Skipper had piloted the *Dragon* safely through the fog to her moorings and landed his crew in the boathouse.

Here he and the Doctor, after rolling up their shirt sleeves and tying on their oilskin aprons, were about to operate on the row of ten plump bluefish, the pick of the *Dragon's* well, that lay before them on the skinning bench, and the Doctor had actually made his first incision when the Skipper, suddenly paling at the tearing sound of the stroke, dropped his knife and cried:—

"Good Lord, Lem! What about Mrs. Bibb? I never thought about the poor woman all day. What ailed her, and did she die?"

"Poison—not dead," replied the Doctor.

A long pause followed while the Skipper's curiosity built itself up until he exploded with:—

"Oh, come on, now! Tell us what you did for her."

"Nothin' very much," said the Doctor mildly. "Jest watched her fer a while, and when I seen she was a-sinkin' and a-sinkin', says I to myself, 'That woman's got suthin' inside her what had oughter come out'—so I pumped her out."

The Doctor's subdued tone, and the astoundingly graphic picture he drew, so excited my imagination that I stood staring at him, pale and shivering. Divining my distress and need of more enlightenment, he continued: "'T wa'n't nothin' but white powder—arsenic, I suspicion. Arsenic's kinder easy to get mixed into the sugar bowl most anywheres. Don't need to worry none about it—bound to happen in the best of families oncet in a while."

And with that, he turned to the work in hand, leaving me then and forever after somewhat suspicious of sugar bowls in general, but positively distrustful of those in the "best families."

"THE RIDDLE OF RUSSIA"

by GEORGE SOLOVEYITCHIK

1

POLITICIANS, diplomats, and authors alike have always found it extremely difficult to see or to present the Empire of the Tsars in its true light, and their position has become even worse since the monarchy was replaced by the Bolshevik dictatorship twenty-nine years ago. Indeed, one of the most hackneyed phrases in the English political and literary vocabulary is "the riddle of Russia."

During the last seventy-five years or so, two clearly established clichés have developed in books about Russia. The picture presented to the reader was either that of "Holy Russia," with millions of worthy bearded moujiks adoring their Little Father the Tsar, — kindly men steeped in the mysteries of the Greek Orthodox Church and full of strange "Dostoevskian" complexes, performing a kind of Russian ballet or Christmas pantomime, — or else it was a picture of a villainous tyrant on the throne suppressing the idealistic liberal patriots, with dissipated grand dukes, heroic nihilists, vodka, samovars, and the yellow ticket to provide that local background without which no book about old Russia would be complete.

Just before the First World War, Mr. Stephen Graham and others were telling a world eager for enlightenment all the secrets of the Russian soul, which they apparently understood well. In France the expression *l'âme slave* had actually acquired a comic meaning as a result of the peculiar efforts of the various ladies and gentlemen probing into it.

The Russian revolution loosed a torrent of new books which has not dried up to the present day. People who admittedly do not know one word of

Russian have produced large volumes which claim to be authoritative. Left-wing intellectuals with an axe to grind; second-generation aliens whose parents had left Tsarist Russia and settled in the United States or Britain or France and who in their childhood had heard nothing but horrors and abominations; cheap sensation hunters and social hangers-on — they all went to Soviet Russia determined to adore and returned adoring. Having made up their minds to condemn the past, these enthusiasts seemed fervently to believe that until the advent of Bolshevism, in 1917, Russia was an industrial and cultural desert, a prison for the people and a den of vice for the ruling classes.

No amount of evidence showing the country's economic and social progress or the unique development of art and learning throughout the absolutist nineteenth century would convince these detractors of pre-revolutionary Russia. As one of them said to me on an unforgettable occasion, simply gloating with self-satisfaction, "I do not have to learn anything about Russia: I have imagination." These sycophantic admirers still stubbornly maintain that Stalin can do no wrong and that under his leadership the Russians have found the right solutions for all the social, economic, and moral problems afflicting the world. Anybody who dares to doubt or contradict this demonstrable distortion of truth is promptly dubbed a reactionary, or else an attempt is made to smear his personal character.

Likewise, and no less stupidly or dishonestly, Russia's detractors object to everything her people do, — or fail to do, — for the simple reason that they are Russians. What the sycophants and the detractors have in common is that they are completely carried away by their own fads and nostrums, which, though they would never admit it, have precious little to do with Russia *per se*.

In a class by itself, and deserving far greater attention, is a very different kind of literature — books by former members of the Soviet administration who at some point in their career have broken away from

GEORGE SOLOVEYITCHIK was born in Russia and received his early education in St. Petersburg. He emigrated to England after the First World War and became a student at Queens College, Oxford, where he took Honors in Modern History and in 1925 received his M.A. He was formerly the Foreign Editor of the *Financial Times* and Editor of the *Economic Review*. He is today a British subject who frequently contributes to the leading English and foreign newspapers and periodicals. His most recent book, *Russia in Perspective*, was well received in London this spring.

Moscow or else were pushed out, like Trotsky. Even allowing for all his understandable bias, his writings occupy a unique place among the eyewitness accounts of the Bolshevik revolution. His position, second only to that of Lenin himself, and his talent as a writer make his books a "must" in this type of literature.

And among some of the lesser ex-Muscovites who in recent years have jumped over the fence and become *émigré* authors, let us not overlook one Bessedovsky, who did so in the literal as well as literary sense of the word. He climbed the wall of the Soviet Embassy in Paris and ran for cover to the French police. Subsequently he produced two bulky volumes entitled *On the Road to Thermidor*. Then there was General Krivitsky, one of the top men in the GPU (or NKVD as the Soviets now call their secret police), who likewise "hopped it" and wrote a violent book against his former colleagues and masters. Agabekov, another GPU dignitary, followed suit, and also took to the pen. The latest books of this type are: Alexandre Barmine's *One Who Survived* and Victor Kravchenko's *I Chose Freedom*.

2

ALL these books are written to a certain pattern and have one particular feature in common which is excessively boring: the author's invariable insistence on ideological arguments, first for serving the Soviets (with all that such service implies!) and then for leaving them. How refreshing it would be if one of these writers had the candor to admit that self-interest or fear kept him in the service of a regime which he professes to have hated and despised. What a welcome change it would be to read a plain factual narrative, unadorned by excursions into a renegade's *Weltanschauung*, which can be of no interest to anybody but himself.

Mr. Kravchenko, for instance, finds it necessary to inform his readers that "the next step toward world security lies not in a world organization — though that must come — but in the liberation of the Russian masses from their tyrants. One need only suppose that, by some miracle, Russia were suddenly democratized to realize that most of the tensions now threatening humanity's peace would be automatically relaxed and that genuine world coöperation would become possible." He does not explain by what means "the weight of world opinion, the leverage of its spiritual support, now serving to fortify the Kremlin's despotism, must be diverted to quicken and aid the Russian aspirations for freedom." Mr. Kravchenko is very angry with American Communists, fellow travelers, and other befuddled individuals who affect to believe, or try to make others believe, that Soviet Russia is a free and democratic country.

What he has to say on this subject is true enough, but it ill behooves him to say it after his own record of

service under the Soviets. After all, the Communist Party represents only a tiny fraction of the Russian population even now — some five million members out of a nation of 190 millions. At the time when Mr. Kravchenko chose to join it (presumably responding to much the same sort of impulses that prompted him to choose freedom now), the party numbered only about one and one-quarter millions. Like the vast majority of the Russian people, for whom he professes to feel so strongly, the author could have easily stayed outside the privileged organization so misleadingly called the "Communist Party." But he went in and stayed in; so, in the words of his own father, "as a Communist you cannot shirk your share of the responsibility."

Trimmed of his unconvincing and irritating political meditations, Mr. Kravchenko's memoirs can rightly claim to be a most important factual and up-to-date account of the life of a vital group of Soviet citizens today — not the uppermost leaders or the rank and file, but that mass of men and women who constitute the new ruling class of the "classless" Soviet Union. Moreover, it is the only book of its kind that gives us an inside picture of Russia during the war.

It was inevitable, then, that this eyewitness testimony by an active participant in the Soviet administration should promptly become the object of violent polemics. Those on the left quite naturally call Mr. Kravchenko a traitor and a deserter; those on the right lavish extravagant praise on him. In my opinion, both attitudes are equally silly.

The fact that there are hardly any sensational revelations in it is one of the book's outstanding qualities. A feeling of veracity and of genuine knowledge is conveyed throughout this detailed and very human narrative. "I was going on nine when the first World War started. Life was suddenly brimful of excitement and emotion"; from then onwards the author was swept into a welter of further excitements and emotions which have never stopped to the present day. This is how he describes his own early beginnings in the Soviet service: "The minor actors in a great historical drama rarely are conscious of its greatness. They are too deep inside the action to see its large contours. I was among these actors at the beginning of 1929 — one of the young enthusiasts, thrilled by the lofty ideas and plans of this period."

That was also the year of his admission to full membership of the Communist Party. He was twenty-five years of age and his successful career as a pillar of the Bolshevik state was just about to begin. The Soviets gave him a technical education. Ordzhonikidze, one of Stalin's closest henchmen, befriended him: "I had a patron in the seats of the almighty until he died in 1937. I had a feeling of sanctuary. In my worst moments, the knowledge that I could turn to Stalin's fellow-Georgian of the hawk-face for help gave me a boldness that others could not muster."

So up and up and up in the Soviet hierarchy — including a short period as a captain of engineers in the Red Army — until he finally got a much coveted job outside the “Soviet Fatherland.” This was with the Russian Purchasing Commission in Washington, from which he escaped on April 4, 1944, thus breaking with the Soviets after a mere seven months of service abroad.

The ruthless totalitarian character of the Soviet administration and its maddening bureaucracy is conveyed in a convincing manner. So is the picture of a terrorized, bewildered, wretched people — yet intensely human, talented, virile, and patriotic.

Unfortunately, the publishers do not disclose who edited his text and who put it into such admirable American prose. The hand of an expert writer and passionate Soviet hater is felt throughout the narrative, and it is hard not to speculate how much of it is by the Russian author and how much by his American editor. A most irritating mannerism of the latter is the mixing of Russian words with the English text and the way he uses — sometimes in the same line — one or two names in English and one or two others in their Russian consonance. For instance he refers to Alexei, George, Vanya, and Pavel, or again to Clavdia, Julia, and Mary; why not stick to one language and have done with it?

Though it is not a thrilling book and though a few good cuts would greatly improve it, *I Chose Freedom* is an important and timely document. Serious students of Russian affairs will find plenty of facts and much food for thought in it.

3

PRESUMABLY Mr. Bullitt's book, *The Great Globe Itself*, is intended not merely for students of Russian affairs but for a much wider circle, since it carries the subtitle “A Preface to World Affairs.” Broadly speaking, it can be divided into four parts: (1) a violent attack on American foreign policy and especially on President Roosevelt personally; (2) a potted history of Russia; (3) an analysis of the Soviet government and the Communist doctrine; and (4) three appendices of texts and documents, which fill some 80 pages — over a quarter of the book.

Mr. Roosevelt's first Ambassador to Moscow and last Ambassador to Paris has chosen to deliver a series of extremely dirty attacks on the late President by a most insidious method: rather than criticize him directly, Mr. Bullitt implies that the man who — for no discoverable reason, I may say — gave him his confidence and two key embassies was weak, cynical, sick, tired, and so on. What this former American envoy has to say about American foreign policy may be true enough, but just as it ill behooves Mr. Kravchenko to assail the Communist Party, there is something nauseating about Ambassador Bullitt's righteous, if curiously belated, indignation over Washington diplomacy.

The core of Mr. Bullitt's book is devoted to the denunciation of Russia past and present. There again a similarity with the Kravchenko memoirs suggests itself. Though the former Soviet official does not say who edited his book, he does at least acknowledge outside help and leaves the reader guessing whether one of the former Soviet enthusiasts later turned Soviet haters — Eugene Lyons, for instance — may have had anything to do with it. Mr. Bullitt's book acknowledges no outside editorial help. But it is so stuffed with quotations, mostly from *original Russian sources*, and reveals such profound command of Marxist literature that the names of one or two experts involuntarily spring to mind: not only the arguments but the way they are presented remind one of David J. Dallin, quoted by the author, or Max Eastman.

Let us assume, however, that the former Ambassador to Moscow is equally outstanding as a Russian scholar and as an authority on Lenin, Stalin, and Marx. Lenin, by the way, is described as a man with “a sense of humor, and immense personal charm”; also as “a man of immense human sympathies, intellect and courage.” Nevertheless, Mr. Bullitt sees in him the root of most of today's evils in the Soviet dictatorship, “which differed from the Nazi dictatorship most conspicuously in policy toward the Jews. Hitler slaughtered Jews — men, women and children — for no other reason than that they were Jews; whereas Stalin killed only those gentiles and Jews who displeased him.”

Now in the words of President Roosevelt, — and Mr. Bullitt quotes them twice, on page 5 and again on page 168, — “The Soviet Union, as everybody who has the courage to face the facts knows, is run by a dictatorship as absolute as any other dictatorship in the world.” That is undeniable; but to assert that Stalin's dictatorship differs from Hitler's “most conspicuously” in the treatment of Jews and to omit all the other far more striking differences is unworthy of a book that claims to be “A Preface to World Affairs.”

In his frisky canter through Russian history Mr. Bullitt rides on a very high horse indeed. Quoting the oracular Mr. Stephen Graham for his source, the author states: “In the Red Square in Moscow, Ivan the Terrible had hundreds who displeased him boiled and roasted alive for the edification of his subjects. When that happened, Shakespeare was alive, Queen Elizabeth was on the throne of England, and the Magna Carta had been in force for three hundred and fifty years. Such is the time lag that separates the Russians from the ways of western civilization.”

One could rewrite this paragraph in relation to German atrocities under Hitler or Negro lynchings in America. Only it would then be as cheap and as irrelevant as Mr. Bullitt's excursions into Russian history.

Here is another shining example of his “historical” method: “Alexander II, a wavering man of good intentions under pressure of patriotic rage and demo-

cratic energy engendered by . . . defeat, liberated the serfs in 1861. And in 1864 he established trial by jury — 650 years after it had been established in England." Well, Alexander did in 1861 what Lincoln could only do in a largely reluctant country two years later and at the price of a bitter civil war.

In any case, if Russia — or any other country for that matter — is to be judged correctly, she must be viewed against her own historical background and not that of other nations.

I have little quarrel with Mr. Bullitt's analysis of the Soviet system or of the Communist doctrine; only neither subject possesses any novelty and I cannot see that the versatile former diplomat, turned historian or anti-Marxist, has thrown any fresh light on these problems. The only original contribution made by Mr. Bullitt to modern political thought will be found on page 175 of his pretentious "Preface to

World Affairs." Here it is: "Man becomes what he does. Man can not murder without becoming a murderer. Nations can not plan and launch wars without becoming enemies of humanity. . . . We can use only means that conform to the highest moral standards we have, otherwise we shall throw away in advance all chance to lift international morality to the plane made requisite by the existence of the atomic bomb.

"This does not mean that we should hesitate to use the atomic bomb to stop new crimes of Soviet Imperialism. To execute a murderer is not an immoral act. And the more certain the Soviet Government is that we shall use the atomic bomb against it if it continues its career of aggression, the more likely the Soviet Government will be to refrain from aggressions — at least until it has the atomic bomb."

Clear enough? Clear enough.



10.05

by CONSTANCE CARRIER

THIS clock has washed its hands of time:
at any moment it may chime,
sonorous, crazy, dignified,
with God knows what for goal or guide.
What is it measuring? No day
the righteous reckon in their way.
What does it measure, striking ten
only to strike it once again
five minutes later? Does it mark
an hour desolate and dark,
a moment for returning to
with weights and pendulum hung with rue?
Or does it celebrate a heaven
that could not last until eleven?
What are the private certainties
that prompt its stubborn silences,
or drive it to a frenzied peal
when slumber doth my spirit seal?
O you most whimsical of clocks,
why do you mock the orthodox,
the rigid ones, the well-advised,
their notes sedately synchronized?
Rebellious black sheep, genius, fool,
content to live by your own rule,
you twist the platitudes awry,
you shatter habit, so that I,
hearing you speak who should be still,
take heart to turn against their will
who wear his amulet on their wrists,
forgetting that the god exists,
who bind him fast in hours and days,
a giant who does not amaze —
*but you and I will set him free
and know him as eternity.*

FERN GRAVEL

A Hoax and a Confession

by JAMES NORMAN HALL

1

SHE is not a figure of the first importance in American literature, and my interest in her is rather a shamefaced, apologetic one because of what it led me into. I know the place but not the date of her birth, but this is certain: she began to be born on a midsummer day when I myself was a child of five or six years. I was watching a group of older children gathered on a smooth sunny lawn. What the occasion was I don't remember, but they were playing one of the games common to the children of those far-off days. They held hands, moving in a circle while they sang the following song:—

"Green gravel, green gravel,
The grass is so green!
The fairest young lady
That ever was seen . . ."

That experience remained high-lighted amongst the memories of my childhood. Perhaps it was the strange lilting air, or the words to which it was sung, or both together. I didn't know then any more than I do now what "green gravel" was, or is, but the words seem to have had the effect of enchantment upon my just awakening imagination. The children singing them on the shadow-dappled lawn, in the golden light of afternoon, did not belong to the world of reality; or, better perhaps, they *did*, in the eyes of childhood, partaking of the real-ideal existence identical during the few brief years of that magical time.

At long intervals during the years that followed, and for no explainable reason, that scene would rise into focus again, and by means of it I could enjoy the very fragrance and savor of childhood. I wondered about the song, where it came from, and why I had no recollection of ever having heard it again; and I remembered no more than the fragment here given.

I will now pass over some decades and some five

From the quiet lagoon on Tahiti where he makes his home, JAMES NORMAN HALL has sent many a delightful manuscript to the *Atlantic*: the "Bounty" trilogy, which he wrote in collaboration with his friend Charles Nordhoff; the collection of short stories of the British Navy, *Dr. Dogbody's Leg*; and the essays which have so often found a place in our columns. Occasionally he has been tempted to turn to verse; and once when nostalgia for his home state of Iowa was strong, he invented a young poetess just for the fun of it.

thousand miles of space and come to the island of Tahiti and the year 1938. A friend had given me a book to read which he had highly recommended: *Precious Bane* by an Englishwoman, Mary Webb. I first glanced into it here and there to taste its quality as one often does with books, to begin with. While thus engaged my eye fell upon the following passage:—

It seemed to me as if the singing came from a great way off, under the water. And when Jancis sat by the window, with the light falling on her pale gold hair and pale face through the greenish bottle-glass, it made her look as if the water flowed over her.

"Green gravel, green gravel, the grass is so green!
The fairest young lady that ever was seen.
I'll wash you in milk, and clothe you in silk,
And write down your name with a gold pen and ink."

Ah! I can hear Jancis singing that song now, with her sweet shrilly voice, a great way off, ah, me! a great way off.

There was the old song, the fragment completed, and I was surprised and pleased to find it again after so many years. But I heard it, not in the voice of Jancis, but as it was sung by the children in the Iowa town of my childhood and boyhood. Shropshire is the scene of *Precious Bane*, and "Green Gravel" must have had its origin there. It may have been brought to Iowa by Shropshire folk whose children sang it on the one memorable occasion. I could understand now the reason for its fugitive existence there. Folk songs can live in their native soil alone, and are soon lost when transplanted.

I then began at the beginning of *Precious Bane*, which so deeply engaged my interest that I read it through, at one sitting.

Several nights later I had a dream as real as any waking experience. I was again in the little Iowa town of my birth, but as a man, not a child. Nevertheless, it was on the same afternoon so well remembered: golden sunlight, the smooth lawn, and the children were singing "Green Gravel." But there was one change in the wording; instead of "green" it was "fern":—

"Fern Gravel, Fern Gravel, the grass is so green!
The fairest young lady that ever was seen . . ."

Among the singers was a little girl I remembered whose name was Fern, and she kept glancing over her shoulder at me in an appealing manner every time she went round the circle. Her face was plain and slightly freckled, and her hair was braided in two tight pigtailed. She was a solemn little thing, with large dark eyes, and she had a decisive way of stepping, as though she knew at all times exactly where she was going and why, even in a singing game when she wasn't going anywhere. Then, in the inconsequential manner of dreams, Iowa vanished and all the singers except Fern. I was sitting on the beach at my place in Arué, Tahiti, and she was standing before me.

I said: "Fern, the song is 'Green Gravel.'"

"No it isn't; it's 'Fern Gravel,'" she insisted. "That's my name and the song is about me."

"Do you think you're the fairest young lady that ever was seen?" I then asked.

She shook her head, mournfully. "But the song is about me and I want you to write down my name with a gold pen and ink. My home is in Omillersville."

"You mean Millersville," I said, but again she shook her head. "It's Omillersville."

I ought to explain that "O" in the Tahitian dialect of the Maori speech means "It is." In the early days of exploration in the Pacific, Captains Wallis and Cook both believed that the name of Tahiti was "Otaheite," as it was then written, because the natives, when asked the name of the island, had said, "*O Tahiti* [It is Tahiti.]" Fern had no business being on Tahiti making this same mistake about Millersville, Iowa, but in dreams such things don't matter and one accepts them without question.

Not long after this I was thinking of the dream; of its odd mixture of fact and fiction and of experience so widely separated in time and place. In appearance the little girl was the Fern I remembered, and I had not the least suspicion that she was about to enter my life to make a fraud of me in my sedate middle age. I fell to musing on boyhood days and on people, places, and events connected with them. Fern must have meant Mitchellville, Iowa, not Millersville. There was, and still is, a Mitchellville a few miles west of the town we lived in, but Millersville had seemed all right, in the dream. I had not objected to that, but only to her calling it Omillersville.

2

WHAT happened next was not my fault; at least, not wholly so. Dream children belong in dreams and should remain in that world of phantoms and shadows; but Fern now stepped into my half-waking reverie and I heard her say: "Then call it 'Oh Millersville!' if you want to. That's what I meant, anyway — 'Oh Millersville!' with an exclamation point. And now if you're ready I'll begin reciting my poems to you. You can be my secretary and write

them down. They're nearly all about Millersville." Then, scarcely giving me time to take up my pen, she proceeded: —

"Millersville, oh, Millersville!

That is my home and I love it, but still

I wish that once in a while I could go

To cities like Omaha and St. Joe.

You get tired of living in such a small town

With so few streets for walking around.

I would like to visit some larger places

And see many thousands of different faces

Of people I do not know at all

That you cannot see in a town so small . . ."

The quiet, confident little voice flowed relentlessly on, and I wrote, on and on. The moment one poem was finished she started another. She skipped with ease from subject to subject: "The Drunkard," "Soap," "William Jennings Bryan," "The Fire at the Gilbeys," "Arithmetic," "Piano Lessons," "The Medicine Show," "The Holy Land," "The Hard Coal Stove," "The Revival Meeting," "Gertrude Sullenberger." She was never at a loss for inspiration and dictated so fast that I got writer's cramp trying to keep up with her. She told me things about people in our home town that I had completely forgotten, or thought I had. Her longest poem was called "A Residence Street." She began at one end of it and went, house by house, toward the other, commenting upon the people who lived in each; but tiring of this she broke off abruptly and dictated a poem about the G.A.R.

She could be autobiographical, too, quite frankly so: —

"I almost never look at myself
Except when I am brushing my hair.
I know of course that I am not pretty
But I do not really care.

I am not going to get married;
I expect to travel,
And people will come to hear the lectures
Of the famous Fern Gravel.

That is how I will make my living;
I will not have any special home.
I will live in hotels in the different cities
Where only my intimate friends can come.

And I will be the authoress
Of many many books.
If I am famous for my lectures and poetry
It won't matter so much about my looks."

This was poem number 58, and when she had finished dictating it I said, "Fern, let's call it a day. I'm tired."

"No," she said, "you must keep right on. I've got another one, about how I hate school: —

"If only I was seventeen years old
Instead of eleven!
To be through grammar school and high school,
That would be heaven!"

But I was able to persuade her that fifty-eight poems were enough for one book. She wanted to make it an even hundred and deferred with reluctance to my judgment. Then she said: "As this book is mostly about Iowa people I want it to be printed in Iowa. Do you know any publishers there?"

I said that I had a friend, Carroll Coleman, owner of the Prairie Press, at Muscatine, Iowa. This started her going again:—

"One of the places that I have not seen
Is the beautiful city of Muscatine;
But some day I am going to go,
And also to Kansas City and St. Joe,
Missouri, and Omaha, Nebraska.
But the longest journey I expect to make
Will be to Alaska."

She wanted to include this poem too, but I held firm for the fifty-eight.

Oh, Millersville! was the title she chose for this first volume of the many to come, and she insisted that I write an Introduction to it. I reluctantly consented and that was my undoing. It is that unsigned, not wholly truthful Introduction that has given me such sharp twinges of conscience during the past five years. Had that been omitted I would never have made this confession. The long and short of it was that the manuscript was sent to the Prairie Press, and Fern was as pleased as a phantom child could be when we received word from Mr. Coleman that he would publish it. He himself would design the book, he wrote, and set it up by hand. It was launched early in the winter of 1940-1941.

A period of silence followed. Fern was impatient, and to fill up the time during the interval of waiting, she dictated enough additional poems to have filled Volume II of the Collected Works to come. Then came a letter from Mr. Coleman in a fat envelope filled with clippings. *Oh, Millersville!* had been well received. The critics were invariably indulgent and friendly; the following were the comments Fern liked best:—

Oh, Millersville! is a collection of juvenilia that no American will want to see pass away. Fern Gravel was the pen name of a sub-teen authoress whose soul simultaneously exfoliated in and was gripped by her Iowa home town, early in the 1900's. Her verses are as good examples of dead-pan lyricism as have ever been printed. — *Time*

We have found the lost Sappho of Iowa! — *New York Times*

By the time you have chuckled or roared for a dozen pages or so, you will begin to see something else here . . . an odd, serious, lovable little girl naïvely holding up a mirror to Nature in a way that would have horrified Millersvillians if they had but known it — "a chiel amang 'em, takin' notes." You'll know yester-

day's Middle West as you never knew it before. — JOSEPH HENRY JACKSON in the *San Francisco Chronicle*

It's rather early to be saying a book will be one of the most unusual and charming of the year, but here we are, out on a limb and unafraid. Long after 1941, we think, you'll remember this book with a good warm feeling and a smile. — *Philadelphia Inquirer*

So good that it hurts! . . . Fern Gravel never dreamed that she was writing social history. — *Washington Post*

There should be unholy joy among connoisseurs of bad verse over the début of Fern Gravel who set down the dear little banalities of childhood with an innocence and seriousness that mark her work for immortality. — JAMES GRAY in the *St. Paul Dispatch*

The book is amazing, amusing, full of the human scene, and not to be missed, because there can't be another like it in the world. — JOHN HOLMES in the *Boston Transcript*

There is so warm a feeling of validity about these verses, and so accurate a sense of individual character that their impact is far stronger than a simple amusement at childish simplicity. — PAUL ENGLE in the *Des Moines Register*

As important in its way as in a far different way was *Spoon River Anthology*. . . . The book is full of charming humor. It is also excellent history; and not a bad source book for child psychologists. — GERALD SANDERS in the *Detroit Free Press*

There were a good many more, all commendatory, and when I had finished reading them Fern said: "Why are you looking so glum? Aren't you glad they like my book?"

"Of course," I replied, "but I was thinking of what the reviewer said in the *St. Paul Dispatch*."

"About my poetry being bad? That must have been a misprint; he must have meant 'sad,' and some of it *is* sad, about the Suicide, and the Drunkard, and that awful Emmet Eccles, and my not passing in school because of arithmetic. Anyway, he said my poetry is immortal and that's all I expected it to be."

Now, even as I make this confession the phantom child rises before me, just as she was — yes, and *is*, for I still believe in her. She fixes me with a sad, appealing, reproachful look, and I hear her say: "Mr. Hall, I am no more a phantom than *you* are!"

Maybe she is right. Perhaps, some day, as she predicted in one of her poems,

. . . people will travel
To see the home of the poetess, Fern Gravel.

If that should come to pass, it will be well, I think, for the secretary to be somewhere else. He might meet some of those reviewers visiting the shrine, and how could he ever explain, and convince them, at the same time, that the shrine is real?

» Here is the audacious story of what an Oxford don has done in his crusade against religious skepticism in the modern world.

C. S. LEWIS, APOSTLE TO THE SKEPTICS

by CHAD WALSH

1

C. S. LEWIS is now in the thirteenth year of his one-man campaign to convert the world to Christianity. The fact that Lewis is systematically waging a private war against the religious skepticism of the English-reading world seems to have escaped the attention of most professional critics. In their reviews of his best-known book, *The Screwtape Letters*, they preferred to dwell on his "keen social satire" and "brilliant irony" — on everything, in fact, except the purpose of the book.

Lewis's other books have been handled by the critics in much the same fashion — but on page 8 or 9 of the book reviews, rather than on page 1. The typical reviewer states, with the peculiar tone of embarrassment which the mention of religion produces in reviewers, that such-and-such a book by C. S. Lewis is about Christianity, and that of course many readers will differ with his beliefs, or feel disinclined to go all the way with him. But, the critic goes on to say, the book has much to recommend it: an urbane style, a happy knack of choosing the right analogy, a delightful sense of fantasy — and so on for three paragraphs of critical analysis.

It is easy to feel condescending toward Lewis. He happens to be a not untypical Oxford don, a fellow of Magdalen College, and he lectures on medieval English literature. The only picture of him ever reproduced in American magazines shows a man in his late forties, with a receding hair line and scholarly circles under his eyes.

The myth makers, ever eager to provide human-interest material, have invented further details to complete the picture of the harmless and mildly eccentric Oxford scholar. A particularly persistent legend has it that Lewis is so shy in the presence of women that he frequently locks himself in his room when they appear at the college. "The pleasant story about my locking myself in my room when a

woman invades the college precincts is — I regret to say — pure bosh," Lewis wrote me when I called the tradition to his attention. "For one thing women are wandering through 'the college precincts' the whole blessed day. For another, having taken female pupils of all ages, shapes, sizes, and complexions for about 20 years, I am a bit tougher than the story makes out. If I ever have fled from a female visitor it was not because she was a woman but because she was a *bore*, or because she was the fifteenth visitor on a busy day."

The flesh-and-blood Lewis, famous for his lectures on Chaucer and fond of gardening, amuses himself tramping about the countryside with three or four old friends, putting up at small pubs, and enjoying the pleasure of a pipe while talking "nonsense, poetry, theology, metaphysics" until an advanced hour.

Students of heredity would find him an interesting case study. His maternal grandmother came of a line that goes back to the first Norman invaders; from her side of the family one might derive the aristocratic grace of his style and the unflinching courtesy with which he presents his ideas. His paternal grandfather was pure Welsh, the son of a small farmer. Here might lie the explanation of his evangelical streak and the courage that he showed during World War II when he did what few chaplains would dare attempt — delivered lectures on elementary theology at RAF bases in England.

Now that Lewis's Number Nine and Number Ten are on the bookstands, the general campaign is becoming clear, and it seems a good time to see what the man is up to.

2

LEWIS writes as a layman to laymen. He avoids the pulpit phrases that forewarn the reader of most books on Christianity. He expresses himself with true Oxford urbanity. He has a sense of humor. (Since the death of G. K. Chesterton it has been generally assumed that no Christian apologist ever laughs.) Finally, he has not confined himself to the straightforward, frontal attack. He has more than one weapon in his armory.

An Elizabethan scholar and an Oxford Fellow, C. S. Lewis has emerged from the cloisters to wage war in his novels, his broadcasts, and his essays against the cynics of our time. His books have been written with a spirit and skill which have achieved enormous popularity in England and which are making them increasingly well known on this side of the water. To CHAD WALSH, Professor of English at Beloit College, Beloit, Wisconsin, we have turned for an appraisal of Mr. Lewis's work.

His books fall into three or four rather sharply differentiated groups. *The Screwtape Letters*, of course, stand by themselves. They are the correspondence of His Infernal Excellency Screwtape to his young demon assistant Wormwood on the Earth. Wormwood's mission is to undermine the faith of a recent convert to Christianity. (Lewis turned from Christianity in his teens, and was reconverted in his late twenties and early thirties.) Screwtape bestows a great wealth of shrewd advice on the inexperienced tempter.

The book seems calculated to accomplish two things. First of all, Lewis uses the wisdom of Hell to discredit philosophic materialism. Screwtape's knowing advice in the very first letter takes for granted that modern thought is based not on reason but emotion. "Your man has been accustomed, ever since he was a boy, to have a dozen incompatible philosophies dancing about together inside his head," he writes. "He doesn't think of doctrines as primarily 'true' or 'false,' but as 'academic' or 'practical,' 'outworn' or 'contemporary,' 'conventional' or 'ruthless.' Jargon, not argument, is your best ally in keeping him from the Church. Don't waste time trying to make him think that materialism is *true*! Make him think it is strong, or stark, or courageous — that it is the philosophy of the future. That's the sort of thing he cares about."

The other purpose of *The Screwtape Letters* is to encourage the wavering Christian by showing him that his uncertainties are nothing unique, and in all likelihood are planted in his mind by agents of Our Father Below.

Three of Lewis's books — hardly thicker than tracts — are based on the series of talks he has given over the BBC during the last few years. All three are straightforward arguments for Christianity or elucidations of Christian teachings.

The first of these little books, *The Case for Christianity*, begins by demonstrating the existence of a universal sense of Right and Wrong. Instead of proceeding from one abstract proposition to another, Lewis brings out his point by showing human nature in action. "Every one has heard people quarrelling," he says in his opening sentence, and then quotes the typical remarks people make: "'That's my seat, I was there first' — 'Leave him alone, he isn't doing you any harm' — 'Why should you shove in first?'" Each participant in the quarrel is appealing to some standard of conduct. In anticipation of the inevitable rejoinder that Right and Wrong don't exist or are purely subjective, Lewis shows with keen psychological insight how the very person who advances such an objection is certain, once he lets down his guard, to talk or act as if Right and Wrong were realities.

Having thus established the idea that Right and Wrong do exist, independently of our digestion and environment, and that there must be some Ultimate behind it all, Lewis devotes the second half of the

book to "What Christians Believe": a treatise of 26 pages in which he summarizes and defends the basic concepts of Christianity without any attempt to simplify them for popular consumption.

In the next book of the broadcast series, *Christian Behaviour*, Lewis assumes the truth of the Christian faith, and plunges without further ado into a statement of its ethical principles. "Morality . . . seems to be concerned with three things," he states in the first chapter. "Firstly, with fair play and harmony between individuals. Secondly, with what might be called tidying up or harmonizing the things inside each individual. Thirdly, with the general purpose of human life as a whole: what man was made for. . . ." Having thus broken with the popular concept of morality, which restricts the term to type one (the "social" and "anti-social" school of thought), he is ready to elaborate his theme, which he does with a directness almost unique among modern books on Christian ethics.

He makes no attempt to "reinterpret" Christian morality to make it palatable, nor does he try to translate the traditional nomenclature into the language of psychology. He boldly employs words like *chastity* and *sin*, which today can scarcely be used in undergraduate circles or among the sophisticated without provoking ridicule. And he tells the emancipated citizens of the twentieth century: "There is no getting away from it: the old Christian rule is, 'Either marriage, with complete faithfulness to your partner, or else total abstinence.'" In the chapter on marriage he comes out uncompromisingly for the rule of no divorce as far as Christians are concerned, and — with even greater daring — says that wives should obey their husbands.

The most theological of the three volumes, and at the same time the one most devotional in tone, is *Beyond Personality*. The concept of the Trinity is explained by familiar analogies. "In God's dimension, so to speak, you find a being who is three Persons while remaining one Being, just as a cube is six squares while remaining one cube."

All three Persons of the Trinity are seen in action as an ordinary Christian kneels down to say his prayers. "He is trying to get into touch with God. But if he is a Christian he knows that what is prompting him to pray is also God: God, so to speak, inside him. But he also knows that all his real knowledge of God comes through Christ, the Man who was God — that Christ is standing beside him, helping him to pray, praying for him." The last half of the book is devoted to showing that Christianity does not aim merely at developing "nice people": the goal is "new men" — new because a different and higher kind of life has been brought into being in them by their utter surrender to Christ.

Still more theological is a treatise of some 145 pages, *The Problem of Pain*. Of all Lewis's books, it has received the most attention from professional theologians. It deals mainly with Original Sin, Heaven, and Hell. Like his radio talks, it is marked

by a stubborn refusal to sweeten Christianity by playing down its less alluring doctrines.

3

SO FAR I have spoken of Lewis's use of satire and outright exposition to win converts. We come now to another group of books, in which the approach is much more subtle and indirect. The interplanetary novels (*Out of the Silent Planet*, *Perelandra*, and *That Hideous Strength*) seem at first glance mere "scientifiction"; the religious implications come out bit by bit as the reader follows the adventures of the hero, Ransom, who is also the unifying link in the trilogy.

In *Out of the Silent Planet*, Ransom — a Cambridge philologist who bears a suspicious resemblance to Lewis — is kidnaped by Devine, a gold prospector, and Weston, a half-mad scientist who wants to extend humanity and its misery to the utmost bounds of the universe. His captors load him into their space-ship and take him to Mars, meaning to turn him over to the creatures there as a human sacrifice, in order to win their good will and cooperation.

The two adventurers have completely misjudged the Martians, however. When Ransom escapes from his companions and comes to know the inhabitants of the planet at first hand, he finds that their way of life is so peaceful that the adjective "bent" is their nearest equivalent for "evil." There are three species of rational beings, all living in great harmony together, under the benign stewardship of Oyarsa, a sort of archangel who is visible to earthly eyes only as a faint column of light. Less important spiritual beings called *eldila* swarm about, and take a benevolent interest in the life of the Martians. Everyone worships Maleldil, who is none other than the Christian God, and one of the first acts of the Martians is to instruct Ransom in the rudiments of true religion.

Oyarsa, perceiving the evil designs of Devine and Weston, orders them to return to the Earth, and Ransom decides to accompany them. At home once more, Ransom's adventures are not over. In *Perelandra*, he is summoned to Venus by the *eldila*, who provide him with supernatural means of transportation. Having arrived on the planet, he finds that his mission is to thwart the Devil, who, in the person of Weston, is trying to lure the Eve of the new paradise into disobeying Maleldil. Ransom sets to work to prevent a duplication of the Fall of the terrestrial Adam and Eve.

The greater part of the book is devoted to the struggle of the two earth-men, as they match words and wits amid the sensuous beauty of the landscape. Ransom finally wins, but only after he turns from words and uses his fists in mortal combat. The new paradise will not share the sad history of the earthly paradise.

As Ransom prepares to return to the Earth, he has

a long conversation with the Adam of Venus, and learns that exciting events may be expected on the Earth in a few years. For countless centuries the Earth has been in the grip of the Devil and his assistants, but there are signs that the final struggle is approaching; the Earth may be delivered from evil, and contact re-established between it and the uncorrupted planets.

Armageddon comes in *That Hideous Strength*. The Devil, with his shrewd understanding of popular psychology, has led his earthly allies to organize the N.I.C.E. (the National Institute of Co-ordinated Experiments), which then tries to gain control of England under the pretext of carrying forward the banner of science and progress. Assorted spirits of darkness, called macrobes (not microbes) speak through the guillotined head of a murderer and direct the operations of the N.I.C.E. The forces of light are led by Ransom, who maintains contact with the *eldila*. The outcome of the struggle is finally decided by Merlin, who comes back to activity after fifteen hundred years of suspended animation and puts his magic arts at Ransom's disposal. The schemes of Satan are brought to nought amid the roaring of wild beasts, the crash of earthquakes, and other apocalyptic events.

In other books where Lewis has used the indirect approach, he has revived older literary forms. His first religious book, *The Pilgrim's Regress*, is an allegory. Its style is comparatively heavy, and its humor lacks the grace and sparkle of the later writings, but it ranks high as a spiritual autobiography. John of Puritania goes through the various stages of skepticism, dabbles in all the current literary and artistic movements, and at last recognizes that the vision of the ideal which haunts him can become an attained reality only in Christianity.

An even more striking use of an ancient literary form is provided by *The Great Divorce* — a dream-vision. Lewis is at his best in the style of the book: a flowing simplicity and inevitability of phrasing, perfectly matching the depths of feeling. Take, for example, the beginning of the Preface, which also expresses the theme of the vision: —

Blake wrote the Marriage of Heaven and Hell. If I have written of their Divorce, this is not because I think myself a fit antagonist for so great a genius, nor even because I feel at all sure that I know what he meant. But in some sense or other the attempt to make that marriage is perennial. The attempt is based on the belief that reality never presents us with an absolutely unavoidable "either-or"; that, granted skill and patience and (above all) time enough, some way of embracing both alternatives can always be found; that mere development or adjustment or refinement will somehow turn evil into good without our being called on for a final and total rejection of anything we should like to retain. This belief I take to be a disastrous error. You cannot take all luggage with you on all journeys; on one journey even your right hand and your right eye may be among the things you have to leave behind.

A busload of ghosts from Hell arrive at the borders of Heaven, and they are given the opportunity to remain permanently. Most of them decline the offer, because they are unwilling to make a clear-cut break with their pet sins. The greater number are afflicted with some form of pride or self-centeredness which is more precious to them than all the joys of Heaven. There is the modernist bishop, who reverently bows when he mentions the name of Jesus, but who spent his life on Earth (and is still spending his life in Hell) watering down Jesus to the level of a pitiful human failure: he would rather live in Hell than lose the proud illusion of being an original and courageous thinker. An artist who can think only of artistic movements and his reputation decides on the return trip, as does a woman who insists on dominating her son even after death.

The only ghost with the courage to surrender his vice and stay in Heaven is a man guilty of lust — a quiet confirmation of the traditional Christian hierarchy of sins, which considers the sins of the flesh as less deadly than the sin of pride. The book displays as keen an understanding of human foibles as did *The Screwtape Letters*, and is probably Lewis's most mature, as well as his most beautiful, work.

4

Dr. Bernard Iddings Bell, in an article entitled "What About Church Unity?" in the January *Atlantic*, divided modern Christians into two classes: the believers in historic Christianity, and the neo-Christians. The latter characteristically regard Christ as a great moral leader and a good man but nothing more; and their view of human nature usually excludes the concept of Original Sin.

Lewis belongs very decidedly to the first class. In *The Case for Christianity* he writes: —

... atheism is too simple. And I'll tell you another view that is also too simple. It's the view I call Christianity-and-water, the view that just says there's a good God in Heaven and everything is all right — leaving out all the difficult and terrible doctrines about sin and hell and the devil, and the redemption. Both these are boys' philosophies.

Elsewhere in the same book he says, speaking of the divinity of Jesus: —

I'm trying here to prevent anyone from saying the really silly thing that people often say about Him: "I'm ready to accept Jesus as a great moral teacher, but I don't accept His claim to be God." That's the one thing we mustn't say. A man who was merely a man and said the sort of things Jesus said wouldn't be a great moral teacher. He'd either be a lunatic — on a level with the man who says he's a poached egg — or else he'd be the Devil of Hell. You must make your choice. Either this man was, and is, the Son of God: or else a madman or something worse.

The doctrine of Original Sin occupies a prominent position in Lewis's theology. Man, he admits, re-

tains memories of original innocence, but his tendency is naturally toward evil. In *The Pilgrim's Regress* the fact of Original Sin is symbolized by a vast canyon called *Peccatum Adae* — a canyon so steep and wide that the pilgrim can reach the other side only by the supernatural aid of Mother Kirk. *The Problem of Pain* leans toward an almost fundamentalist literalness in its interpretation of the story of the Fall: —

We do not know how many of these creatures [men] God made, nor how long they continued in the Paradisal state. But sooner or later they fell. Someone or something whispered that they could become as gods — that they could cease directing their lives to their Creator. . . . They wanted, as we say, to "call their souls their own". . . . We have no idea in what particular act, or series of acts, the self-contradictory, impossible wish found expression. For all I can see, it might have concerned the literal eating of a fruit, but the question is of no consequence.

Lewis believes in a real Fall, and he also believes in a real Heaven and Hell. Hell, in particular, seems to have caused him philosophic (or perhaps emotional) difficulties. His books reveal a certain wavering in the way he looks at it. "There is no doctrine which I would more willingly remove from Christianity than this, if it lay within my power. But it has the full support of Scripture and, specially, of Our Lord's own words," he says in *The Problem of Pain*. The angel guide in *The Pilgrim's Regress* pictures Hell as God's last mercy to lost souls which will accept no other favor: a means of halting what would otherwise be the endless propagation of evil — "a tourniquet on the wound through which the lost soul else would bleed to a death she never reached."

The Problem of Pain grapples directly, if reluctantly, with the idea of retribution. Lewis depicts a man who has led a completely self-centered, but also completely successful, life, and asks: "Can you really desire that such a man, *remaining what he is* (and he must be able to do that if he has free will) should be confirmed forever in his present happiness — should continue, for all eternity, to be perfectly convinced that the laugh is on his side?" Lewis then goes on to say that he has described the theory of retribution first because it is the most repellent form of the doctrine of Hell, but that any Christian is at liberty to regard Hell not as a sentence imposed on an evil man but as "the mere fact of being what he is . . . to live wholly in the self and to make the best of what he finds there. And what he finds there is Hell." It is this latter view which is developed with remarkable poignancy in *The Great Divorce*.

Hell is more than a swearword to Lewis, and so is the Devil. *The Screwtape Letters* imaginatively depict the hierarchy of Hell, with its lord the Devil and its vast bureaucracy of demons, some of whom are sent to the Earth to tempt individual persons or launch intellectual and emotional trends favorable to the purposes of Hell. *The Case for Christianity*

describes the Earth as "enemy-occupied territory," and Lewis adds:—

I know someone will ask me, "Do you really mean, at this time of day, to re-introduce our old friend the devil—hoofs and horns and all?" Well, what the time of day has to do with it I don't know. And I'm not particular about the hoofs and horns. But in other respects my answer is, "Yes, I do."

It is clear, then, that Lewis, no matter how novel his methods of presentation, has set out to win over the public to a highly orthodox brand of Christianity. His ten books might be looked upon as a serialized commentary on the Apostles' Creed.

5

SO FAR I have spoken of the strictly theological side of Lewis's writings. But there is another aspect that is worth looking at, for it suggests the way he applies Christianity to the understanding of the universe.

Lewis is fond of talking about "intellectual climates." His hero, Ransom, as he travels in the space-ship to Mars, muses on how his thinking has been dominated by "the mythology that follows in the wake of science":—

He had read of "Space": at the back of his thinking for years had lurked the dismal fancy of the black, cold vacuity, the utter deadness, which was supposed to separate the worlds. He had not known how much it affected him till now—now that the very name "Space" seemed a blasphemous libel for this empyrean ocean of radiance in which they swam. He could not call it "dead"; he felt life pouring into him from it every moment . . . he saw now that it was the womb of the worlds . . . No: Space was the wrong name. Older thinkers had been wiser when they named it simply the heavens . . .

When Ransom arrives on Mars he expects to find super-intelligent and unspeakably fiendish monsters of the sort depicted in most interplanetary fiction, but instead he is received into a world of brotherly love, all the members of which worship the one God.

When Ransom goes to Venus he sees many sights that suggest scenes from classical mythology, and he learns that the strange mixture of beauty and grossness found in all mythologies has an explanation: the whole universe is a vast whispering gallery, and in a distorted way the creators of legends know what exists on other planets.

While the heroine of *That Hideous Strength* is busy preparing a room for the use of her maid and the maid's husband (who has just been released from prison) the house is invaded by a troop of merry gnome-like little men wearing red caps and tassels, and a sort of goddess of the marriage bed comes in bearing a torch which makes flowers grow from whatever the flame touches.

The universe of C. S. Lewis is one in which the border line between the natural and the supernatural

or legendary is so shadowy as to have little meaning. Truth floats about in the air, so to speak, and various fragments of it are picked up in the form of fables and old wives' tales.

It is not, however, a universe in which one can sit down comfortably and assume that everything will be all right. Nothing as we know it is permanent; some day Maleldil will return to the Earth, and the Earth and its inhabitants will be transformed in a way we cannot foresee. And meanwhile, anyone may be summoned by the *eldila* at any time to fight the forces of darkness on distant planets.

If one of Lewis's Martians paid the Earth a return visit he would no doubt be puzzled by the contradictory intellectual currents he would observe in Europe and America. He would find, in America at least, that the gospel of Optimism, Gradual Progress, and Science-will-lead-the-way-to-Utopia is still in the ascendancy, despite two world wars and the A-bomb. He would notice, however, that the more advanced thinkers are beginning to have their doubts about inevitable progress. Some believe that a few strong shoves are needed to bring in the scientific Utopia—these are the collectivists and statists of various kinds. Still other thinkers wonder whether the problem may not lie inside each person. Much vague talk of the need for a religion is in the air.

The importance of Lewis lies in this: he is one of the few Christian apologists who can both write simply and at the same time avoid infuriating the more sophisticated readers by a pulpit vocabulary or the Sunday school flavor of piety. His most popular rival is perhaps Dorothy Sayers, who turned aside from detective stories long enough to write her outstanding interpretation of the Trinity, *The Mind of the Maker*, and who more recently has exerted a considerable influence in England through her cycle of radio dramas, *The Man Born to Be King*. Lewis bridges the gap between the low-brows and the high-brows. And he is a multiple-threat apologist: if he can't lead you to the baptismal font by outright argument, he'll use satire and irony; and if that doesn't work, he'll write fables and allegories to catch you off guard.

The uncompromising and dogmatic Christianity that Lewis offers to the public has considerably more appeal than it would have had a few decades ago. It is interesting that Lewis's reputation has spread largely by word of mouth. One reader "discovers" him, and passes along the tidings to his friends. Disillusionment with the sweet reasonableness of secularism leads men to crave, not the sweet reasonableness of modernist Christianity, but the rock-bound certainties of Lewis's highly traditional faith. And Lewis's morose suspicions of the worship of science seem less blasphemous today, since scientism is so intimately tied in with the religion of Progress that the two rise and fall together.

If Christianity revives in England and America, the odds are that it may bear strong traces of the Gospel according to C. S. Lewis.

THE STENDHAL REVIVAL

by MATTHEW JOSEPHSON

I

THE first centenary since the death of Stendhal in Paris, March 23, 1842, came and passed off quietly in a season when France, four years ago, seemed crushed in defeat and moral confusion. For, how could men have stomach for such civilizing activities as the commemoration of a long-dead author — at such a time? And yet Stendhal, despite the absence of ceremony, was alive in men's minds: far from being neglected, he was actually enjoying another of his recurrent revivals before his posthumous public.

It is significant, also, that this latest revival gathered force during those very dark years of the German occupation, between 1940 and 1944, when so many young men were being drawn into the desperate Resistance movement against the Nazis and their French caretakers.

"Our young writers have made a cult of Stendhal and of Julien Sorel," I was told late in 1944 by a French author who came here on a mission of war. Julien Sorel, the principal figure of *The Red and the Black*, is of course the embodiment of Stendhalian dissent as practiced in the gloomy time of the Bourbon restoration, after Waterloo. With France once more conquered and invaded, men read Stendhal's books again with a secret fervor, as if to draw from him those lessons in moral resistance which he had once taught with so much wit. For who could tell what "Papa" Pétain and his informers would think of those who read an author so subversive? Though he was a hundred years dead, the name of Stendhal was still a challenge.

The history of his posthumous reputation is in itself a singular thing. Like Blake, Melville, and the later Samuel Butler, he was not honored by the public of his own time — only to be resurrected a full two generations after his death, as a lost genius, an unknown Voltaire, at last restored to glory.

It was one day in 1890 that the lively ghost called Stendhal, — whose real name was Henri Beyle, — muttering characteristic aphorisms, emerged from

his grave in the cellars of the old Bibliothèque Publique of Grenoble, his native city. There, the most important part of his writings, in the opinion of modern devotees, his voluminous private and autobiographical papers, had lain hidden for almost half a century, because they were held too godless and scandalizing to be read by his contemporaries.

To be sure, his two complete novels, *The Red and the Black* and *The Charterhouse of Parma*, had been more or less available (though often out of print) to the "happy few" to whom he knowingly addressed them. One of these few, Balzac, had sung his praises in vain. Later Taine, in the 1860's, strove to make him more widely known. Yet it was the appearance of Stendhal's unpublished papers, during the 1890's, that gave the signal for a tremendous revival that brought to his forgotten novels literally hundreds of thousands of readers in many lands. The diffusion of knowledge about his complex personality was highly necessary for the understanding of his novels and essays.

Soon his letters, journals, and memoirs, in editions of a dozen volumes or more, were being preferred by modern readers to his other writings. They appeared as the truthful record, without rhetoric or pretension, of a man of singular intellectual honesty; and in their light, his novels appeared all the more authentic and consistent. Even the fragment of his autobiography, *Henri Brulard*, a brief chronicle of his boyhood and youth, appealed to those who could now read it as a unique psychological document, the most unsparingly candid memoirs written since Rousseau's *Confessions*. But more impressive still was the air of modernity that attached to almost everything he wrote.

It is with a constant feeling of surprise that one recollects that he was born during the later years of Louis XVI's reign and died shortly after Queen Victoria's regime began. How, we wonder, could Stendhal have held so many ideas and convictions that we consider peculiarly the property of our own twentieth century? How could he have known — though writing more than a hundred years ago — about Suppressed Desires, or the Father Complex, as demonstrated in his memoirs and novels? Or how could he have spoken in such modern accents on

In addition to such books as *The Robber Barons* and *The President Makers*, MATTHEW JOSEPHSON has written biographies of Rousseau, Zola, and Hugo. His most recent study in the field of French literature is a large work on Stendhal, which Doubleday will publish this month.

power politics, sex, religion, history, art, and all the subjects that most absorb us today?

He had once walked the streets of an Italian city with Lord Byron, who enjoyed his talk. But it was in the ranks of the great social realists who appeared at the end of the last century that he naturally seemed to take his place. As early as 1819 (in his "Treatise on Love"), he wrote on domestic questions, and especially the sex problem, in the terms of some future Ibsen or Strindberg. "Prudery," he said, "is a form of avarice, and the lowest of all."

An enthusiastic feminist long before Bernard Shaw was born, he urged that women should be taught mathematics and science "like men"; also that they be liberated from marriages of money or convenience, arranged by their parents and sanctified by "three words uttered in a church." For, to a young girl, relations "with a man she has seen perhaps twice in her life involve a much greater violation of modesty . . . than yielding herself to a lover she has adored for two years."

2

If Stendhal is now regarded as one of the most prophetic of novelists, and master of the novel of ideas, he was at all events no pedant ripened amid the dust of libraries, but an enemy to solemn dullness. His claims to eminence as a moral philosopher are serious enough; but surely he was one of that breed of philosophers we tend to call "intoxicated," because they seem forever drunk with the wine of life.

From the time of his youth the study of human nature, "the observation of the human heart and its passions," was his constant preoccupation. But where could he study the passions better than in himself? Though he lived exuberantly, submitting himself to experience with an abandon that few men of letters have really relished, he went on incessantly writing down everything that happened to him just as it happened.

He had been so imbued with the eighteenth-century spirit of scientific curiosity that he was even led to perform some remarkable experiments upon himself — always in pursuit of light upon human morals. That which he had witnessed or experienced was then set forth with a sober accuracy designed to correct all tendency to romantic exaggeration. The more horrid his confessions, the more he blushed inwardly at human frailty demonstrated in himself, the more unsparingly he wrote; for he possessed, as Nietzsche said in after years, "the psychologist's eye," and was perhaps truly, as Nietzsche added, "the last of the great French moralists."

No author ever told us more about himself than Stendhal, and yet none was ever more difficult to know. For he lived under many different masks. At various times he laid claim to having been a soldier, a man of fortune, a great lover, a society wit, a diplomat, a traveler, and even, sometimes, a revolu-

tionary conspirator. (There was some truth in all these claims.) In his day he acquired a passing reputation as an "immoral philosopher" and rather enjoyed that. He posed, and he travestied his own poses. He also loved to conceal his own identity — as if he felt himself forever hunted by the secret police or threatened by the censors — under scores of different pseudonyms. Christened, in plain French, Marie Henri Beyle, he called himself "Baron de Stendhal," or "Henri Brulard," or "Dominique," or "César Bombet," but most often "Stendhal," the name which he has made immortal.

He believed there was such a thing as an "art of life," and busied himself devising various "systems" for the pursuit of happiness which, like the Encyclopedists, he conceived as man's prime object. Therefore he mentally reviewed almost every act of his life, whether at a salon gathering or in the transports of love, in order to learn what lessons analysis and reflection might afford.

One tenet of his system required that he must be constantly in love or falling out of love, so that pursuit of a series of mistresses became his main business in life — "and *after* them came my books." Fat, red-faced, rather fierce-looking, he dressed always in the height of fashion, like one of the Incrédibles of Directoire times. His counsel for the campaigns of love was: "Attack, attack, attack!" He would say, "What does it matter if we experience nineteen humiliations or rebuffs, if on the twentieth trial our efforts are crowned with success?" And yet he was no Casanova with a single-track mind; for not pure act but the sufferings or modulations of his sensibility were virtually the end-object of adventures, so often comic or unhappy, so often misadventures.

Another article of his faith stressed cosmopolitan culture and the enjoyments of travel, even though by creaking diligence on bandit-infested roads. To know only one's own country was not enough. "One must not fall asleep with his mind. . . . One must shake off the yoke of life." Thus he played the Good European long before that role was widely appreciated. A typical Frenchman by birth, he lampooned the ways of his countrymen, preferred to live in Italy, and assumed a Teutonic *nom de plume*, though he cared little for Germany.

Since public glory did not fall to him, either in a political role (which he would have enjoyed) or as a successful author, he renounced it, though not without regret, being human. "The approval of others is a certificate of resemblance," he remarked. Instead of seeking to please others, he cultivated his originality at all costs, and I may say, his singularities. But there was more than pose in this attitude. Instinctively he perceived that to convert his product, during those reactionary times, into something politically and commercially salable would lower its ultimate value. Therefore he wrote but to please or distract himself, "as one smokes a cigar," and clung to his unpublished manuscripts, with all their orig-

inal inventions and secrets, much as the owner of some new device of science dreads to part with it in making it public property.

Nevertheless Stendhal clearly prophesied his own posthumous success, for he wrote repeatedly in his journals, "I shall be read only in 1880, or 1900." Sometimes the date was set later, "Literary fame is a lottery. I have taken out a ticket marked 1935." Often, in his solitude, he addressed himself directly to posterity — "Oh, reader of 1900" — as if appealing to it over the heads of the public of his own time. Thus he actually pursued "a policy of immortality," as Paul Valéry has said; and with good reason. He felt himself distinctly a man of transition, one of a "lost generation," as we say nowadays, trapped between two great swings, forward and backward, of the historical pendulum.

3

BORN in 1783, as a son of the old provincial *bourgeoisie*, he had suffered the loss of his mother in childhood, then felt himself stifled by the pious hypocrisy and constraints of his home and family, dominated by his father, a devout royalist of the old school, for whom he conceived a lasting hatred. The coming of the great French Revolution liberated him in the broadest sense; it deeply molded his youthful mind; it permitted him freedom to escape his severe parent and course about the world in search of a career worthy of his talents. Believing in the Goddess of Reason, as in equality and liberty, he had willingly gone to fight in the armies of the Republic and of the young Napoleon, who had arisen as the "liberator" of Europe.

"I thirsted to witness great events," Stendhal tells us. He saw the collapse of thrones; the fall of great capitals, Milan, Vienna, and Berlin; the burning of Moscow — "the most beautiful incendiarism in all the world." He knew moments of worldly success, but also a constant, poignant sense of disillusionment. Were all Napoleon's victories worth as much as one opera by Cimarosa or Mozart, he asked himself, during the voyage to Russia.

Then, on the morrow of Waterloo, the restoration of the *ancien régime*, embodied in legitimate throne and altar, made a turning point in his own career as an Imperial officeholder. Fervent Jacobin that he was, liberal in politics, materialist in religion, it seemed to him that the imposition of Bourbon rule in France by means of foreign conquerors was a return to the Dark Ages. The long reign of Prince Metternich over Europe had begun and with it, as Stendhal conceived, a time of "black reaction," directed by secret police and Jesuit priests who now looked to the education of the people but yesterday so allured by freedom.

Other writers chose conformity; they imitated Chateaubriand, the romantic Catholic, and other apologists of ultra-royalism. They wrote for a con-

trolled and censored press. Stendhal continued to believe in the teachings of his eighteenth-century *Philosophes*, the expounders of rational and democratic ideas, who were now being discarded as "old-fashioned." In the Restoration years, he too was often treated as a belated reveler, belonging to the time of Diderot and Condorcet. Yet he clung stubbornly to his convictions that the recurrence of political absolutism (paralleling that of Fascism in our own century) would be limited in time; that further social upheavals impended; that the drives of common men toward self-improvement, directed by reason, scientific method, and humane ideas, would in the long run shape the future, and not the dogmas of authoritarians and obscurantists.

In fifty or a hundred years all that his contemporaries were saying and writing — so much "right-thinking" cant and nonsense, conceived to appease the censor or win favor from the King's Ministers — would be forgotten in the rubbish heap of history. Stendhal steered his own course away from fashionable or authorized modes of thought. Almost single-handed he carried on a Resistance movement of his own, in a sort of intellectual Underground of his own, read by few men, yet saying to himself, "I write what *I myself* think and not what *they* think." For years he chose "exile" in Italy, until, expelled by the Austrian police, he returned to live as an "exile" in France.

Steadfastly he protested at his times, holding that they, and not he, were out of key with realities. It was also in accord with his role as an eternal dissenter that he proceeded to break with all the rules of style and literary form then enjoying credit, and to write novels severely condemned by the men of the Romantic school. To vex the Academicians he had helped launch Romanticism in France, then quickly deserted it. His pioneering in the social novel was ill regarded; his overweening interest in the psychological analysis of the human passions, his picture of the modern ego in revolt against society, embodied in *The Red and the Black*, was held unpleasant, subversive, and immoral — though later generations would take a wholly different view of the case, discovering in him one of the great precursors of modern psychology.

The Red and the Black is still strong meat to most readers. At the period when the contemporary lords of language were writing imitations of Scott's antiquarian romances, — in order to beguile the public, as Stendhal believed, — he set out to write "a chronicle of the nineteenth century." That is the subtitle of his novel.

He saw more clearly than others that, despite Metternich's absolute princes, all costumed in the genteel tradition, the new century was to become an affair of coal and iron; it was to be given over to the naked struggles of individuals and classes for power; landmarks of social morality and religious faith were to be engulfed. Aroused by education and the new opportunities they beheld, men of the lower orders

would go trampling each other, in great hurrying throngs, along the stairways of that invisible "escalator" that carried some upward to power and wealth, and others downward to their ruin.

Stendhal, long before Nietzsche, attempted to present a transvaluation of moral values: "I have been ambitious, I have followed the [real] morals of my time," cries Julien Sorel, the "rebellious plebeian," in recapitulation. This is the significance of the drama of a peasant's son who has gained an education and climbed to the heights of society. In other days, under the Republic or Napoleon, he would have worn the red uniform of a soldier and sought glory; now it is the black cassock of the priest that he chooses as a way to power and without religious faith. But with a slight change of costume, Stendhal's study of the tactics of power, done with such extraordinary finesse, applies perfectly to our own day.

Julien Sorel is a *possible* version of Stendhal himself; he is, on the one hand, a brilliant *raisonneur*, coldly analyzing each maneuver in the contest for power, or each ruse practiced in a love affair that must further ambition; on the other hand, he can terminate his introspections and become a man of energy and will, equal even to crime. For Stendhal, under the shadow of Napoleon and of the leaders of the French Revolution, was obsessed by the concept of human will, as the philosophers who came after him, from Schopenhauer to Bergson, were to be obsessed by it.

What is the secret of this novel's art? The principal characters, as in his other novels, are superior types — superior in wit and sensibility. But, while being primarily a novel of ideas, *The Red and the Black* communicates effects of truth and "realism" with an intensity approached only by later novelists of psychological genius such as Dostoevski. Stendhal, moreover, writes with a restraint suggesting the classical authors he esteemed. In comparing his method to Balzac's we find that the author of the *Comédie Humaine*, like Flaubert later, saw his characters always in the ensemble of their physical setting; their homes, their clothing, their appearance, were all described with a painter's eye, and by a predominantly sensuous method.

Stendhal, using only the most frugal descriptions, locates or fixes his characters within the pattern of their mental habits, observed by an analytical, rather than a sensuous, process. He peers beneath the surface; his lifelong disposition to be a scientific observer has taught him what there is inside people that makes them different from one another. Hence even his exceptional or superior characters, like Julien, appear consistent, credible, alive; also many-sided, in contrast with Balzac's simpler "beasts of prey," with their single appetites for money or sex. For, even the subconscious reveries of Stendhal's characters are set forth in richest detail. It is on this side that he has made his appeal to the greatest of modern authors, such as Marcel Proust, André Gide,

and the earlier James Joyce. His Julien Sorel was no more the romantic egoist of Rousseau or Byron, but truly *modern man*.

4

IT is one of Stendhal's chief claims to the admiration of later men that, while he waited for the end of the political and cultural night that seemed to have fallen over Europe during his lifetime, he retained his sanity, his love of life, his readiness to laugh at himself and at the world, to an uncommon degree. The mellow novel written in his late years, *The Charterhouse of Parma*, pictures for us "the art of happiness" as it might be pursued in an Italy that is really of the Renaissance, though placed in the nineteenth century. It is more nearly representative of his true temper, and to devoted Stendhalians surpasses his earlier work. Count Mosca, middle-aged lover, and prime minister of Parma, is both Machiavellian and humanist. We may safely assume that he is the carrier of Stendhal's moral and political beliefs in later years. And how the talk sparkles here! The learned Taine confessed that he had read this novel eighty-four times.

For Stendhal's satire at its best, as in this work, was expressed with an irony that was good-humored as well as subtle. Thus he defended his own individuality, his sensibility, his vision, by use of a whole "system" of satirical stratagems and concealments that are a marked feature of the Stendhalian wit. He does not say in so many words that the divine right of legitimate princes is founded on absurdities; instead he exhibits, as "passports," some statements that might be construed as favorable toward benevolent despots.

Meanwhile, in *The Charterhouse of Parma*, he gives us a most amusing picture of the education for life of a young Italian nobleman who has got into scrapes through his generous impulses and his sympathies with liberal ideas. Taken in hand by his protectors, he is ordered (1) to take a clever confessor; (2) to avoid "persons reputed to be intelligent"; (3) to pay court to one of the pretty women of the noble class, in order to show "that he does not have a somber and discontented cast of mind." For, he is assured, the qualities making for success, henceforth, are "lack of enthusiasm and want of cleverness."

His mentor goes on to say: "Believe or do not believe that which you are taught, but never offer any objections. Consider that you are learning the rules of a game like whist. Would you object to the rules of the game you are to play?"

Stendhal hints to us — in such double-meanings as may be used in writing under the eyes of despots and their censors — that life in this time of reaction had become a game, full of fraud; and success meant mastering the rules of the game.

Harmless in itself, Stendhal's indirection scarcely impugned his real honesty, yet it contributed to the strategy of resistance, as we may call it, that enabled

him to survive. This strategy that one follows between the lines was to bring deep comfort to men who read him in later times as war-weary and confused as his own. For he spoke with the wisdom and the stoicism of a man who was no dupe, who had seen the mutations of history and violent changes in his own personal fortunes, yet refused to despair, refused to believe that men would surrender their heritage of knowledge to become forever the unthinking victims of regimes of retrogression.

The recurrent revivals of Stendhal are certainly traceable to the parallels between his own situation and that of modern men. At the very height of the world's terror over a new despot, as in the time of Munich, one could find consolation in reading over again the letters and journals of this man of singular humor who had once served Napoleon at his court, and had marched in the terrible retreat of the Grande Armée from Moscow.

The young French writers of the Resistance movement often read him in prison; for did not Stendhal's heroes dwell in prisons at moments when it was the great good place for men who loved freedom and made a show of energy? Thus my friend Robert Desnos, whom I knew as a gifted young Stendhalian, was fated to die, in 1945, in a German concentration camp. Another, Jean Prévost, who had recently

completed one of the best critical studies of Stendhal, had fallen the year before, as an officer of the Maquis.

For those who hold that the teachings of Stendhal are but counsels of disillusionment, we must call to mind the closing chapter of *The Red and the Black*, with its account of the trial and sacrificial death of Julien Sorel. Offered the alternative of gaining his freedom by feigning a repentance he does not feel, or facing death at the guillotine, Julien rejects the course he holds shameful, exclaiming, "And what would become of me if I despised myself? . . . One has his duties in accordance with the range of his ideas."

Stendhal bears rereading in difficult times. M. Léon Blum, who is a most penetrating literary critic as well as a man of politics, was quite right in saying long ago that the habit of reading Stendhal "takes hold of one like a drug." A drug, one might add, stimulative and sedative at once. In America, as in Europe, I have met "Beylistes" who read at least a page of his work every day; such adepts form a curious international freemasonry bound together by no other secrets than those of the wit and philosophy of the master. One of these said to me recently, "I read him not as a dead author, but as an endlessly amusing and wise old friend who is always at my side."

THE ASSES OF ALFOXDEN

by HELEN BEVINGTON

"In the woods of Alfoxden I used to take great delight in noticing the habits, tricks, and physiognomy of asses."

— WORDSWORTH; Note to "Peter Bell"

FAIREST in the woodland passes
Were to him the little asses

Of Alfoxden, silvan creatures
Virtuous with donkey features,

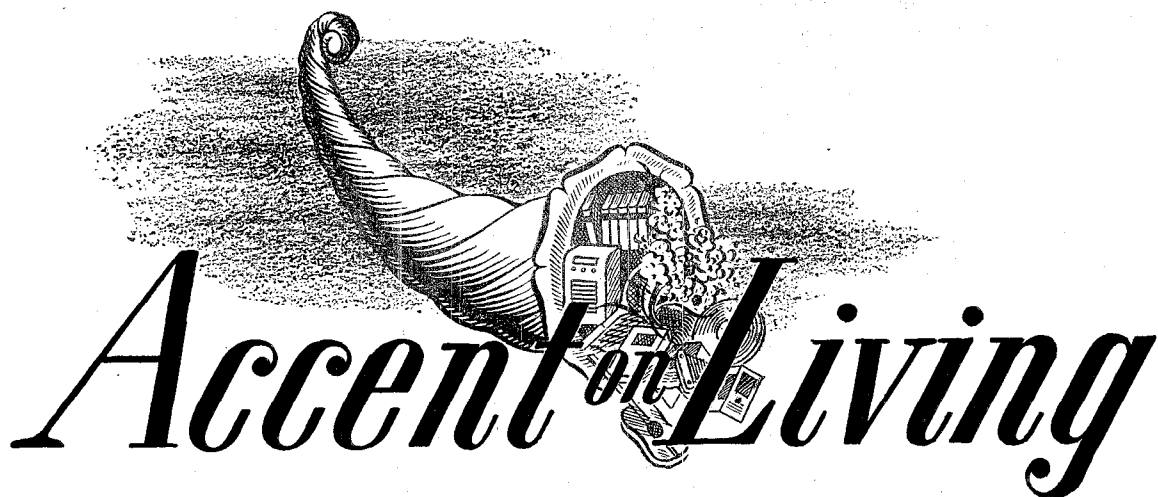
Frolicking with probably
The same old physiognomy,

The comic ears aslant the head,
Which for the poet pivoted,

Braying in common with their kind
The burble of a windy mind,

His inspiration and delight.
Nobody ever set him right.

A poet should not wander far
Where these Alfoxden asses are.



Accent on Living

This Month

We can hardly expect the tipping nuisance to disappear overnight as a consequence of Clyde Brion Davis's objections, which open up on the next page. But tipping is still on the increase, having already extended to such once proud journeymen of hire as Pullman conductors, hotel clerks, real-estate agents, garage mechanics, and house painters. Unless Clyde Davis is able to reverse the trend, we may yet be pressing quarters on subway guards, meter readers, and anesthetists. Husbands and wives will exchange gratuities, authors fling copiers to obsequious editors. It's later than we think.

The presence of Mr. Davis in *Accent on Living* gives us a chance to say something to the 160,000 *Atlantic* readers about his book *The Great American Novel*. Perhaps, at one stroke, we can diminish tipping in the United States and put into the mail to Mr. Davis's publisher (Rinehart) 160,000 orders for the book. (Whoever has already bought the book should add at least one extra copy for lending.)

Ironical writing, even in short forms, is scarce enough. Sustained successfully throughout a full-length novel, it is all but nonexistent. When one has counted off *Zuleika Dobson*, *Cakes and Ale*, and *The Late George Apley* from present-day authors, the Davis book seems almost the only candidate to complete the quartet. Its main character, a newspaperman who is telling the story, has the same genius for error as Thackeray's Barry Lyndon; but whereas Lyndon is a scoundrel, the Davis character is the arch-sap, mistaken in all that he thinks and does, yet resolute in his wrongheadedness every

inch of the way. The *Atlantic* of April, 1942, published a single chapter of this genre, "Portrait of a Professor," by Oscar Lewis, a brilliant unstuffing of an academic shirt, but few writers, sad to say, seem to try the ironical vein. We have no knowledge of the sales of *The Great American Novel* since it was first published in 1938, but the book will deserve a reading for a good many years to come. It is, incidentally, the most convincing novel about a newspaperman which we have ever read.

Our thanks go to Herbert Coggins (page 128) for

carrying out in print, with his burglar trap, a notion which must occur at one time or another to every householder. The burglari-ous events in our own experience have inspired in us not so much a sense of property loss as rage at the intrusion.

Robert Benchley once described a recurring day-dream, a courtroom scene in which, striving against the most formidable cross-examiner of them all, the witness

Benchley, unruffled but inexorable, would dazzle and destroy his adversary with a series of epigrammatic replies which even the court itself could not help admiring. There must be a bit of this yearning for success in a classic situation in our friend Coggins.

If Mr. Coggins prefers to catch them in a bag instead of cowing his burglars by sheer force of personality, or perhaps with a .30-40 held negligently in readiness (and at a safe distance), well and good. Opening the bag of a morning would naturally be interesting. We find here, in addition, the primitive satisfaction of the hunter as well as the defender



of the castle, the same high purpose with which we would snare the skunk in the henhouse or the mouse in the pantry. It seems to us that Mr. Coggins has come to grips with the very fundamentals of civilization.

Having decided long ago never to stand in line for anything, under any circumstance, we should like to distribute reprints of Howard Hayes's "Moon Cheese" (page 129) to all line-ups of freeborn Americans, whether for nylons, soap flakes, butter, or

bread. Standing in line is a cut below accepting tips. No quid can be worth that particular quo. Better bare legs or marmalade than the shuffling docility of the queue, the shameful confession of what one is willing to put up with in the pursuit of the un plentiful. When the nylon salesman is again ringing our doorbells and bonded bourbon is \$30 a case, let us reread "Moon Cheese" and recall the fleeting eminence gained by those who finally stood in line long enough.

C. W. M.



Tips

By CLYDE BRION DAVIS

WHEN I was a boy my father expressly forbade me to accept gratuities from anyone. He said, "You can do any kind of honest work for a stipulated wage and look your employer in the eye. You're as good as he is. But the minute you permit him to make you a gift of money, you've demeaned yourself and lost self-respect because you've made him your superior. No man tips his equal."

That advice took. I have done a good deal of menial work, but I never accepted a gratuity. Even though an offer may have been made with the kindest intentions, I inwardly resented it as an attempt to parade a superiority of caste or position which I was not ready to recognize.

Was that a silly piece of snobbery? Was it actuated by an innate sense of inferiority? Perhaps. But I don't think so. I think it is fundamental democracy straight down from Thomas Jefferson.

No man tips his equal. You don't tip your physician. You'd insult your neighbor if you offered him a cash

gratuity for some friendly service. When you, an American citizen, present a tip to another American citizen, you are tacitly proclaiming, "I am a noble lord generously scattering largess to subhuman serfs." The American citizen who accepts your gratuity is your political and legal equal and perhaps your moral and intellectual superior. But in accepting, he (tacitly at least) is pulling his forelock, fawning, and murmuring gratitude.

The tipping system is a relic of parasites in satin pants and servitors sleeping with the dogs on the rush-strewn kitchen floor. It's a relic of days when

only royalty and nobility had actual full-feathered souls; when the gentry, by courtesy of a kindly ruler, sometimes were allowed to develop rudimentary nubbins of immortality in return for extraordinary service to their liege lord; when the great mass of cloddish people slaved, hungered, shivered, and fought — so they were led to believe — only under sufferance and the munificence of the haughty.

That such nonsense should have survived in modern Europe, even, is surprising. That it should have been imported to America and allowed to flourish to its present proportions is practically a national disgrace.

A generation ago the "tipping nuisance" was a subject for cartoonists and wits in the humorous magazines. That nuisance now is out of the nuisance class. And it has ceased being funny. In order to gain any sort of service, the city dweller, especially in the East, is compelled to put out an increasing proportion of his income in tips. It is becoming virtually impossible for one to budget his living expenses.



One signs an apartment lease; and if he is sufficiently naïve, he might write down his rent as the cost of housing. But rent isn't quite all the cost of housing. If the tenant really wants decorating done, as provided in the lease, he'll slip the agent a substantial gratuity. He'll also, as a matter of course, make presents to the apartment superintendent and the engineer and the house mechanic to establish his family as worth-while people.

He'll tip and continue to tip at fairly regular intervals the person who carries away the garbage and trash. He'll hand a dollar or so to the elevator operators every time their servility shows signs of turning to surliness. That will mount in the course of a year because, if there are a dozen elevator operators in the building, they rotate so that he'll encounter all twelve. It's to their advantage to play musical

chairs with the various lifts, getting acquainted with every resident of the house.

If the tenant lives, for instance, on the tenth floor and the resident of the eighth floor has been more liberal with the particular operator who happens to be on duty, the tenth-floor tenant will wait before the door while the elevator rises to the eighth floor, stops, takes on the generous lord, and descends leisurely to the ground floor amid the exchange of patronizing pleasantries for obsequious platitudes. By the time the elevator reluctantly climbs back to the tenth floor the waiting tenant remembers that it has been several weeks since he handed a bank note to this house servant.

The city dweller travels constantly through a forest of outstretched palms. The waiter, the cab driver, the delivery man from the store which advertises free deliveries, the checkroom girls, the butcher's clerk (if you want specialties), the grocer's clerk (if you want service), the barber — virtually everyone who serves the city dweller expects not only the stipulated pay for the service but a gratuity.

My point is not, however, the expense and inconvenience to the donor. More often than not he gives either to gain special privileges or because he fears he will lose caste or be insulted if he does not. My point is the ridiculousness and the shame of obliging American citizens, working on full-time jobs, to adopt the degrading tactics of a mendicant in order to live.

The truth is, of course, that these people must have your tips to support themselves and their families. The truth is that their employers subtract a very optimistic estimate of an employee's annual tips from his annual wage. This practice, I submit, is preposterous, undemocratic, dishonest, destructive of human dignity, and thoroughly vicious.

I am not greatly concerned with the fortunes made in tips at night clubs and similar excrescences on the body of our civilization. I am concerned primarily with the tipping evil as it touches ordinary life.

Why do you tip your barber but not your dentist? The answer is plain.

Why do you tip the taxicab driver and not the bus operator?

Why, after a particularly good meal, do you tip the waiter liberally but not the chef, who, after all, is responsible for the meal's excellence?

When the jolly-good-fellowship of certain Sir Bountifuls began to be copied by patronizing show-offs who hoped they might be mistaken for Sir Bountifuls themselves, the practice of presenting



lagniappe to waiters and cab drivers became too common for the owners of cafés and cabs to overlook. They began to compute probable tips into minimum wages. Thus every taxi meter in America is a liar. A 75-cent fare means a dollar.

Who benefits? Probably nobody, and certainly not the driver. Competition between cab companies in major cities is so high that fares no doubt are as low as they could profitably be. But it is an unlovely system which requires a highly skilled, hard-working citizen to live on the usually grudgingly given charity of his customers. A gratuity, no matter how much it is expected, no matter how commonly given, in the last analysis is charity.

These conditions now hold in virtually every service trade. Except in some of the better clubs, waiters and waitresses practically live on alms.

The service charge seems to be one solution. If apartment house owners, under the present schedule of rents, are unable (which I do not believe for one moment) to pay their employees enough to take them out of the mendicant class, they should be straightforward and tack a service charge on their tenants' rent, distribute this money equitably among the employees, and definitely forbid these employees to accept gratuities from any of those ego-bloated residents who might seek to bribe their way to special privileges. If the laborer is worthy of his hire, why not pay him his due instead of issuing him a semi-official begging concession?

No one likes the tipping system except a few perfumed headwaiters and alcoholic climbers in café society. Why do not the unions, especially in the service trades, make a stand to retrieve the human dignity of their members? This is definitely a job for organized labor. And I believe that a concerted drive to wipe out the tipping evil, even by making taxi meters, menus, and other price schedules honest, would meet no public opposition.

Reunion

By FREDERICK W. BRANCH

I SHALL come back to walk these fields again
And smell warm earth fresh-furrowed by the plow,
Unseen by those who'll say they own them then,
Just as I say I am the owner now.
I shall come back to see if walls still stand
And how the little, seedling pines have grown,
What care is taken of the mowing land,
How full the well beneath its cap of stone.
I shall come back with others who have tilled
These same old fields and watched the corn grow tall,
Who know the fragrance of dim mows well filled
And wood smoke on a morning in the fall.
I can be sure that, on some future day,
I shall come back, because, no matter where
My worn-out body may be laid away,
The rest of me will be too homesick there.

The Burglar Trap

By HERBERT COGGINS

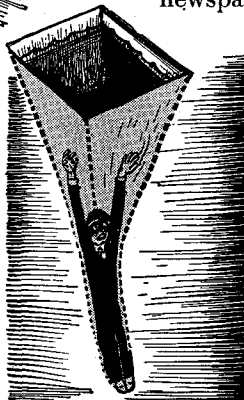
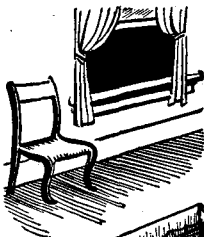
I WASN'T naturally drawn to crime as a hobby. But when I came home one evening and found that my bedroom window had been jimmied open and a fur coat and two suits were missing, I realized it was something that rated my personal attention. I phoned the police. Their painstaking survey confirmed my conclusion that there had been a robbery, and after some close questioning about my personal habits and occupation they deftly cleared me of all suspicion in connection with it. As they left they explained that sooner or later they always caught up with a burglar. I judged afterwards they didn't know at the time that this particular burglar had failed to leave his address with headquarters; for up to a recent inquiry they were still out of touch with him.

There and then I saw that the police method of dealing with crime was wrong. I would handle the case myself. I realized immediately that to pursue a burglar after the crime was ridiculous. We must deal with him ahead of time. In everyday matters we all know better. A housewife wouldn't think of trailing a mouse to recover the cheese.

So instead of trying blindly to follow the burglar I would trap him. My own house would be the hunting grounds. The trap was simple to the point of absurdity — merely a door in the floor like those of the melodramas of my youth, wherein the villain pushed a button and suddenly dropped the hero into the cellar. I had the door cut by an expert cabinet-maker who skillfully camouflaged the cracks in the parquet pattern. When not set for a burglar it could be bolted as solidly as the original floor. It faced the window but at a distance; there must be nothing to grasp on the way down.

Its only original feature was that, instead of dropping into a conventional dungeon or watery pit, the visitor merely slid into a funnel-shaped canvas bag, fitting so snugly that his arms were automatically trussed up above his head. He couldn't reach for a knife or a gun.

My first chance to try the invention was in late summer while the family were on vacation. As I look back now, I realize that I was successful because I approached the problem through the mind of the burglar himself. First of all, I thoughtfully lowered all the window shades of the house, giving notice that we were away and that the coast was clear. I dropped the upper half of the window opposite the trap a few inches to suggest oversight or a broken



catch. In the side yard I planted a small ladder and covered it carelessly with a painter's dropcloth, taking care that the end of the ladder was in plain view. On and around the cloth I set a number of old paint cans.

On the front porch I tossed a couple of folded newspapers and beside the back door I set a bottle of milk. To each of these I added one a day to record the family's absence. All in all the situation from the burglar's point of view was an act of Providence. In the meantime I made my headquarters in my sister's home a few blocks away.

Early each morning I hurried over to my house. On the fourth visit, to my excitement, I saw the ladder up and the window open. Instead of entering, I wisely phoned the police from a pay station and asked for a couple of plain-clothes men. I wanted to operate quietly, but no big-game hunt ever gave me the tremors with

which I led the two officers through the hall to the basement. As I expected, they were skeptical, but when I brought them to the squirming, bulging bag they grasped their revolvers and stood ready. I pulled down the heavy zipper and disgorged a sullen and chagrined burglar. As with one voice the officers hailed him by name like a long-lost and welcome acquaintance.

It is an understatement to say that headquarters was intrigued by my accomplishment. The chief was particularly coöperative. He and the two officers agreed with me that the value of my method lay in secrecy. One news story would not only deter hometown burglars, but would drive them to other cities, where, coping with the old police methods, they might thrive for years.

I volunteered my house for further experiment, for we decided that one trap could be made to service the entire city. It seems that burglars make careful surveys when they arrive in town. Our only problem, at the first sign of their presence, was to see that my house offered them the city's best opportunity.

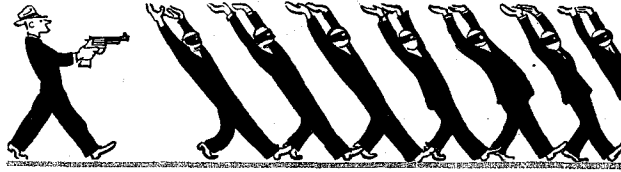
One successful experience after another soon showed that I had devised a very neat method of solving the burglary problem. But what gratified me most was the department's contention that the process was a positive deterrent for this type of crime.

A captured burglar usually admits that his is a poorly paid profession. For when, to his usual hours of work, there are added fairly regular stretches in the penitentiary, it is obvious that he gives a lot of unpaid overtime. What makes the calling attractive is his feeling of superiority over the people he robs and the police he outwits. So when he finds himself outwitted by a childish mechanical affair, as one of them said, "like a lousy coyote," it is painfully deflating.

In fact one of the men we caught, who happened

HERBERT COGGINS has been an ornithologist, grape picker, publisher, cement contractor, and stationer. He is now engaged in an automotive-parts and machine business in San Francisco.

to be mechanical, was so far diverted from his old life that he helped me develop and perfect my trap. It was he who invented the soundproof muffler with which we were finally forced to equip my invention. For the neighbors were beginning to complain to the police about the queer noises that came from my house at odd hours of the night. They didn't know — and we didn't want them to know — what it was. With few exceptions the men we caught showed positive symptoms of claustrophobia. The noise was the hysterical burglars yelling for the police.



Moon Cheese

By HOWARD HAYES

MAYBE you're too young, but do you remember the story of moon cheese? Anyone who lived through those great days can never forget it. Remember the universal thrill when the first of the rocket travelers (I mean those who didn't get killed) brought it back? Their pictures in their pressurized suits, plus the cheese in full color, were everywhere. Then the movie actresses and bathing beauties were shown nibbling it, the nutrition experts issued lengthy statements, and finally the President served the cheese in the White House at a very grand affair.

What a wild scramble there was to get hold of the first samples of that wonderful cheese! An amateur adventurer could pay for his lunar voyaging by bringing it back. I remember when a good solid block of pure "moon," say eight inches all three ways, could command, in New York, the price of the round trip. A tiny dab of it at any cocktail bar was good for ten dollars, and plenty of takers.

But as more of the cheese began to arrive, it was soon obvious that the whole bulk of the moon was not made of green cheese — even a low grade of green cheese. In fact the best cheese was hardly green at all, but was heavily streaked with pink and even purple. Most of the moon was made of a grayish stuff which was not of much consequence to anyone.

A native of Michigan, HOWARD HAYES has worked on newspapers in Detroit and Paris and now lives in New York. He is a frequent contributor to the *Atlantic*.

But there was really no disappointment. There was still plenty of good quality cheese if you were willing to go out and hunt for the best outcroppings. Of course it was pretty heavy work for the early ones, what with being dressed from head to foot in that clumsy oxygen suit. Yet enthusiasm ran high, the market seemed unlimited, and the future looked bright.

Then stock piles began to grow, speculation slowed down, adulteration reared its ugly head, and the moon cheese market was in danger of becoming stabilized. Besides, practically everybody by this time had tasted moon cheese, or said he had. Sophisticated people stopped scrambling to get it. Movie actresses and bathing beauties turned to other things. As a subject of conversation it had been pretty thoroughly worked over. Even the jokes about it by the radio comedians were showing a bit of mold.

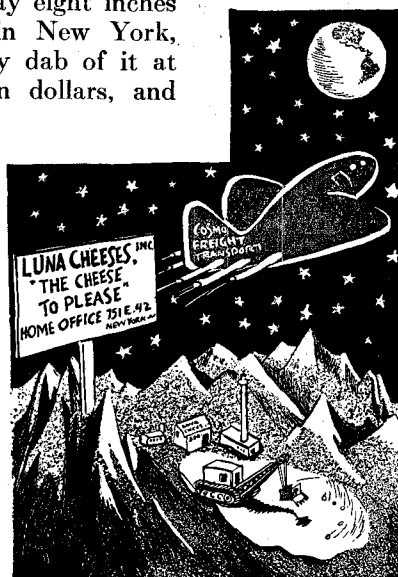
About this time the big dairy corporations took hold. Whereas, before, the cheese had been brought in only by sportsmen and other adventurers, who could always maintain a certain glamour about themselves, now the dairy outfits sent professional cheese-gatherers and even plain laborers to the moon. After that the discovery of a new deposit of moon cheese never ruffled the market at all and got no further than the business section of the papers.

As efficiency was improved and heavy mining equipment was brought in, production was stepped up and costs were reduced. The price of moon cheese came down to a point where school children could have a bit of it in their free lunches — in dilute, "processed" form of course. Still, the sharp, salty taste was there, and the small government subsidy involved was considered well worth the democratic morale-building that resulted. Every school child could now have his bit of moon cheese, just as the rich had had it at first.

In the end, however, it got so that moon cheese was pretty hard to sell. Regardless of the "out of this world" vitamins that the advertising engineers found in it, moon cheese became just another product to be seen on the shelves of your food store neatly packed in a little waxed carton. Any housewife could take it or leave it.

Just the other day I was in a restaurant with a friend of mine when the waiter came up and asked, "Will you have some moon cheese, sir? We've just received a private shipment. It's the very best. You should see its color —"

But my friend cut him short. "No, thanks," he said. "Just a piece of apple pie and coffee."



RADIO

No Laughing MatterBy **EDWIN O'CONNOR**

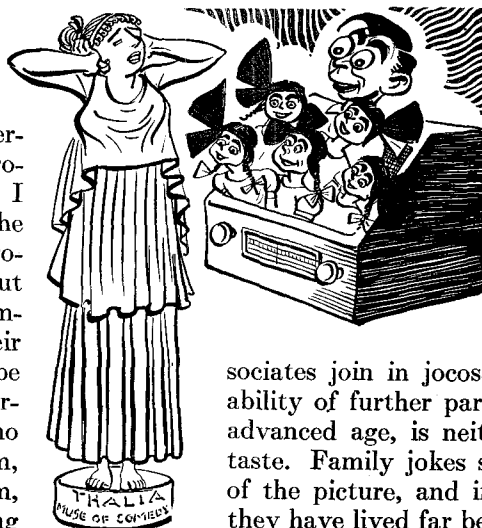
IN looking back over the considerable number of radio comedy programs presented in recent seasons, I have come to the conclusion that the characteristic quality of such a program is not its intrinsic hilarity, but rather its structure. While radio comedy shows may differ vastly in their over-all comic effects, they all subscribe faithfully to the same blueprint, an architectural pattern which admits of no ad-libbing. Briefly, a radio program, in order to be also a comedy program, must be shaped around the following skeleton:—

1. One orchestra, capable of playing "I Know That You Know" and "There's a Great Day Coming, Mañana."
2. One vocalist, male or female, primarily employed to sing "Aren't You Glad You're You?" but on holiday broadcasts allowed to experiment with "The Bells of St. Mary's" and "Trees."
3. One guest star, whose appearance, despite its having been advertised for a solid week, is always greeted with a proper mixture of joy and incredulity. Thus: "Why, Joan Bennett!" or "Look, it's Lauritz Melchior!"
4. One comedian.

This format for the radio comedy program is popular and efficient; were it not for the comedian, it would also be airtight. The comedian, poor fellow, is the Achilles heel of the arrangement. Seen against a backdrop woven of mechanically perfect orchestration, the unvarying pattern of song, and the infallible charm of the guest, he is all too often revealed as a creature of imperfection, full of human weaknesses, and capable of missing fire upon occasion.

First of all, it would seem to me that strange and wonderful rewards await the comedian who willingly would refrain from commenting on the miracle of procreation. The Eddie Cantor program is a case in point. Like many another American, I have been aware for some time that Eddie is not a bachelor. He has a wife named Ida, five daughters, and no sons. I have been listening to weekly bulletins on Ida and the five girl-babies for so long that there are actually moments when I feel that I too am a part of this familial scheme, when I have the strange feeling that, somehow, Eddie has adopted *me*.

These five-daughter jokes have increased in deadliness with the passing of each year. They are running jokes that have slowed down to a painful crawl, and should be put out of their misery at once. There has



always been a question in my mind whether there is anything amusing or even physiologically phenomenal about a comedian's siring five females; but certainly whatever humor there may once have been has long ago been beaten to jelly. Moreover, the most recent refinement upon this theme, in which Eddie and his associates join in jocose speculation about the probability of further parenthood, in view of the star's advanced age, is neither funny nor in the best of taste. Family jokes such as this can well pass out of the picture, and in passing stir no remorse, for they have lived far beyond their normal time.

This brings up the matter of the mortality of the average joke. I believe that the future is rich for the comedian bold enough to act upon the premise that, after all, there is something perishable about topical humor. A joke, like a human, is born to die, and the length of its life depends to a large extent on the care given it at birth. Yet, instead of treating a joke as the fragile thing it is, radio comedians rush it like so many terriers pouncing upon an especially juicy rat, and pass it around from mouth to mouth until the poor thing is no more than a lifeless shred of skin. A joke which is still in circulation two months after its official demise is a mournful object with nothing to recommend it.

As I recall it, during the past season burial ceremonies were unduly postponed for all bits of whimsy dealing with characters from the *Dick Tracy* comic strip and for the endless chain of moldy references to such film successes as *Mildred Pierce*, *The House on 92nd Street*, and *The Lost Weekend*. In addition, there were the perennial bouts of weary invective predicated upon the assumption that all insult is hilarious when directed against the scalp, the waistline, or the purse. Crosby is balding, Sinatra is skeletal, and Benny is a miser. These slender themes, all but helpless with age, continue to inspire a series of jibes which have all the impact and sparkle of a collapsing soufflé. It has been suggested that since radio is a family medium, more vigorous banter is prohibited. This is possible, although I have the feeling that such greetings as "Hello, Bulge!" and "What cooks, Zoot-Snoot?" accorded respectively to a man with a large midriff and one with a generous nose, perhaps do not represent wholesome, allowable epithet.

I think too that there would be both prayer and praise for the comedian who, while broadcasting from California, would forgo the use of all material of purely local significance. For the comedian who is also a Californian, this represents no casual accomplishment; his position is complicated by a burning loyalty to the golden land and a consequent suspicion of all humor rooted east of the Nevada line. He knows that if he broadcasts to fellow Californians,

A Rhode Islander who was graduated from the University of Notre Dame in 1939, EDWIN O'CONNOR served in the Coast Guard during the war and now lives in Boston. This is his second appearance in the *Atlantic*.

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REASON NUMBER SIX

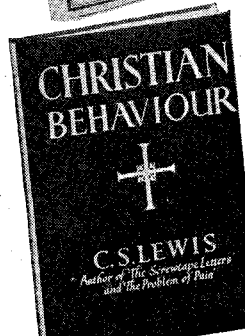
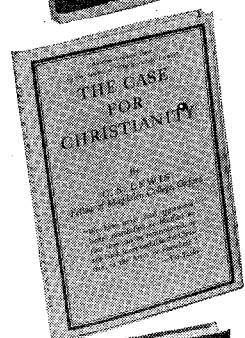
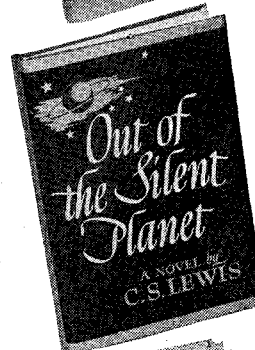
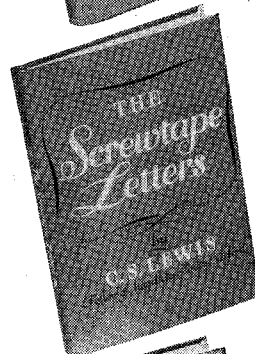
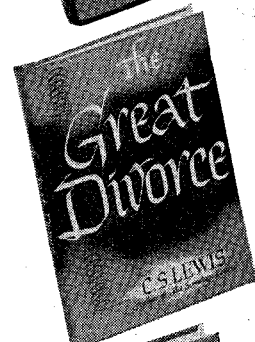
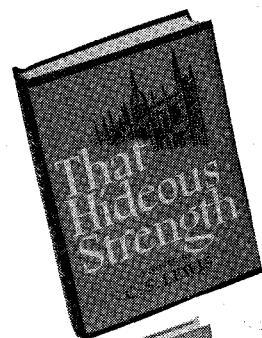
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he speaks to friends to whom the gift of laughter is second nature, and not to a horde of cynics who have been cooped up all winter by four-foot snows coming down from the Canadian border. If he broadcasts from San Luis Obispo it is of small matter to him that the mere mention of the Green Goose Café on West Hyacinth Boulevard is not a source of belly-busting joy to the listener in Montpelier, Vermont.

Bob Hope, in his broadcasts from the different colleges of California, developed localization to such a fine art that each program took on the quality of a private report to the Alumni Association. These broadcasts were stuffed with the names of college lunchrooms, off-campus saloons, popular and unpopular professors, women's residence halls, and undergraduate trysting places. The students who were assembled at the scene of the broadcasts greeted this intimate data with wild shouts of recognition and acclaim, while three thousand miles removed from the roistering the listener fumbled nervously with his fraternity pin and wished to God that he had had the good sense to go to school somewhere west of the Rocky Mountains. At least he could have kept in touch with the old school by radio.

Also, there would be no disaffection, I think, if a handful of comedians could be persuaded to abandon their comic efforts altogether, in favor of some form of employment more congenial to them. Rudy Vallee, for one. Rudy's program interests me only because I suspect that it is being written by my dentist. Rudy denies this, and my dentist sputters with fury at the very suggestion, but the program's style gives the whole thing away. It has just the sort of humor that my dentist is at home with, a humor that flows ceaselessly from a man who has spent the greater part of his adult years in converse with the partially anesthetized. For the benefit of the morbidly curious, I advance a few samples of the kind of thing my dentist does best, all winnowed from the opening moments of a typical night at Villa Vallee. The "Pinky" indicated herein is Rudy's partner, not alone for these triumphant jests, but for the duration of the whole unhappy program:—

RUDY: How much is one rabbit and one rabbit?

PINKY: Two — but not for long!

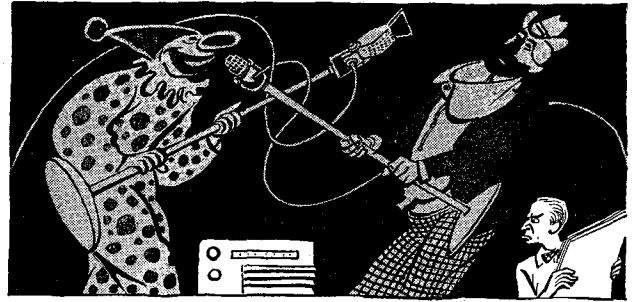
RUDY: You should always carry on with grace and finesse.

PINKY: I tried to, but Grace left town, and Finesse married a sailor.

RUDY: Do you know Walter Wanger?

PINKY: No — but I know his brother, the Lone Wanger!

This is minor league Abbott and Costello, if there is such a thing. Moreover, while this raw material is ever present in its unsophisticated awfulness, matters are not aided by Rudy's comedy delivery, which consists principally of clearing his throat apologetically after lines of special point. As I see it, the only solution lies in Rudy's giving my dentist his release,



converting the program into one of saxophone and song, and threatening all participants, not forgetting himself, with immediate destruction at the first attempt to reach for a laugh.

Finally, and above all else, I hope to see the day when Fred Allen decides to consign his present program to limbo, and to strike out on his own. For here is one of the first comic talents of our time smothered by the crazy canvas of the formula strait jacket. Fred Allen is the spiritual affiliate of Ring Lardner and Finley Peter Dunne, not of Hildegard and Red Skelton, and his astringent gifts are in odd contrast to high-octane orchestration and the uncertain performances of many of his guests. Even within the limits of his current format, Allen produces, week in and week out, a funny and well-written show. If ever he took it into his head to rid himself of the attendant chrome and whipped cream, the result would be a treat for many a listener, and radio would be enriched by its first satirist of adult proportions, a man with a civilized mind and an unequalled sense of comedy.

Gathering Windfalls

By JOYCE HORNER

THESE early apples are small this year,
Imperfect things, you'd say they were
Poor pearls to plunge for in orchard grass;
They hide under the fret and lace
Of weed and wildflower, lost they lie
Where the hand finds them before the eye
Or feet come suddenly on round
Green pebbles, half-buried underground —
You'd think they'd grown and ripened there,
Apples of earth instead of air.
And some are worm-eaten, bird-bitten,
Pitted and pocked and storm-smitten;
You'd say they were not worth the taking,
The time and sweat and back-breaking.
But your dog laughs, for in his eyes
An apple orchard is paradise.
He has the morning, he has the sun
And the high grass where he can run
Miles after a wormy apple,
Lose it and lose himself in the dappled
Cool ocean of under tree,
Up to the neck in ecstasy.

THEATER

Conversation Piece

By RUSSELL MALONEY

Tickets

A theater box office. Three ladies approach. The box-office man, or treasurer, shudders. He turns his back and, purely to gain time, shuffles next week's tickets and sorts them out again. He clutches his coat somewhere in the region of his ulcer, then turns and speaks:—

"Yes, ladies?"

"How much are the tickets?"

"What kind of tickets, Madam?"

"Tickets for a week from Wednesday."

"Where do you want to sit, Madam — orchestra or balcony?"

"Well, how much are they?"

"Orchestra seats are four-eighty. Balcony seats are —"

"Ooh, Gloria, he says four-eighty!"

"Agnes, Josephine says they're four-eighty."

"Well, ask the man if they've got anything cheaper."

"Josephine, Agnes says ask the man if he's got anything cheaper."

"Have you got anything cheaper?"

"First balcony — three-sixty. When do you want them, matinee or evening?"

"Matinee."

"Here you are, Madam — three in the tenth row of the balcony for the matinee, a week from Wednesday. That'll be ten-eighty."

"But we want *five* seats. Grace and Marion are coming, too."

"I haven't got five together. I can give you these three, and another pair in the twelfth row on the side."

"Go ahead and take them, Josephine. I and Gloria will sit on the side."

"That's no fair, Agnes. I'll sit with Gloria on the side."

"Why don't we try and get five together? — *Haven't* you got five together?"

"Not for that performance."

"Ask him what about the orchestra, Josephine."

"What about the orchestra?"

"I can give you four in the fourteenth row, and one directly behind, in the fifteenth row."

"Well, how far back is that?"

"Fourteen rows, Madam."

"How much are *those* seats?"



"Twenty-four dollars for the five, Madam."

"Goodness!"

"Ask him if he has five together some other time, Josephine."

"Have you got five together some other time an evening?"

"When do you want them?"

"Well, when have you *got* them?"

"Three weeks from next Monday — four weeks from next Thursday — three weeks from this Friday —"

"How does that sound, girls?"

"Let's make it three weeks from Friday, shall we?"

"All righty, three weeks from Friday — but wait a minute, that comes on a *Friday*! And I can't get away because the bridge club breaks up so late that I could never get Fred's dinner and get away on time —"

"Grace said anything but Monday."

"Marion said anything but Thursday."

"Goodness, I forgot all about Grace and Marion! Somebody call them up right away — I'll keep our place in line. And Agnes — oh-hoo, Agnes!"

"Yes?"

"Ask them if they're really sure they want to see *this* show. Maybe we could do better somewhere else."

Friends

A leading lady's dressing room. The leading lady, wearing a kimono and full stage make-up, has just seated herself before her mirror to clean her face. There is a knock at the door. The leading lady looks round, sees that her maid is absent, and speaks:—

"Who is it?"

"Clarissa?"

"Yes, who is it?"

"May we come in, Clarissa?"

"Who is it?"

A party of four, two men and two women, files in. During the ensuing scene neither of the men speaks, though they both occasionally clear their throats in a rather sociable way.

"Dear Clarissa, we *really* shouldn't be here —"

"Oh, that's quite all —"

"We should be over at the Astor for cocktails this *minute*, but — Oh, I'm sorry! Clarissa, this is Mr. and Mrs. Mumble, and *this* is my own John."

"How do you do?"

"I'm not sure I ought to trust John here, with a real, live actress. Ah-ha-ha-ha!"

"Ah-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!"

"Well! . . ."

"Well! . . ."

"Go right ahead and finish your face, Clarissa."



This is the fifth in a series of theater notes from New York by RUSSELL MALONEY.

"Oh, no."

"Barbara Mumble owes me a quarter, Clarissa. She bet me I *didn't* know you. So you can just hand over that quarter, Barbara."

"We never *bet* — not really. I just said —"

"Well, if we *had* bet, you'd owe me a quarter."

"Well, we *didn't*. Ah-ha-ha-ha."

"Ah-ha-ha-ha."

"I think I *will* take my face off, if you really don't mind."

"Oh, no."

"Look, Barbara, this is that negligee she wears when her father-in-law comes in and finds her writing the letter."

"It isn't her father-in-law, it's her uncle."

"Not that finds her writing the letter."

"Yes it is too, because he says —"

"Clarissa, it *is* your father-in-law, isn't it?"

"What?"

"It *is* your father-in-law that finds you writing the letter, isn't it? When you're wearing this negligee?"

"Yes."

"See? That's *another* quarter you owe me."

"We didn't bet."

"Well, if we *had* bet you would."

"But we didn't."

"Ah-ha-ha-ha-ha."

"Ah-ha-ha-ha-ha."

"Clarissa?"

"Yes?"

"Barbara and the boys just *loved* the show. They really did."

"Well, thank you very —"

"Who's going to do your part when they make it into a movie?"

"I don't think they've decided yet."

"Then it isn't Claudette Colbert?"

"Not that I know of."

"There, Barbara, that's another quarter you owe me."

"But we didn't bet — not really."

"But if we *had* —"

Critic

SCENE: The study of a drama critic, one of the weekly or monthly kind, who has a chance to see what the newspaper reviewers say about a play and then, in his review, rises superior to it. He is writing and communing with himself simultaneously, like an O'Neill character.

Grady's Dilemma, in spite of anything I may say about it, will probably run forever at the Foon Theater. (*Nice going, pal. You already got 'em looking over their shoulders. It's going to run forever, but you're too smart to like it.*) Bert Fooster will no doubt be surprised to find that he has a hit on his hands (*that will show Fooster what I think of him*) but it was inevitable, I guess, plays about young love being



practically foolproof (*neat little thrust, if Fooster is smart enough to get it*). However, in a season which has to date offered nothing but *Rims*, *Fifteen Love*, and the Rodgers and Hammerstein musical version of *Faust*, it may, perhaps, look better than it really is, which would not, after all, be saying a great deal. (*It runs, it doesn't run, or it stands on edge — I'm covered.*) The author, a man apparently called William Johnson (*that'll have the son of a gun wondering whether or not he's alive at all*), has composed some remarkably silly dialogue, some of which is redeemed by the unstudied and sincere playing of Robert Fishwick. (*None of the other critics noticed him — and for all I know, he is as unstudied and sincere as any other actor; anyway, it shows I keep my eyes open.*) The less said about the performance of Elvira Touhy the better (*and that will show her — Hm-m . . . seven hundred words to go . . .*).

The story opens with the arrival in a little Southern mill town of a . . .

TRAVEL



Buenos Aires Subways

By RAY JOSEPHS

CATCHING the last subway home in Buenos Aires was always a risky business. Rarely was the theater over until 1.00 A.M., and the *último tren* from the center to Palermo pulled out promptly at 1.20, leaving hardly time enough for a stop at the café and a chance to talk over the merits of the evening's play before dashing underground. Since the only public transport running after the *subterráneo* shut down was the erratic little *colectivo* buses, the impossibly slow trams, and the much too expensive *taxi-metros*, three quarters of late dining, later theatergoing Buenos Aires seemed to pack its way into the final car.

The custom of the after-work twilight promenade, which eliminated a homegoing rush, and the staggered shop and office openings in the morning meant after-theater was about the only time the *subterráneo* was really crowded in the Manhattan manner. Even then *norteamericano* subway essentials were missing — the noise, straphangers, and sardine-packing guards. For the subways of Buenos Aires have never been regarded by the 3,500,000 *porteños* of Buenos Aires merely as utilitarian carriers. As characteristically speedy as the IRT in New York, they have more surprises than the Métro in Paris, greater contrast than the Under-

Born in Philadelphia, RAY JOSEPHS attended the University of Pennsylvania. He worked for ten years on the *Philadelphia Bulletin* and went to Latin America in 1940 as correspondent for the Marshall Field Syndicate and *Variety*.

ground in London, and an esthetic appeal that not even the widely publicized Moscow tunnels can boast.

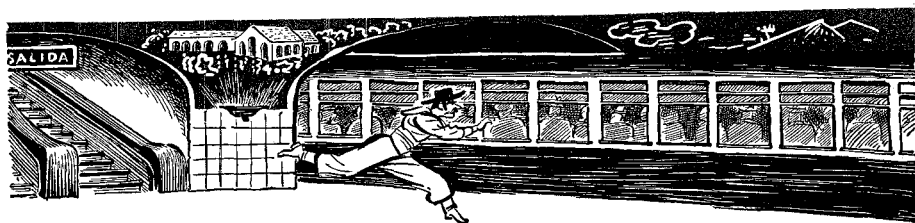
Such international comparisons are no mere off-hand references. The five lines which fan out from the Rio de la Plata toward the parkway belt of Avenida General Paz were built by Spanish and British companies, equipped by Germans and Americans, electrified by Belgians, powered by Italians, and financed by bondholders, who are still awaiting dividends, in half a dozen other countries. Typical is the Palermo line—a source of special astonishment to visiting *Yanquis*, who usually conceive of Latin America's largest metropolis as moving at burro pace.

Descending at Florida—the Fifth Avenue of Buenos Aires, from which cars are banned—one's first surprises are the beautifully tiled red and blue entrances, the stainless-steel escalators, and the noiseless turnstiles. The stations themselves advance the same streamlined idea plus an air of fresh-scrubbed cleanliness. Arched like the London tubes, they have brilliant indirect neon lighting in colors harmonizing with the decorative scheme of each stop, illuminated maps with stations clearly marked, direction signs legible half a block away, and clocks that go. These clocks, which were installed by Siemens-Schuckert, have been a subtle but highly effective piece of German propaganda.

Along the station walls, where ordinarily New York, Chicago, and Philadelphia subways post quickly penciled advertisements, are murals in multicolored mosaics. Especially made in Madrid and imported shortly before the war, some are a quarter of a city block long. Others are inset in the wide platforms themselves. Each depicts a phase of Argentine history or economic development—Moreno's fight for independence; Mitre's first newspaper; the growth of the cattle industry; wheat growing on the *pampa*.

The cross-town line connecting the great Plaza Constitución station, terminus of the southern rail lines, and Retiro, where the Central Argentine and northern State lines come in, carries a similar decorative scheme. Its cream, black, and gold four-car trains haul the greatest flow of traffic. Besides linking the stations, its nine-stop shuttle connects with the Palermo route, the Corrientes line to suburban Federico Lacroze, the original Avenida de Mayo and Rivadavia line to working-class Primera Junta, and the new Calle San Juan *subte* to Boedo.

Regardless of distance, the fare on both the older, less ornate routes and the new lines is ten centavos—two and a half cents. A transfer is thrown in for an additional five centavos. With the exception of the Mayo-Rivadavia line, which traverses the length of what Buenos Aires contends is the longest city street in the world, all the *subterráneos* follow paths as involved as those of the



Paris Métro. Thus you can get from almost any part of town to any other without coming up for air though the route is hardly the equivalent of a straight line.

Not only do the routes have their individual character, but even the cars have distinct personalities. Instead of rows of advertising cards extolling the virtues of various products, sponsors take an entire car for their own. The front, back, and sides of each car are tastefully done up to sell cooking oil, soap, and laxatives, the three most widely advertised products in Latin America. Messages from the authorities, civic announcements, and food hints—ideas since copied by New York's Eighth Avenue and Philadelphia's Broad Street subways—keep the *avisos* in proper perspective. In some cars there is even a loudspeaker system to call out the next station, courtesy of the sponsor.

Though the *subterráneo* is a mass-transportation medium, none of it is pitched for a tabloid-level audience. Kiosks at most stations offer literature, philosophy, technical and other books in English, French, German, and Italian, as well as Spanish. In addition many carry the full line of seventy-two newspapers published in Buenos Aires. There are *subterráneo* restaurants, laundries, money exchanges, and markets—everything in fact except chewing gum. And at the Obelisk, where three lines meet, the *subterráneo* connects with an amazing subsurface area six city blocks long, with garages, service stations, exhibition halls, and shops, scooped out from under the Times Square of Buenos Aires.

Not long ago the municipality took over the subway holdings of the operating builders, the Spanish CHADOPYF and the British Anglo. Like New York authorities, they began suggesting a fare increase to get the system out of its financial hole. The response from the *Teatro Maipo*, whose devastatingly sharp weekly topical satires have so far managed to outwit the Perón regime's censorship, showed that the Buenos Aires subway rider's sense of humor was no different from the *norteamericano* straphanger's.

Said the *Maipo*: If the CDTDLCDDBA—the Corporación de Transportes de la Ciudad de Buenos Aires—merely cut down its string of initials, the amount saved in carbon copies, restenciling, and red tape would not only obviate a price rise but would permit the installation of plush carpets, the serving of coffee, and other improvements to make the *subterráneo* the only thing it now is not: a perfect bomb shelter.

Looking Down

By **GEORGE PALMER PUTNAM**

WHETHER you fly with expensive frills, or travel in the air-transport equivalent of railroad tourist accommodation, you'll be seeing an altogether different universe from the one you have been brought up to know.

On the ground, for instance, a camel's hump gives him an unmistakable silhouette. When observed from above, the camel is quite a different creature. He is long, very thin except across the stern, and his hump has disappeared.

From an airplane, a structure like the George Washington Bridge across the Hudson River becomes simply a pencil-thin elongated rectangle. The towers at each end, if you look directly down on them, are small squares. An oil tank, from aloft, is a circle like the top of a tin can; a tree is an irregular blob, a field of shocked grain an orderly arrangement of dark dots against a light background. An automobile looks like a beetle; a bus becomes an attenuated bug.

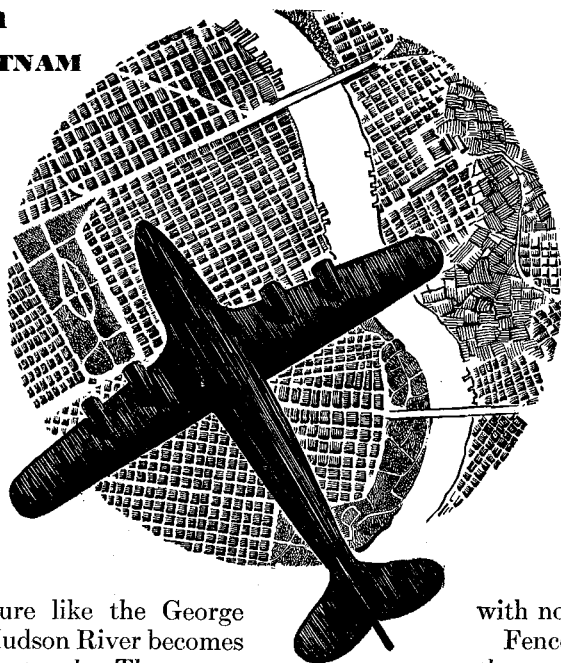
Normally, we see the sides and corners of objects. To be at home with the often curious-appearing bird's-eye world, one has to learn what things look like from the top instead of the side. *Shadows*, more than anything else, help you to do that. In that vertical air glimpse of the George Washington Bridge, you have no key to how tall the bridge towers are, or how high the bridge itself is, or what the nature of its construction is, unless there are shadows.

Shadow is the sure clue to the identity of a bridge or a structure like a church, whose steeple from directly above looks like a pin point. At high noon, when there is no shadow measuring stick, a volcano crater can seem a shallow saucer instead of a steep-sided cup, and a cleft even as huge as the Grand Canyon gives no indication of its depth.

There are homely clues to the identity of much that is encountered on everyday flights. Roads, for example, show as narrow, light bands. If their edges are scarred and without vegetation, recent construction is indicated. If the road is of uniform width and fairly straight, you know it is hard-surfaced. Oil stains determine the number of lanes (you'll see that the stains are heavier and therefore darker on the uphill side than on the downhill side), and an automobile, with its known dimensions, is a key to the width of a road.

The shape of a building is a good clue to its use.

A veteran of the early days of private planes, GEORGE PALMER PUTNAM, former New York publisher, now lives in the mountain country of California.



A residential building is very different from a warehouse, and a warehouse has no similarity to a power plant with its tall chimneys and transformer yard, or to a gasometer surrounded by a heavy steel framework.

You'll come to recognize the basic features of any landscape — such as power lines, which are dark streaks formed by the swaths they have cut through wooded areas, the poles with spindly shadows marching over bare lands. They go straight across ridges and valleys,

with no consideration for contours.

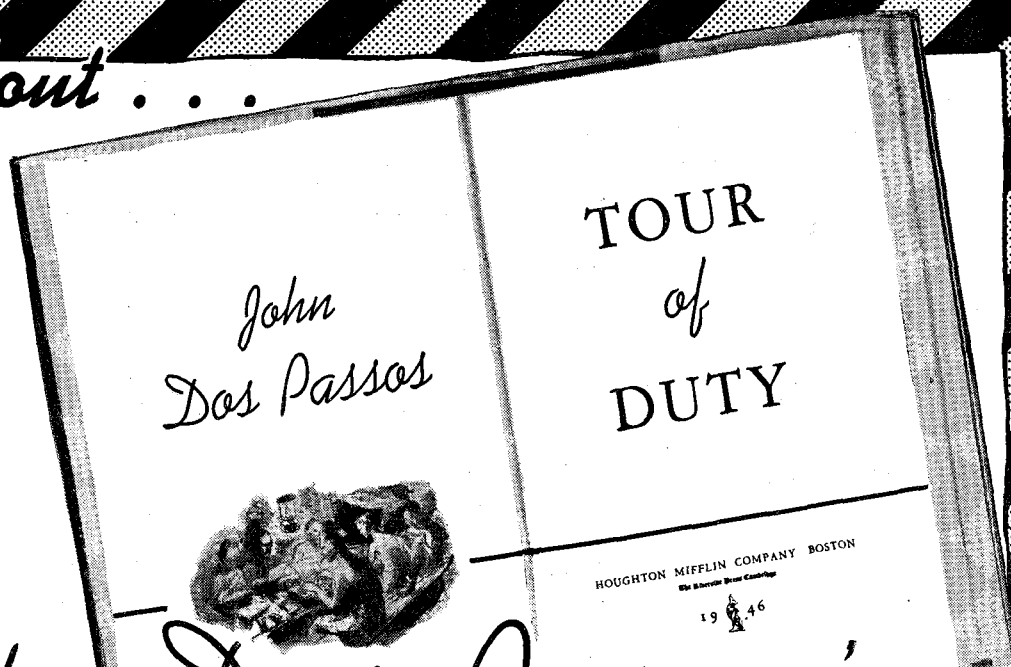
Fences, because of the vegetation that grows along them, often appear as hedge-like lines separating fields. A dozen different sorts of fences are recognizable if one is not flying too high: from the stone walls and precise picket fences of New England to the rambling split rails of the South and the barbed wire of Western ranges.

Streams, the leaf veins of an orderly landscape, are of many types. A stream with a relatively straight course is in a narrow valley which hugs its banks. This stream is busy eroding downward in an attempt to reach base level, below which it will cease to down-cut, because it has become adapted to the load it is carrying and can carry no more. As this level is attained, the bends in the stream become wider as it begins to rasp away the valley sides in a lateral plane. The valley continues to be widened, and broader meanders are developed. This process may ultimately result in the formation of a low marshy country. The brighter green area of flat fields, by the way, is likely to indicate wet, soft spots that should be marked down as dangerous landing places.

Even when the map on your lap tells you the direction in which streams are flowing, there is a way you can determine that for yourself. The cliffs and steep banks at the bends, where the flowing water is undercutting, always face *upstream*.

It is everlastingly surprising how flat the land below you seems to be. Until you have become well versed in the telltale tricks, even really mountainous country appears reasonably level. A steep-walled valley may have the look of a dark streak. Rough terrain, with hillocks and hollows as big as business buildings, is likely to seem deceptively smooth. And the stormiest ocean, with waves many feet high, can have the placid look of an expanse of tapestry — unless you detect the darker troughs and the spray flying from wave crests.

About . . .



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THE PERIPATETIC REVIEWER

BY EDWARD WEEKS

MOST of us have forgotten the origin of Labor Day, but its meaning is clear to all ages: it marks the end of summer, the putting away of summer things, the separation of calf lovers, the closing up of cottages, the beaching of boats, and the renewed labor in that enclosed existence which is city life. Has any civilization prior to ours, I wonder, known as sharp a differentiation between summer's freedom and winter's tension? Perhaps that is why we feel so keenly the perennial rebellion when the leaves turn, why we hug to our minds those golden days only a few weeks back, why men say to themselves, as a famous writer once said to me, "Then one September morning I woke up. I asked myself why I should slave away as a lawyer eleven months each year in order to live one month the way I wanted. When as a writer I could . . ."

Because of the long denial of the war, our appetite this summer has been insatiable. Each of us gathers experience to his taste and I shall match you some of mine. The open season begins for me with the reidentity of the oaks and beech in my wood lot north of Boston. Americans always take trees for granted, but this wet spring their foliage and strength were something to watch. The orioles that have paused with us before were in the light-green branches for a fortnight, a stubborn robin risked her nest in the swaying sweetbrier over the guesthouse door, and one morning, bright after rain, my daughter and I fished a trout pool.

We were casting into the shadow of an alder, the banks were waist-high in white and blue iris, and the roots below were an apartment house of native trout, of which we netted eight, the largest exactly twelve inches. Brook trout are the gold in our brooks,

the prettiest, supplest fish that swims; and tying on a fly (with one of those animated nylon leaders), a man is suddenly all thumbs and beside himself at the thought of what is underwater.

The bronze-back small-mouth bass is a different kettleful. He is a coarser, more smashing opponent, but so full of jump and courage and so swift in action that I have never understood why your State-of-Mainer will stomp on him, then toss him in the bushes, but keep the pickerel. In water like that of South Branch Lake, which empties into the Penobscot (and which guests fish with the unwritten rule of one bass a rod a day), the fish grow strong and wise in their survival. At sunset I was into a big one. He came out of water for the fly and then sank to sulk. Time went by, the rod bowed, the reel creaking to his deep sports, and after nine minutes George Glover, the guide, said, "Sure would like a look at that fish. If you've hooked him in the tail, we're here for all night." So idiot I began forcing in the line. He grudged it but came, slowly; I saw the leader, and as I exclaimed, "Here he comes!" he made his rush for the canoe, found the slack, came out of water, danced on his tail, showing us his white belly and thick four-pound girth, spat the fly in our faces, and disappeared. "Humph," said the guide. "If I had a bottle of liquor, I'd give him half and you the other!"

The unseen

It's the unseen as well as the seen that catches the eye — the print of moose and bear in the mucky trail; the thrashing heard across the water as two male loons fight with their wings for the lady within reach; the mating eagles rarely glimpsed but unmistakable with their slow beat and the tail feathers of white. And then, one late afternoon as we were tracing an ancient trout brook that tunneled under the fallen trunks of a pine forest ("You've got to crouch down and then pull their cheeks out," said George), we stepped into a shaft of sunlight, and there, not four feet away, head down on its delicately folded legs, was a fawn, soft brown with mottled white spots. The doe (she must have been watching us) had told it not to move; the eyes never lifted, but



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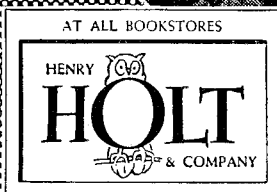
Mandrake Root

A NOVEL BY
JANET DIEBOLD

● The forests and coastline of Denmark and the quaint streets of Copenhagen provide the unusual setting for this strange story of a magic spell, a bitter and lonely diplomat, and a very frightened young American girl.

Some of Joanna's friends knew a great deal about the sinister Ambassador who tried to take her father's place. But no one ever guessed the truth—unless perhaps Jimmy Logan did. He was another American, whose love for Joanna helped her break the fearful spell.

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A brilliant study of one of the greatest English poets

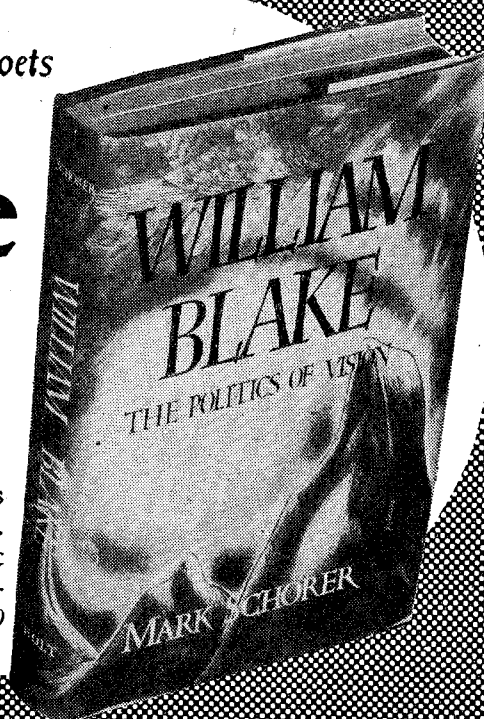
William Blake

THE POLITICS OF VISION

By MARK SCHORER

● A probing analysis not only of the poet's work, but of his mind—its processes, torments, ideals and hopes, and particularly its creative power. Blake is revealed as a powerful, clearheaded, extremely individualistic thinker . . . a revolutionary whose poetry echoed the troubles and frustrations of 18th and 19th century man.

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how alert it was to danger you could tell from the thumping heart and the nose never still.

The salmon, of course, is king of white water, and in water as low, clear, and warm as we found in the Northwest Miramichi, he is a king who has little or no use for city slickers. We were fishing eighty miles up, the stream no wider (but much more beautiful) than the Lincoln Highway — fishing from the rocky ledges, often with that backhand cast that either drops so lightly or clings so firmly to the spruce behind you. It is amazing and infuriating to see how high you can tree your fly.

I did not know that the Maritimes could be as hot as New Jersey in July, but for a time they were and then it was the dawn that counted. You went to sleep eager; and once, having roused myself at 3.30 by mistake, I watched the slow, gray beautiful show, mist rising from the falls, the unvarying rush of water, stars paling, and at last a little shadow cast by the shoes on the floor. Then it was 5.00 and time to go to the pools.

It takes experience and patience to overcome the disdain or regal fury of the salmon. Seen from above, there they lay, like long, wavy cordwood having no truck with flies, wet or dry, intent only on cold water and their destiny upstream. Under such circumstances the grilse were more my meat: they would fool around with an amateur and occasionally come into the net. After supper at Dam Camp we sat on the rocky promontory just above the falls. The water was coming over fast, say thirty miles an hour, with the rush and sound of a giant fire hose. From the deep pool below with its floating cakes of foam the salmon would rise in a leap that took him halfway up the column of water. You saw him suspended for an instant, silhouetted against the white; then with the tail propellant he worked his way up the crest, and fin and tail disappeared into the deep black. At nightfall the sight of a twenty-pounder jumping the falls is a picture no photograph can reproduce.

In the woods the unseen always awaits you. At Mountain Brook, a bald eagle, so close he seemed like a man-eater, rose suddenly from the crag above us and went wham, wham, wham, down the gorge. On the tote-road, coming out, we heard, a long way off, the anger of an owl tormented by crows. And here I saw for the first time a hen partridge decoy for the sake of her brood. We surprised them in the center of the path; they scattered into the brush but thereafter for fifty yards along the trail the mother exposed herself again and again to divert us from her young.

I have said we Americans take our woods for granted. Why are we that way? I noticed as I coasted through Maine that the signboards, from which we were mercifully delivered during the war, are going up and that the trees are coming down — down of course for pulpwood (sure, we're all to blame), down with a carelessness which proclaims, "Why worry about reforestation?" Up in New

Brunswick the white birch are dying, wiped out by blight. When their white skeletons fall, the woods will be the poorer, as they were in 1925 when the black spruce disappeared. Here at home the chestnuts are extinct and the Dutch elm disease continues its menace in New York and Connecticut. Can anyone picture New England denuded of its elms? If not, when do we begin to take care?

Home town revisited

Few Americans spend their lives in the house or in the place where they were born, and the experience is familiar to us all of returning to the home town after a long absence and of standing aghast at what time has done. This experience has taken on an additional poignancy for Continental *émigrés* of this generation who have revisited Europe since its liberation.

Joseph Wechsberg, now a citizen of California, was born in Czechoslovakia thirty-nine years ago, and in the course of his odyssey has been a lawyer, ship's musician (from which experience came his delightful first book, *Looking for a Blue Bird*), croupier, cameraman, novelist, and a technical sergeant on special assignments for the OSS in Europe. So it was in uniform, with a blue barracks bag on his shoulder, that he passed into the Russian zone, bound for his birthplace, Moravská-Ostrava, in search of his relatives. In *Homecoming* he has written quietly, directly, and with a fine undertone of feeling, the account of what he found.

Wechsberg had first to buck the Russians. The Russian troop trains and convoys were heading home, the men sleeping on the top of the freight cars, the trucks "piled up high with furniture, rugs, a toilet seat, a piano, mattresses"; and coming the other way were the troops of occupation. The sergeant thumbs his way along, meeting rough good nature, spasmodic hospitality, and little obstruction until he comes at last to the family town. In the hazy readjustment which follows, what he sees, of course, is two towns: the darling of his memory and the bleak, gray, underfed survivor of today.

Though he speaks the language like a native, he is now American, and so are his measuring stick and his generosity. When tracing through "the pitiless crazy geography" of the bombed town, he runs to earth his wife's parents, and when their voices are again under control, his mother-in-law uncovers a few coffee beans at the bottom of a jar. "Wait a minute," said the sergeant. "I went out into the hall where I had left my blue barracks bag. I carried it into the kitchen and dumped all the stuff on the spotless, white-tiled floor. Three pounds of coffee, corned beef and spam, canned milk, dried fruit, cheese, three cakes of G.I. soap, five bars of toilet soap, Hershey bars, two cartons of cigarettes.

"Some of the things were from packages that my wife had sent me from America. There was fine chocolate bearing a Fifth Avenue label, a new kind

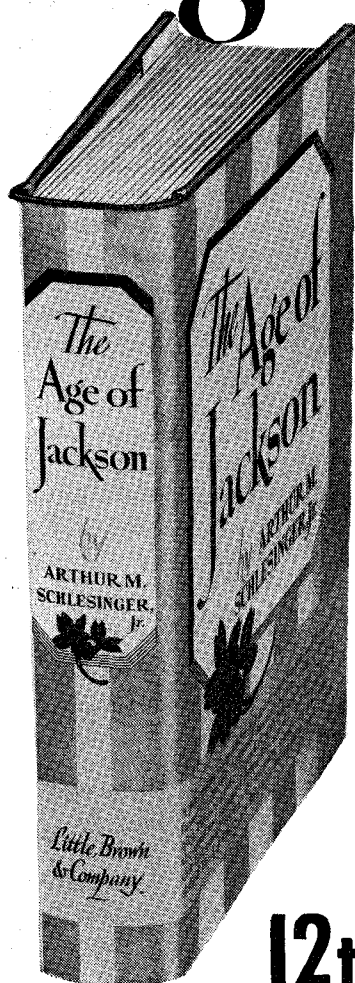
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"A short review can establish no point of view from which sufficiently to indicate the richness, the brilliance, or the pioneering novelty of THE AGE OF JACKSON . . . He writes as though history could be literature; he endows his men and their times with life; he has a novelist's skill at characterization and his style is charged with irony and epigram."

—Bernard DeVoto, *N. Y. Herald Tribune Book Review*

LITTLE, BROWN AND COMPANY • BOSTON



of cheese I had never seen before; a small jar of Nes-café, cautiously packed in fine tissue so it wouldn't break; a pound of tea.

"I said: 'She buys most of the stuff at a large drive-in market not far from our house.'

"'What's a drive-in market?' my mother-in-law asked."

Such touches as these are the open sesame to a deft and sympathetic book.

With the edge of a razor

John Bully of Vermont has worn for thirty years a now somewhat soiled red string tied loosely around his throat to protect him from nosebleeds. Or if a thunderstorm comes over, John is quick to lift the stove lid and pour in the salt, and then clap the lid back on quick. "There she goes," he says, "straight up the chimney to break up that lightnin'." And if the flash should then strike close, he will add, with dry conviction, "See, it missed us."

We all cherish our pet conceits, and taken in the aggregate they compose a body of existing folklore which extends today into medicine and healing, natural science, genetics, anthropology, and, of course, gambling. In *The Natural History of Nonsense*, Bergen Evans, Professor of English at Northwestern University, steps forward as a connoisseur of human error, a doctor of gullibility. His inquiries range from such cures as John Bully swears by, to the legend so persuasively presented by *Harper's* that human foundlings are nurtured and reared by affectionate wolves. A point that fascinates me in this connection is Mr. Evans's comment that "wolf children" do not behave as wolves actually do behave, but rather as the uninformed suppose wolves to behave. *Atlantic* readers will, I hope, recall the "rains" of worms, frogs, fish, and even of boiled catfish, which Mr. Evans dried up with such exquisite logic in our April issue.

The trouble is that we all litter up this beach of common sense. "As you know," said a professor's wife to me recently, "honey is a good cure for asthma." I did not know and said I thought it was nonsense. "Well, a great many people believe in it," was her firm rebuke. Human nature being what it is, the beach is too big for Dr. Evans.

"If seven maids with seven mops
Swept it for half a year,
Do you suppose," the Walrus said,
"That they could get it clear?"
"I doubt it," said the Carpenter,
And shed a bitter tear.

We are told of George Orwell that he is "a scoffer and arguer," and judging from his latest and most satirical book, *Animal Farm*, the words fit. We are told more: that he was born in India in 1903, the son of a Civil Servant, sent to Eton and, after graduation, sent back to spend five years in the Indian Imperial Police in Burma. Shortly thereafter he rebelled against many things sacredly British, took his way to Paris, where he lived in

poverty, and by 1935 was struggling precariously into view as a free lance with his early books, *Burmese Days* and *Down and Out in Paris and London*, when the Spanish War called him as a volunteer. He fought against Franco and, an arguer still, came to detest tyranny, whether of Communist or Fascist origin.

Animal Farm is a neat little book. The writing is neat, too, as lucid as glass and quite as sharp. It appears that the animals of Manor Farm, the cart-horses Boxer and Clover, Benjamin the donkey, the wily pigs, the hens and geese, have long been underfed and mistreated by Mr. Jones, their owner. So when Old Major, the prize boar, now in his twelfth year, feels the approach of death, he calls the comrades to him, lectures them on their stupidity, fires them with the thought of the rebellion that is coming, and then, clearing his throat, begins to sing a stirring song, "Beasts of England." Thanks to Mr. Jones's addiction to the bottle, the Rebellion breaks out sooner than expected, and how far it is successful the reader must judge for himself. Mr. Jones is driven from his property, the animals operate the farm, bossed at the outset by the two pigs, Snowball and Napoleon, who, being cleverer than the rest, trade on the regimental slogan "Four legs good, two legs bad," and quietly sequester for their own use the apples and milk of the community. How the outside world, led by Mr. Jones, attempts to suppress the rebels in the Battle of the Cowshed; how Trotsky — excuse me — how Snowball is thrown out by Napoleon; and how the secret police of young dogs are brought in to keep order — these are three episodes of a fantasy which seems to have a reminiscent bearing on life. For some people this book will be a chapter from *Gulliver's Travels* brought up to date. It has the double meaning, the sharp edge, and the lucidity of Swift; it also has a clever hostility if one applies the analogy to Soviet Russia.

Where is the Left?

George Orwell gives me the impression of a man who was powerfully attracted to the concept of socialism, but who, on first-hand acquaintance, found his liberal traditions jeopardized by the party line, and in self-defense veered back to a more free and central position.

Mr. Orwell is a scrutinizer where Howard Fast is a zealot. Mr. Fast is by nature a pamphleteer, and a good one. But by strenuous application he has come to be regarded as a historical novelist. He reaches back into our past to find the soldier, the visionary, or the politician who can be bent to his purpose and whom he now animates with the zeal and preachment of today. His most successful blend of the past and present is in his *Citizen Tom Paine*, but his other figures, his Washington and his Patrick Henry, are men of more bias than consistency.

In his new novel, *The American*, he has turned

A "massive, impressive" story of politics and people

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to the Middle West for his hero, a self-made American of German blood, John Peter Altgeld. A stolid, powerful boy for his age, Pete Altgeld quit his father's farm to join an Ohio regiment at the close of the Civil War. He saw little action, but he got his legs under him, and on his return he was no longer intimidated by his father. He began the self-schooling which was to carry him to such success as a lawyer. And as an itinerant worker on the railroads, in the factories, and on the farms of the Middle West, he developed his tenacity as fighter and boss which was eventually to land him the governorship of Illinois.

Mr. Fast is in great haste to get us to that governorship, so he glosses over Peter's marriage and his acquisition of a cool million (how did he make that much and so fast?) in order to bring us to the Haymarket Trials, which were to be a thorn in Altgeld's political career. In this portrayal Altgeld strikes me as cold, unapproachable, irresolute, and not very clear in his motives. But his state papers, which the novelist quotes, are so clear and forceful that I wonder at the discrepancy. In his effort to pose Altgeld as a latter-day Lincoln of the Labor Movement, the author has become too distracted by his thesis, with the result that the figure on the pedestal has neither the magnetism nor the plausibility which the reader expects.

A MIXED BAG

by RICHARD E. DANIELSON

THIS reviewer has been as sedentary during the last month as Mr. Weeks has been peripatetic — sedentary, however, not in the home office, surrounded by all the latest fruits of the publishers' trees, but in a distant city and dependent on such boxes of selected fruit as might be forwarded. The choice proffered me was a downright tribute to my catholicity of taste. My friends at 8 Arlington Street chose to send me, for instance, *How to Pick a Mate, The Guide to a Happy Marriage*, by Dr. Clifford R. Adams and Vance O. Packard (Dutton, \$2.75). Presumably they thought that my interest in the subject must be purely abstract and academic.

I found the book, which is aimed, naturally, at members of a somewhat younger set than the one in which I am sitting, filled with interesting and arresting argument. Moreover, I started with a prejudice. I dislike the word "mate." It reminds me of those stories, so muscular and gristly, by Jack London, which in my youth I felt I ought to read. My memory is a trifle vague as to the subject matter of Mr. London's stories and novels, but a strong impression remains that, all too often, the climax was reached in a formula which may be summarized as: —

He: "My Woman!"

She: "My Man!"

Both: "My Mate!!"

You may have gathered that I was repelled rather than attracted by the title of this work.

Yet the book does contain suggestive statistics. Let us suppose that you are a girl, white, single, in the twenty-five to thirty age-group, and that you want to get married (pick a mate). Where would you be most likely to find the picking good? New York City? Brooklyn? Philadelphia? Boston? Oh, no indeed! The best picking in all America is in San Diego, California, and the worst in Hartford, Connecticut. The ten best states for women to pick in are all west of the Mississippi. The worst are Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut. This shocked me at first, for, as a New Englander, I had always flattered myself that New England men were not inferior to others in the pickable qualities. Statistics are silent as to their quality, however, and refer only to their quantity. There just aren't enough of them in proportion to the available number of young women. The competition is too keen. It is no joking matter for a girl, white, single, in the twenty-five to thirty age-group.

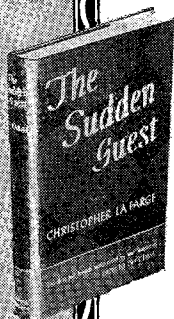
Chapter III, "Are You Ready for Married Love?" we may pass over with a simple Yes or No, but Chapter IV, "Is It Love — or Infatuation?" raises an ugly question. Are Marlowe and so many other poets wrong? Love at First Sight, according to Messrs. Adams and Packard, is really Infatuation at First Sight, which "may or may not later mature into love" — and so another large fragment of romance goes down the drain. There are twenty-four questions listed which you should ask yourself and answer correctly if you are to decide that You Are Really in Love. Check and double check; check mate, in fact.

By successfully answering eighteen questions you can decide the question, "Are you warm or cool by nature?" This would be a good thing to know. Chapter VII, "Do You Frighten Possible Mates Away?" is really an unpleasant one. The questions asked are so impolite: "Do you bore people by your talking?" "Are you argumentative?" "Are you repelling physically?" And so on. Thirty repelling traits and thirty appealing traits are listed. Let us turn the page.

In Chapter VIII, "Attracting the One You Want," I was much interested in the tactics suggested, which seemed to me constructive, but I grew downright indignant when I read the following on page 85: —

For people who are still a little baffled about the whole business of courtship, we can pass on a tried and true formula for winning a mate. We have seen it work wonders in scores of cases.

The amusing thing is that it was not designed for snaring mates but for snaring customers for American products such as refrigerators. It is sometimes called the AIDA advertising formula, named from the first letters of the formula's four key words — Attention, Interest, Desire, and Action. To get a person to buy a refrigerator, you must first attract his attention, then generate an interest, instill a desire to own the refrigerator.



The story of a woman
who created
her own hell



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SUDDEN GUEST

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—Clifton Fadiman, *Book-of-the-Month Club News*.

\$2.50

A September Selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club

CHINESE WIT and HUMOR

Edited by George Kao Introduction by Lin Yutang

The cream of Chinese wit and humor from 400 B.C. to the present day. "A large and delightful collection made up partly of anecdotes of the philosophers, who used fables to prove their points, and sometimes gave sharp answers; of extracts from Chinese picaresque novels; and of jokes proper and modern humorous sketches . . . It has a flavor of its own, a combination of dry and mature wisdom."

—*Book-of-the-Month Club News*. 500 pages.

\$3.75



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I stopped reading there. If I'm going out to snare a mate, I won't need any AIDA advertising formula, and if anybody as much as hints that the girl I'm picking as a mate is a refrigerator, he'd better start looking for a foxhole.

It is a far cry from *How to Pick a Mate* to Mr. Hesketh Pearson's *Oscar Wilde: His Life and Wit* (Harper, \$3.75), but that is the way books come to a sedentary reviewer. Mr. Pearson has written an admirably frank, objective biography. His primary purpose, he says, is "to re-create him first and foremost as a genial wit and humorist, because in my opinion the essential Wilde was expressed in spontaneous laughter, not in the pose of a martyr." He does full justice to Wilde's extraordinary wit, his unique brilliance as a talker, his generosity and genuine kindness, but he is fully aware of Wilde's persistent adolescence, his posings and self-dramatization, his phantasies and posturings which so offended the conventional that only his amazing brilliance and charm made him endurable.

In reading this — perhaps the best and fairest of all biographies of Oscar Wilde — one is impressed, as in reading its predecessors, by the shallowness, the artificiality, the essential "phoniness" of the men, the artists, the society of his time and place. How dead are their spiteful quarrels, their letters to the papers, their pontifical pronouncements, their strident gestures made *pour épater les bourgeois*! They had talent, they had wit, they thought they had sincerity in their approach to art, and yet there was a deep vice in all of them — they were constantly concerned with themselves, with their appearance on the scene, their importance, the effect they produced on the public.

From this devastating atmosphere of competing egotisms, little of genuine artistic integrity could emerge, and little did. So much of their work was trivial, self-conscious, mannered. Whistler's genuine talent labored under the stifling folds of a monstrous and spiteful arrogance; Aubrey Beardsley's precocious genius was cracked from top to bottom; the *Yellow Book* authors were steeped in unreality; the Pre-Raphaelites had something but not enough; Swinburne was almost superb, but not quite. They were brilliantly vocal in talking about themselves and they were not altogether sound without sense — *vox et praeterea nihil*; yet it is hard not to look back on them as a generation of "phonies." Among them, Oscar Wilde was the most brilliantly vocal and, perhaps, the kindest and most generous. But his artificiality, his phoniness, was the most obvious and glaring of the lot; it was wonderful while it worked, but it was fatal in the long run. Only the ghastly experience of two years in jail reduced Wilde to something like reality. As a result he wrote the one poem in all his career which will endure. Even in the *Ballad of Reading Gaol*, the bitter sincerity of the emotion is expressed with borrowed, self-conscious artistry. Wilde could never escape himself.

Mr. Pearson is sympathetic with his subject, but he is never blinded by his sympathy. His book is fair, careful, wise, and temperate. It is a *must* for admirers or students of Wilde and his times.

Men and Power, by Henry J. Taylor (Dodd, Mead, \$3.00), has been highly praised by better men than I. As a foreign correspondent for the Scripps-Howard newspapers during the war and pre-war years, Mr. Taylor won an enviable reputation for getting to and interviewing the key men in the world picture, for integrity as a reporter and a man, and for an admirable accuracy in his presentation of people, situations, and problems. This book is concerned chiefly with his experiences as a journalist dealing with such key men, with the men in power during the last war. He has little to say about the really top men — Roosevelt, Churchill, Stalin, Chiang Kai-shek — but much to say about the men who held the instruments of power — Eisenhower, Montgomery, Hitler, Göring, Salazar, Franco, the Pope, de Gaulle, and the like.

This is an age in which men, and not institutions, hold power. Its possession does things to the possessors. They grow in wisdom, they deteriorate into megalomania, they inflate, they lose proportion, they twist and turn; sometimes they achieve greatness. Mr. Taylor knew all or most of them. His impressions are vivid, his descriptions patently honest, his judgments fair and temperate. He plays no favorites and pulls no punches. His book is not only extremely readable, but also informative. My only criticism — and that a feeble one — is that Mr. Taylor's conclusions, when all is said and done, teach us no new thing. They are not platitudes, perhaps, but they might have been written by a scholar in his library. Mr. Taylor, busy as a bird dog, — or rather as a bird, — flew 150,000 miles and interviewed the top extroverts of the world to reach the same conclusions which he might have found in reading the *Lives of Pericles and Alcibiades*. First-hand details about powerful men make interesting reading. Their philosophy, the effects of their incidence on society, the reactions set up in their own souls and spirits, can be found with equal force and freshness and with a profounder insight in the pages of Thucydides.

LETTER TO A YOUNG WRITER

From a young and eminently successful journalist and short-story writer, this friendly letter holds values which we believe are worth sharing with a wider audience. It was not written for publication, and its author requested that his name be withheld. — THE EDITOR

IT WAS fine to hear from you after such a long time. I hope that in reading what I have to say about the manuscript you sent me you will keep in mind the fact that I am the man who, on seeing Noel Coward's

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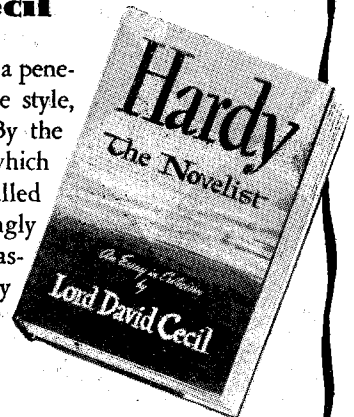


A novel which catches the very essence of a mountain ballad, the bittersweetness and melancholy, the blazing action and simple truth. \$2.75

HARDY, the NOVELIST

By Lord David Cecil

The product of a gracious scholarship, a penetrating intelligence and an impeccable style, this critical study is a perfect joy. By the author of *The Young Melbourne* which Orville Prescott in *The N. Y. Times* called "the most triumphantly clever, glitteringly polished biography of the decade, a masterpiece of suave prose and scholarly interpretation."—*N. Y. Times*. \$2.50



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Blithe Spirit try out in New Haven, offered to bet it would be a flop.

It seems to me, as apparently it does to you, that the quotation from Katherine Mansfield to the effect that her stuff is all embroidery without strong material to hold it together speaks for you both. And embroidery without design, on a plane no matter how rarefied, amounts more or less to doodling with a needle.

It strikes me that any kind of writing wants movement of one kind or another — if not from one point to the other, at least movement toward the accomplishment of some purpose. I believe that the material you have shown me is the kind of thing every writer feels, probably sets down as an exercise in matching feeling to phrase, and then puts aside.

This writing business must inevitably be a two-way street. In it there must be compensation for both the writer *and* the reader. So far as I can see, the gratification to be derived from the pages you sent me must accrue almost entirely to the author.

The special feeling and interpretations on these pages might well serve as attributes for characters in fiction, characters projected into a progressive design that would hold the reader's interest. Simply to set them down as an unordered catalogue of I-feelings, which embrace now the cosmos and now Dorothy Parker, just won't, within the range of circumstances I can imagine, do the job.

These special feelings, of a novelist or a poet, are the storehouse upon which he draws to give range to his writing and verisimilitude to his characters and situations, but again they are wisely used only in fashioning and modifying his characters, whose primary purpose is in turn to do something that will either entertain the reader or broaden his experience, even horrify or terrify him — but in any case do something he is willing to have done to him.

When this purpose is skillfully and faithfully accomplished, the reader can test and analyze his own feelings in relation to those of the characters presented. Because, in the last analysis, it is his own feelings and circumstances, pleasure or enlightenment, in which he is interested. I think none of us writers may expect to be heard except as we unselfishly, or at least apparently unselfishly, do something of some kind for the reader.

It comes down more or less to a case of who's supposed to be working: the writer or the reader.

If we want to lay the engaging nature of our own souls before the public for appreciation and applause — as which of us doesn't? — we simply have to earn the privilege by doing something that will so hold the reader that, grateful for the pleasure and enlightenment we have given him, he will be predisposed in our favor. From there on, we have it all our own way.

There are a couple of short cuts in all this, so far as the writer's personal well-being is concerned. And they are often resorted to with profit. One short cut is love-sex, which under fortunate circumstances

will cure or substantially ameliorate almost anything. Another, for the writer who cannot command a sympathetic audience, is to find one in the confessional either of the church or of the psychiatrist's office.

I wish you all possible luck and send love. Nobody realizes any better than I do how damned maddening it is to find yourself in a vacuum, bursting with things to say and being, for the time, loused up in the business of saying them.

P.S. Now that I've got talking, there are a couple of other points I'd like to call to your attention. Whenever possible, get on top of your subject and handle it, no matter how delicate that subject may be, with direction and with some measure — however much you feel to be fitting — of force. You must remember that you live in a time when everyone about you is full of dismay and confusion. Readers do not want, cannot bear, and will not accept that part of you which is sheer undirected agony and confusion, however exquisite it may be. If you should write an essay on finding a ripe nut lying in the woods, let it start somewhere, end somewhere, and be coherent throughout. If your subject dismays you, either diminish its scope or attack it with such fierce determination that you can maul it into some symmetry and order.

Finally, I should like to call to your attention the fact that you have a talent for humor. I'll lay five to one that humor will be the instrumentality through which you will one day find the expression you so earnestly seek. Does that idea seem goofy on the face of it, since you know that in reality you are a tragic figure? Let me remind you that so, in towering degree, are S. J. Perelman, James Thurber, Ring Lardner, the profound pessimist Dorothy Parker, and, over on the wrong side of the tracks, me.

P.P.S. As to advising you about whether you should come to New York, I'd rather undertake to make a tree, on which you know who has the patent. If it could be arranged, however, I certainly see no reason why you shouldn't.

1 1 1

IMPERIAL COMMONWEALTH

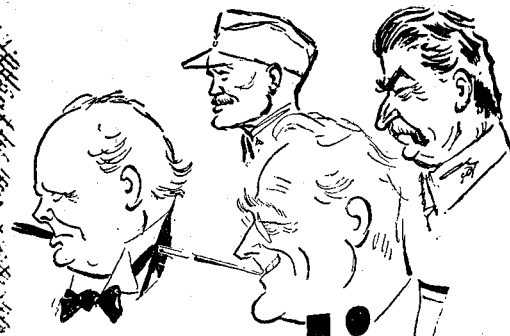
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it that a medley of heroes and adventurers, traders and convicts, seekers after a hundred per cent profit, and penniless ne'er-do-weels, combined to create the pattern of a new and free world? Strangest of all, how did Imperialism beget its alien child, Democracy? Without answers to these questions, there is little of the modern world that we can understand. Lord Elton is ready with sympathetic but candid replies.

Imperialism is a tattered word. Within my own lifetime it has tickled American ears. Now abuse is heaped upon it and its glory is become a stigma. Yet there is no doubt white men once took up their burden in a spirit we no longer wish to understand. Bravely they bore it, terrible were their mistakes, magnificent their successes. Now that the Books of Reckoning are closing and the balance is being cast, the totals can be fairly added. Carp and criticize as you will, the net profits won by Imperialism for civilization are enormous. Lord Elton runs his finger over them and fixes them in our memory.

When we think of Imperialism we should realize that not until the Indian Mutiny did the word take on its modern significance. Before that revolt (it was a mutiny, remember, not a revolution), Imperialism simply meant Caesarism in the antique sense quite with the weight and moment of the modern word. Hitherto haphazard and unplanned, the Empire suddenly became self-conscious, and began consistently to integrate itself into a vast imperial scheme. And straightway at the zenith of its power, it sowed the seeds certain to transform it from Empire to Democracy. Education was systematized. Self-rule was sedulously inculcated. Equality was preached and even practiced.

It is instructive to compare British policy with French. So far as colonies are concerned *égalité* is social, never political. Says the Frenchman to the native: "You may join my club, but it is I who am qualified to govern." But to his colonist the Englishman says: "We shall dine separately but government belongs to both of us and one day it shall be all yours."

Imperialism dates from the birthday of modern history. Columbus created it when he discovered a new world. When the thrifty Henry VII, in his excitement over the safe arrival of the *Mathew* in Bristol harbor, presented John Cabot with all of ten pounds, he called the tune, and the British have been paying the Piper for it ever since. The gains have been enormous but the Piper has been paid in full. England has watched her little island grow smaller and smaller still in comparison with those vast territories where under their alien names Englishmen still live. For three centuries and more Empire has been seized and held in the sovereign's name. Now, in the chill official language of Imperial Conference, these lands

... are autonomous Communities within the British Empire, equal in status, in no way subordinate one to another in any aspect of their domestic or external affairs, though united by a common allegiance to the Crown, and freely associated as members of the British Commonwealth of Nations.

It is a story without a parallel.

Lord Elton is a Labor Peer. Scratch a British Socialist these days and the blood of Empire still shows red. Imperialism has a Tory lineage. Burleigh, Bolingbroke, Pitt, Disraeli, Churchill; the descent is straight and unmistakable. The pride and responsibility of it still endure, for Empire is a people's heritage.

ELLERY SEDGWICK

INDEPENDENT PEOPLE

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Halldór Laxness

KNOFF

THERE is a strange quality that seems inseparable from Scandinavian writings — somber, pitched in a minor key, harsh, and, at first glance, cold and colorless as the light of an Arctic false dawn. This quality is inherent in Sigrid Undset's works, in the Finn Sillanpää's *The Maid Silja*. It is, unlike humor, exportable, as in Rölvaag's *Giants in the Earth*, that extraordinary Norwegian-American novel. Yet this seeming drabness is deceptive. The lowering tones of false dawn slowly vanish to reveal a rich, warm life that is none the less real for all its neutral tints.

Now out of Iceland comes a strange story, vibrant and alive under its sinister overtones, a book as somber and harsh as anything by Undset or Sillanpää. *Independent People*, by Halldór Laxness, tells of the struggle of an Iceland crofter to achieve self-sufficiency, of his obsession for independence, a craving so deep that in his pursuit of it he becomes a slave to his ideal.

The hero, Bjartur, after eighteen years of working for another man, is at last able to buy a tract of land that is popularly supposed to lie under an ancient, blasting curse. He fights that curse while denying it, fights starvation, fights the plagues that decimate his all-important sheep. To his high goal are sacrificed two wives and many children. No outside help is possible during the long struggle, for to accept the smallest thing from another person is, in Bjartur's mind, the end of true freedom.

For a time Bjartur flourishes. There is an unwholesome wave of prosperity as World War I rages. Then comes collapse. Bjartur is wiped out and, as the story ends, is making for another barren, stubborn tract to which he has a claim through marriage.

Every step of the long fight, every success, every failure, flows through these pages with bitter relentlessness, a dour inevitability. It is the age-old story of the peasant against the world, and through the author's skill, it achieves a rare timelessness and universality. It might well be placed, in date, in the dim pre-Christian days when the curse was first laid on Bjartur's land. It is with a real shock that one comes upon mention of an automobile, of ships sailing to America, of the coming of Communism. Geographically, the peasant-world theme is so closely woven that with a few changes in nomenclature and external conditions, Bjartur might be a neighbor of Wang Lung, the farmer of *The Good Earth*.

Bitter and somber as the story is, there is a rare beauty in its telling, a beauty as surprising as the authentic strain of poetry that lies in the shoving, battering Iclander, the master of "Summerhouses." It is a joy to find that such a book has a translator worthy of it. J. A. Thompson draws rich chords and harmonies as he renders the original Icelandic into English.

BRUCE LANCASTER.

FANFARE FOR ELIZABETH

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Edith Sitwell

MACMILLAN

THE later court of Henry VIII, that bejeweled tragedy of blood of which the child Elizabeth Tudor was the spectator, is the major subject of Miss Sitwell's new book. Using the word "fanfare" in its theatrical sense to de-

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CYRIL CONNOLLY'S

The Condemned Playground

The publication of *The Condemned Playground* will be considered by many critics as one of the most important events of the current publishing season. For Cyril Connolly is the brilliant editor of *Horizon*, the English literary magazine which has become the rallying point for everything that is young and vital in present-day English thought. Jacques Barzun opened a recent *Atlantic Monthly* article by saying, "The name of Cyril Connolly should be better known to American readers"—and *The Condemned Playground* undoubtedly will accomplish this purpose, for it contains 36 of Mr. Connolly's finest essays.

"This is an intelligent and amusing book, doubly welcome at a time when high thinking and low writing are the general rule."—

George Orwell, *London Observer*

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Introduction; The Position of Joyce; *Les Faux-Monnayeurs*; Distress of Plenty; New Swift Letters; Lord Chesterfield; Imitations of Horace; Illusions of Likeness; A. E. Housman: A Controversy; Thomas Mann; *Onus Vallis Visionis*; French and English Cultural Relations; Ninety Years of Novel-Reviewing; More About the Modern Novel; Defects of English Novels; Reviewers; Mr. Mossbross Takes the Class; Felicity; The Novel—Addict's Cupboard; Felicity Entertains; Told in Gath; Where Engels Fears to Tread; Year Nine; What Will He Do Next; An Unfortunate Visit; Ackermann's England; Spring Revolution; Barcelona; England Not My England; Conversations in Berlin; The Fate of an Elizabethan; A Tyrant of Taste; Psycho-Analysis; The Ant-Lion; "1843"; The Art of Being Good; Writers and Society, 1940-3.

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MACMILLAN

note the entrance of royalty on the stage, the author recalls the sinister and hideous strains—the weeping of doomed queens, the thud of the executioner's axe—which pervaded Elizabeth's girlhood.

The book ends with Elizabeth's own first ordeal as a suspected person under the reign of her half brother, when Admiral Seymour was brought to the block for aspiring to her hand. She was then only fifteen, and ten years, ten dangerous years, were to elapse before she came to the throne. Miss Sitwell's purpose in using the Seymour incident as her climax is to show that the Admiral's indiscretions and the common scandal attendant on them permanently scarred the name of the magnificent and benign despot who, as Gloriana, finally emerged from these horrors.

The author attempts no solution of the enigmas of this most enigmatic age. "We shall never know the truth and can only speculate in the matter." This is a wise course and the opposite to that followed by Strachey. Furthermore, fortified by abundant sources, Miss Sitwell is aware, as Strachey never was, that any fictional embellishment of facts already teeming with drama would be folly. "What are you to do," she asks, "with a being which even in childhood has an alien greatness . . . who is doomed to a history like that of the sun, a life of grandeur and loneliness and all-seeing wisdom?"

To appreciate this excellent book one must already be equipped with some knowledge of the period, for there is little chronological order here; characters die and are brought to life again and again. Yet the effect—possibly because of an exquisite use of valid pictorial detail—is no more confusing than the mediaeval pictures in which at one glance we can move forward or backward among the episodes that compose a biography.

"The life of Elizabeth," to quote J. R. Green's noble phrase, "a life so great, so strange and lonely in its greatness," evolved from a strange and lonely childhood beset with terrors and death, surrounded by brilliance, fabulous personages, and music. Miss Sitwell has summoned these into her pages with the passion of a scholar and the niceness of a poet. There is deep pathos in the book and grandeur as well; it is a true echo of that long-ago fanfare of such extraordinary import to the history of England and the world.

ROBERT HILLYER

THE IDEA OF CHRIST IN THE GOSPELS

George Santayana

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GRAYBEARDS will remember how, fifty years ago, Albrecht Ritschl strove to hold in check the "intuitionism" then popular in American theological thought, by insisting that every alleged intuition be corrected by reference to the infallible standard that had been given the world in the historical Jesus. The cry became "Back to Jesus." Theology was faced with the problem of recapturing from the Gospel narrative an authentic portrait of the man Jesus of Nazareth, divested of all the metaphysical features with which his eager biographers had embellished him. It became a task, first, for the textual critic; then, for the interpreter; and both were baffled. The complete story has been told by Albert Schweitzer in his *Quest of the Historical Jesus*, published in 1910.

One effect of this attempt to recapture the historical Jesus was to leave deeply impressed on the minds of Protestant theologians the idea that the only thing worth saving in the Gospels is that skeleton of authentic narrative stripped clean of all the theological flesh with which the Gospel writers, who were theologians in their own right, have clothed it. Thus, all the insidious pigmentation,

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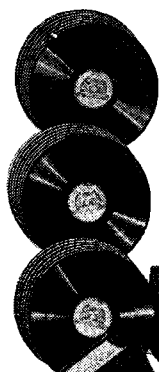
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In this monumental new work F. S. C. Northrop of Yale University has made a brilliant analysis of the philosophical, political, economic, and religious beliefs of America, Europe, and Asia, to arrive at a synthesis of values, free from the provincialism which would insist that one set of standards only has the right to exist.

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"The book is great because its theme is great," Mr. Jones adds. "It is important because it is, so far as I know, the only book by an American philosopher to state the fundamental ideological conflicts in world culture..."

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MACMILLAN

editorial redactions, gratuitous comments, interpolations, textual tamperings, by means of which each author has tried to color the figure of Jesus to his own theological taste, must be scraped off as being of no value. The only thing that counts is the historical figure, the man Jesus of Nazareth.

Professor Santayana, born a Roman Catholic, allows the authors of the Gospels the right to do their work under the guidance of inspiration: he begins by saying that the Gospels are not historical works but products of inspiration. What he is trying to recapture is precisely what the Protestant theologian has been trying to discard: not the historical Jesus but the metaphysical Christ; not the skeleton of authentic history but the flesh of theological speculation which was current at the time. He raises not one single question of textual purity or of critical interpretation. He takes the text as is, since it is precisely to this editorial pigmentation that he must first look for what he seeks.

His book might be rated as an antithetical companion piece to Schweitzer's *Quest of the Historical Jesus*, for it is "The Quest of the God-in-man Idea as it Appears in the Gospels." He traces the growth of this idea — that in Jesus we are given the mystery of the Incarnation, God-in-man — as it unfolds in the four Gospels: the timid suggestion of Mark, the greater confidence of Matthew and Luke, the "all-out" assurance of John. Then in the second part, the "Ultior Considerations," he examines the idea and satisfies himself (for the book has the flavor of a soliloquy) of its validity.

To read the book is a beautiful, cleansing, enlightening, challenging experience. We can close our eyes and be whisked back six hundred years to the age of the great Schoolmen, and listen to Abelard or Erigena as he investigates a point that has little utility but is its own justification. We are vaguely conscious all through the book of its scholastic limitation. The thought is not wide-ranging; it never questions the axiomatic assumptions, but it is intensive. Just as scholastic thinking, while it might be restricted in the lateral dimension, was free in the perpendicular, so this book delves to profundities and rises to heights that are not common in Protestant thinking.

The book does not preach. The nearest it comes to preaching is when it makes the quiet statement: "The idea of Christ is the intrinsic ideal of the spirit. Its impulse is to transcend life's agitation into realization of the eternal, in which there is aesthetic delight, moral peace, and intellectual clearness." We gather that all this awaits us; we may have it if we want it. Mr. Santayana is of the opinion that we shall not want it, but seems not to care much whether we want it or not.

CHARLES E. PARK

NIGHTMARE ALLEY

\$2.50

William Lindsay Gresham

RINEHART

THIS queer, tough, colorful novel combines the biography of a scoundrel with the exposure of half a dozen pseudomagical rackets. As a study in psychotic villainy, it is lively but not particularly impressive. As a source of information on sleight of hand, mind reading, mental telepathy, conversing with spirits, raising the dead, and cleaning a chump, it is invaluable.

Mr. Gresham's hero has agile fingers and a gift for character reading. Stan's desire for money, backed by tremendous ingenuity and intelligence, carries him to prosperity as a spiritualist preacher. The Oedipus complex (yes, that thing again) with which Mr. Gresham has afflicted him leads him to psychotic ruin.

Atlantic

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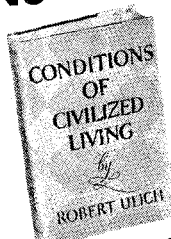
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CONDITIONS OF CIVILIZED LIVING

by
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Stan begins as a magician with a small carnival, where he learns how to run a "mental act" from Zeena, who is a motherly mistress. He leaves Zeena and the carnival for a vaudeville mind-reading act; then drifts from that into necromancy and spiritualism because the cash seems to be more plentiful and the customers more gullible. Stan is a vast success as the self-ordained minister of the Church of the Heavenly Message until his psychosis begins to get out of hand. Then he consults a woman psychiatrist, a frankly improbable creature who becomes his mistress and the master mind in a plot to relieve an elderly millionaire of some surplus profits. He winds up with a small carnival, being offered the post of "substitute geek" (temporary wild man). The pleasant angle of this situation is that Stan knows, from early experience, that the substitute geek always becomes a permanent geek.

The book's great fascination lies less in what happens to Stan, who is, in spite of some pathetic moments, a humorless, egotistical rogue, than in the people he meets and the revelations of his trade. The early carnival scenes are full of detailed information on how to make a geek, how to stop a riot, how to soothe a deputy sheriff's conscience, how to run a mind-reading act. When Stan becomes the proprietor of a religion, all the tricks of the fake spiritualist are dissected — the buttons, bells, lights, and recordings which will produce anything from a small piece of ectoplasm to a materialization of dear dead Aunt Genevieve, with sound effects.

Mr. Gresham knows how all these sucker traps are baited and what kind of people get caught. He contrives a procession of the lonely, the guilty, the grief-stricken, and the plain cracked which is a rather horrifying report on humanity.

The book's weakness, in the end, is the predominance of characters who never can be honest and sane simultaneously. Like Stan, they are all wanderers down some dark alley of the mind, and like Stan, they are somewhat remote from ordinary life. *Nightmare Alley* is built of concrete detail, careful observation, and realistic reporting; but it has none of the effect of a realistic novel. It is the chronicle of a dreamworld, to be read with interest and marveled over, but it engages one's sympathy no more than a corpse in the movies.

PHOEBE LOU ADAMS

THE BURNING MOUNTAIN

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John Gould Fletcher

DUTTON

THIS is a collection of twenty-four poems in free verse and rhymed quartets written between 1933 and 1943. The material is largely regional and pastoral — the Ozarks, the deserts of the Southwest, New England woods after the hurricane — and the style is reminiscent of both Frost and Whitman. The later poems are war-conscious and contrast the virtues of nature with the malevolence of humanity. Didactic and moralistic, yet these later poems leave the reader in doubt as to what the poet believes in and wants beyond a shadowy sort of pantheism.

The jacket blurb comes unfortunately close to imitating Mr. Fletcher's own style when it says that his "true métier is America — interior, inland United States, the land itself, the feel and meaning of it, the pioneering spirit." Mr. Fletcher's language has the same groping, imprecise quality, as though his subjects, after all, are too big and dynamic to be written about in precise, integrated imagery. The style of Whitman's lesser poems is suggested by such a passage as the following, from "Ode to New York": —



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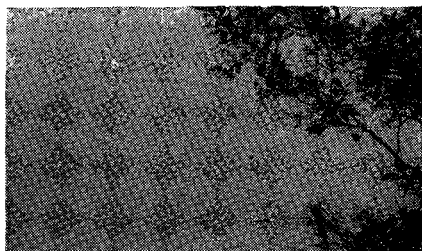
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Out of the grind of sullen glaciers, the spark, the sway, the shock

That builds more than thought could compass, heaps effort higher than we feel;

Out of the moan of forests dying, these huge aerial fires;

Out of the sea-mists sweeping inward, these jagged ranks of towers;

Golden windows glowing like petals of strown flowers:

Out of the sand of sunbleached beaches, this hourglass running with unspent desires.

The similes are not related to each other, and their connotations are ignored, so that the verse is diffuse and inarticulate. Here, as elsewhere, a vague impression of power is achieved by an obvious use of vigorous words and alliteration.

One of the principles of the Imagists to which Mr. Fletcher subscribed in 1917 was that "we are not a school of painters, but we believe that poetry should render particulars exactly and not deal in vague generalities, however magnificent and sonorous." The present volume does not uphold the standards of some of Mr. Fletcher's earlier work, largely because he seems to have abandoned that principle.

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THE GREAT PROMISE

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Noel Houston

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NOEL HOUSTON, the author of *The Great Promise*, is described as a former newspaper reporter and prize-winning dramatist. Evidence of both writing activities can be found in this book, his first novel. It is the reporter who presents the background details of the government land lottery in pioneer Oklahoma Territory, where Sawyer Bolton, "a girl uncomplicated and awakened to strong emotion," after some singular misadventures, wins "the promise of a new life." Because of her youth and inexperience, Sawyer snarls up the fulfillment of the promise, and events go from very bad to much worse until she wins a new promise, no doubt the great one. It is the playwright who has constructed the Hollywood scenario; but neither he nor the reporter — nor both — has succeeded in writing an effective novel.

The missing ingredient is imagination — imagination powerful enough to invest sets and properties with the reality of place and thing, and to convert stagy automatons into credible human beings. Not one person in the book possesses the substance of a living man or woman, or the passion and complexity of even the simplest human being. Sawyer ("one of the most exciting heroines in contemporary fiction" — advt.) for all her "beauty" and "strong emotion" is a completely manipulated, incomparably dull, incomparably vacuous woman. And the action she engages in is trite and as essentially vulgar as she.

The publishers contend in advertisements that 50,000 copies of this book have been printed, which indicates either a degeneration of reading taste or the discovery of a new public who will read anything and come up smiling.

BERNARD MALAMUD

70,000 TO 1

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Quentin Reynolds

RANDOM HOUSE

QUENTIN REYNOLDS has a keen nose for a good story, as well as tireless industry. In *70,000 to 1* he lets Lieutenant Manuel tell his simple, heroic tale: how he parachuted from a stricken B-17 to land at last on New Britain not far from Rabaul and 70,000 hostile Japanese, with one leg broken and the other filled with shell fragments,

equipped with a gun and six cartridges — not even a knife. A smashed mouth and fifteen or more bouts of malaria provided additional handicaps. Nevertheless Lieutenant Manuel, who had been a guide in the State of Maine, succeeded in healing his wounds, made fast friends with faithful natives, became a leader in underground activities, rescued other Allied parachutists, collected valuable intelligence, and after many months was rescued and evacuated by submarine to New Guinea and his friends.

There is little suspense in this story, as the reader knows beforehand that it has a happy ending, but it is a remarkable and stirring record of quiet heroism, of a stubborn, unconquerable will to survive, of ingenuity and resource, of unshaken loyalty. The most touching and impressive element in the narrative is the affection and respect which developed between the castaway flier and the faithful and honorable natives who rescued him. They deserved better things than Japanese oppression or exploitation by the Australian planters, whom Lieutenant Manuel, with restrained hostility, terms so many "game wardens."

There is no profound philosophy in this story. Lieutenant Manuel's feelings about the Japanese are crude and youthful. He was a flier and he had seen his comrades shot down as they parachuted from burning planes. That was enough for him. He lived on under incredible handicaps, not only just to live, but to get back to his gun on a '17 and take his toll of the Japanese. A fighting man — in the jungle or in the air.

RICHARD E. DANIELSON

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Leland Stowe

KNOPF

LELAND STOWE's place in the annals of our century is already well established. During the past twenty years he has journeyed across the world, exploring the highways and byways of international politics, studying governments, mingling with peoples of high and low degree everywhere, reporting his findings from the battlefield and from the conference halls of Europe and Asia. His reputé is extraordinary. Better still, it is merited. He has shown a remarkable flair for being on the right spot at the right time, and a fearless devotion to fact. To these essentials are added a gift of narrative and a breadth of knowledge of the world which have won a Pulitzer Prize and honors from governments all the way from France to China.

This book should be made compulsory reading for members of Congress, editors, teachers, and above all, for those who imagine that the best recourse of modern man in the year 1 of the Atomic Age is to get things in shape for another war. Here, for the first time, so far as this reviewer knows, an American fully acquainted with world affairs at first hand undertakes to spell out for his public the broad implications of the Atomic Age and, simultaneously, to tie them into the whole world picture of things as they are.

While Time Remains is not a counsel of despair. It is an appeal to intelligence and to democratic principles as old as this Republic. Leland Stowe minces no words. His book will jolt complacency severely in this country, where many mistakenly imagine that the United States is secure in the role of primacy to which it has fallen heir as a result of the war.

Mr. Stowe's latest volume is a fascinating analysis of the impact of the atomic bomb upon our social and political routine. He explores the responsibilities involved for the citizenry, for the government, and in the field of policy. Step by step he catalogues the blunders and the delays which have sufficed, within a single year, to set the two most powerful nations on earth at odds.

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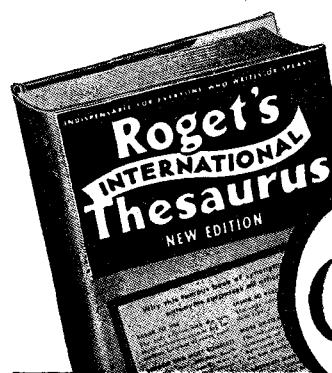
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From this prelude, he swings into a tour of the revolution-torn world, discussing the essentials in the great strife of peoples against their archaic political systems. One by one, he unravels the puzzles of Fascism, Communism, and Social Democracy. He completes this phase of his task with a case history of Greece since the war ended—a chapter which lays bare the maneuverings of Winston Churchill and the defects of the post-war policy pursued by the democratic powers of the West.

For Americans the most moving, as well as the most useful, part of the book is the last. This is given over to a discussion of the "Road to World Citizenship." Here Mr. Stowe delves into the shortcomings of our educative process, reveals the dangers involved in the theory that atomic power should be entrusted to military experts, analyzes the weaknesses of our State Department, accosts boldly and frankly the question of Russian-American relations, and states the practical case for a revived political consciousness in America.

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Vera McWilliams

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN

THE biographers of the self-styled "civilized nomad" have been a motley crew, ranging from slightly hysterical women to a slanderous male oculist. Mrs. Vera McWilliams is the first to bring to her subject long training as a professional writer, adequate scholarship, and fifteen years of devoted research. The result is a sane and readable account of the life of the one-eyed, beak-nosed genius known to the Japanese as "Many Clouds" and to his godparents as Patricio Lafcadio Tessima Carlos Hearn.

Lafcadio Hearn was born in 1850 of Irish and Maltese stock on the Ionian island where Sappho died. He was educated in England, Ireland, and France; his religious training was Protestant, Catholic, and Buddhist; his citizenship was first British, then Japanese; his first marriage was to an American Negress, his second to the daughter of a Japanese samurai; and he began his career as an Irish remittance man in Cincinnati at the age of nineteen. That a man with this background should at first impress his Japanese wife as a lunatic is hardly surprising.

Hearn's work as a reporter in Cincinnati in the seventies and in New Orleans in the eighties provides excellent material for the biographer. For Hearn was what is known in the trade today as a *PM* reporter. He dedicated himself to "the Old, the Queer, the Strange, the Exotic, the Monstrous," and these early accounts are of prostitutes, murders, ghosts, and the taste of blood (Hearn found the "crimson cream" delicious).

In 1890 he turned to the Orient for new material. Backed with promises from *Harper's Magazine* and cash donated by a Canadian Pacific Railways mogul (for publicity), he set out for Japan. There he was to remain until his death fourteen years later.

Hearn embodied the type of the American artist of the later nineteenth century, an artist in restless flight from the machines and the concrete of New York and in search of a stable artistic society, whether in the South Seas, the Middle Ages, or Japan. The tragedy of Hearn's life is that even as he discovered his ideal society in Meiji Japan, it vanished before his eyes under the pressures of militarism and industrialization.

Here Mrs. McWilliams's biography has confined itself too narrowly to the intimate details of Hearn's life at the expense of what he said. But her life of Hearn as a whole will probably be the definitive treatment until Hearn's last period can be more thoroughly examined in connection with his thought.

JOHN ASHMEAD, JR.

THE ATLANTIC SERIAL

Leo Tolstoy



THE LATER YEARS



BY

ERNEST J. SIMMONS

CHAPTERS LXV - LXXXVI

Foreword

Five years ago, after extensive research, Ernest J. Simmons began his two-volume life and appraisal of Russia's great writer, Leo Tolstoy. In the first half of this biography, chapters of which were serialized in the *Atlantic* in 1945, he traced the gusty, exuberant career of the young Tolstoy. Leo was the fourth son of Count Nikolai Tolstoy, a Russian nobleman. Leo, his three brothers, and a sister were brought up by their aunts in a golden age on the family estate, Yasnaya Polyana, with its thousands of acres and hundreds of serfs.

For the future novelist the road to wisdom lay through the valley of excess. Intensely passionate, vain, hypersensitive, Leo loved society and yearned to be *comme il faut* like his brother Sergei, but his coarse peasant features and his awkwardness did not make him popular with students and the well-bred girls of Kazan when he matriculated at the university there in 1844. After two years Tolstoy broke away from the university and returned to his estate, where for a time he played at being a bucolic philosopher and at reforming the serfs. But the serfs objected, and in the face of their recalcitrance the fleshpots of Moscow and Petersburg seemed more inviting.

He struggled against these temptations, mercilessly flagellating himself for weaknesses of the flesh. With sudden resolution he left the city wasteland and accompanied his Army brother, Nikolai, who was returning to his battery in the Caucasus. There, in the intervals of frontier life, Leo found time to write his first book, *Childhood*.

During the Crimean War, Leo received a commission in the artillery and fought gallantly at Sevastopol. He wrote a series of *Sevastopol Tales*, and on his return to

Petersburg after the war he was welcomed as a literary hero. But he was too strident to fit with ease in a literary coterie.

Again Tolstoy returned to Yasnaya Polyana with reforms in mind. With great zeal he plunged into the work of educating peasant children. But in 1861, as he approached his thirty-third birthday, he reached the point in his struggle between spiritual perfection and material happiness when neither education nor work nor literature could satisfy the urge within him. In September, 1862, after a stormy courtship, he married Sonya Bers, the eighteen-year-old daughter of a childhood playmate. In the next fifteen years, Sonya bore him nine children, and Tolstoy wrote *War and Peace* and *Anna Karenina*.

In 1876 he turned again to the spiritual quest from which he had been diverted during his fifteen years of happy marriage. Tolstoy's friends and admirers were shocked when he abandoned literature for religion, and his family resented his efforts to encourage the Christian life by personal example. *Confession* and *What I Believe* describe his religious struggle and the essence of his new faith. In *What Then Must We Do?* he stated the case of the poor against the rich, and predicted a "workers' revolution."

Tolstoy transferred the ownership of his estate to his wife and children in 1890, and the following year he publicly renounced the copyrights to all his books. The demands of his faith aggravated Sonya's growing hysteria, and the squabbling in the Tolstoy household increased. When his struggle with the Church culminated in his excommunication in 1901, the strain undermined his health, and on the advice of his doctors he went to Gaspra in the Crimea to recuperate.

LEO TOLSTOY: THE LATER YEARS

by ERNEST J. SIMMONS

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DURING the months at Gaspra death knocked more than once at the door of Tolstoy's sick-room. All members of the family gathered around on several occasions, prepared for the end. Doctors summoned from Yalta, Moscow, and Petersburg were in constant attendance, and at times their professionally grave faces signaled that hope was running out. But the wonderful constitution of Tolstoy, who as a youth had dreamed of being the strongest man in the world, triumphed over successive attacks of angina pectoris, inflammation of the lungs, and typhoid fever, complicated by rheumatism, liver complaints, and a weakened heart.

All these afflictions Tolstoy bore with patience and humble spiritual resignation. He cheerfully tried to obey the regimen prescribed by his physicians, despite his distrust of medicine, and he accepted the endless care of his family and devoted followers with a sense of embarrassment over the trouble he was causing them. His thoughts were fixed on death and any fear he may have had of it he had conquered. Spiritually he prepared himself for the end and calmly anticipated the moment when the spark of life in his pain-racked body would be extinguished.

Both the Church and the government were almost as much concerned as the family, though for different reasons, with the course of Tolstoy's illness. The authorities kept informed of events at Gaspra through spies. Alexandra gives an amusing account of being trailed by one and then suddenly turning the tables and tracking the tracker so assiduously that in confusion and humiliation he was obliged to desert the field. There was real point in Tolstoy's observation at the time that the only sensible place of residence for a Christian in Russia was prison.

In January, 1902, when it seemed that there was little chance for Tolstoy's recovery, the government took the most elaborate precautions. The telegraph company was forbidden to accept wires with inquiries about his health, and the press was instructed, "in the event of the death of Count Tolstoy," not to make any references to the excommunication by the Synod and in all reports of the event to observe "the necessary objectivity and circumspection." Confidential memoranda were even prepared by the Synod and the Ministry of the Interior, forbidding

church services or public demonstrations, and detailing the formalities to be observed in transporting the body from the Crimea to Yasnaya Polyana.

At this same time Pobedonostsev fathered a plot that did credit to his reputation as the most reactionary and Machiavellian influence in the government. Because there was a private chapel, the local clergy had free access to the Panin estate, where Tolstoy lay ill. Pobedonostsev instructed the priest in charge to have one of his assistants in the house when Tolstoy neared the end. As soon as he had died, the priest was to leave the house and at once declare to all that Tolstoy had recanted his beliefs and passed away a true son of the Orthodox faith. The government would then see to it that these glad tidings were immediately spread throughout the world. Members of the family got wind of this base business and were indignant. They planned to circumvent the plot by concealing the news of Tolstoy's death long enough to send telegrams to the press abroad with the message that he had died true to his convictions.

The Church was obviously interested in reclaiming Tolstoy either by fair or by foul means. Within a short time Sonya received a letter from Metropolitan Anthony, exhorting her to persuade her husband to return to the faith and die a Christian. "A quiet death under the influence of the rites of the Church," Tolstoy had observed, "is like death under morphine." Though Sonya knew how hopeless it was, she told him of the Metropolitan's request. Write Anthony, he instructed her, that this is my last prayer: "From Thee I have come, and to Thee I shall return. Thy will be done." When she remonstrated about his attitude towards the Church, he continued: "Let there be no talk of reconciliation. I die without any enmity or evil. But what is the Church anyway? How can there be a reconciliation with such an indefinite thing?" And he ended by asking her not to answer the Metropolitan.

Not until June was Tolstoy able to return to Yasnaya Polyana. Despite the precautions of the authorities, the trip became a triumphal procession. Crowds waited at the station stops to present him with flowers.

Tolstoy's health improved during 1903, though

he suffered periods of weakness and illness. With returning strength he resumed his practice of long walks and rides. On *Délire*, a spirited young horse that had belonged to his daughter Alexandra, he would ride along the narrow trails in the Zakaz woods that he knew so well, and in the summer he brought back bouquets of wild flowers that he loved or a hatful of firm mushrooms with rose-tan stems, carefully placed on large fresh leaves.

Because of Tolstoy's uncertain health, the family had decided to remain at Yasnaya Polyana, and some phases of the customary Moscow winter life of the Tolstoy family were transplanted to the country. The comparative remoteness of the estate and the wretched traveling conditions did little to discourage the usual stream of petitioners and visitors who used to make their way to the city house. The ancient gray-bearded Tolstoy had become Russia's most famous museum piece, which foreign visitors felt they must inspect before leaving the country.

Throughout this year Tolstoy revealed in his diary and letters to close friends and adherents his continued efforts to achieve spiritual peace through a rational comprehension of the precise balance between matter and spirit, between the tribulations of this world and the promise of the next world. Many pages of his diary are filled with inconclusive speculations on the meaning of life as he struggled to arrive at a satisfactory definition.

The family, however, still remained an obstruction to Tolstoy's effort to liberate the true spiritual life in himself. He could not fuse his existence with theirs, because their joys and sorrows depended upon a worship of the material things of life, which he was struggling to surrender. The apparent literary jealousy of his son Leo, and Andrei's desertion of his wife and two children, hurt him deeply but seemed also the inevitable price that must be exacted from people leading their kind of life. He was equally distressed by constant pressure from his wife to give her first publication rights of new artistic productions for her collected edition of his works.

Sonya's editions had been an everlasting torment to him, although he refused to have anything to do with the profits from them. He knew that he could not justify her activities, though her position was theoretically that of any other publisher who had free access to his uncopyrighted works. And now Sonya listened avidly to the offer of a million rubles for a permanent copyright of his writings and to one from another publisher of a hundred thousand rubles for a copyright limited to two years. Her efforts to persuade him resulted in his firm determination not to publish henceforth any new artistic works, and with minor exceptions he abided by this decision.

The cross Tolstoy bore was perhaps a light one, and at times there might be a suspicion that the cross was bearing him. But if he considered it a moral duty to accept his life of comparative comfort as a cross which he had no right to abandon, his position was not made any easier by those who actually prac-

ticed the beliefs he advocated and even suffered in their cause. Their example always inspired a kind of reverential admiration and his own failures an unsparing self-condemnation.

Since neither husband nor wife had encouraged the pious practice of discreet dissimulation and the little white lies instinctively employed to lessen the emotional wear and tear of marital discord, each suffered from a full knowledge of the other's private griefs and unspoken censure. Angry thoughts were incompatible with the spiritual peace Tolstoy sought, and he tried, though not always successfully, to maintain an attitude of love and kindness towards his wife. "Tonight," Sonya noted in her diary, "when I had covered him up and bade him good night, he tenderly stroked my cheek, as though I were a child, and I rejoiced at his paternal love." She treasured this chaste love, and gloried now in her solitary room where she could dream "pure, maidenly dreams."

But at times, contemplating their separateness and the curtain he had drawn between their intimate life and his retreat into his spiritual self, she felt a sudden wave of mingled fear and sadness. She entered his bedroom at night and he asked her to massage his stomach. "His thin, ancient limbs look pitiful," she observed. And she reflected that never did she hear a word of comfort from him now. "There has come to pass that which I have foreseen," she wrote. "My *passionate* husband is dead, a husband-friend there never was. . . . Happy wives live to the end in friendship and sympathy with their husbands! But the unhappy, lonely wives of egoists, of great men, are the wives of whom posterity makes future Xantippes."

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DURING 1904 Tolstoy's brother Sergei died, and also Granny, the adored woman of Leo's early manhood, his unfailing aristocratic friend at Court, and the ancient confidante and unyielding critic of his religious views. Nikolai, Dmitri, and now Sergei. Leo was the last of the four brothers. The living go on dying, he reflected. But are the dead forever dead? An immortal something, the manifestation of God in man, lives on. Of that he was certain. As more and more of those near to him left this earth for the world of light, his own mind, curious but unafraid, embraced the concept of death with a new sense of urgency.

For Tolstoy, however, these personal bereavements lost their significance in the face of the terrible impersonal deaths of thousands now being slain in battle. In January, 1904, the Russo-Japanese War had begun when units of Japan's fleet attacked Russian ships without warning in the outer harbor of Port Arthur.

The news shocked Tolstoy. The merits of the issue did not concern him, except as they substantiated

his long-held and frequently expressed convictions concerning the moral bankruptcy of governments and the conspiracy of their rulers to send thousands of subjects to destruction for the sake of a bit of land, national honor, or the capture of world markets. What did concern him was that two peoples who professed religions that forbade killing were now slaying and maiming each other solely because they had been ordered to do so.

Despite his previous writings on the subject of war, Tolstoy felt it essential to speak out once more. His many followers expected it, and his moral conscience obliged him to state his position at length on the present conflict. An extensive pamphlet, entitled *Bethink Yourselves!* was published in England by Chertkov in 1904. Translations appeared quickly in various European languages. Even the staid London *Times* opened its columns to a rendering.

With masterly polemical skill, Tolstoy supported his arguments by introducing the direct evidence of conscientious objectors and the nearly illiterate letter of a doubting Russian seaman at Port Arthur, who, after hearing a priest speak of the "Christ-loving army," naïvely implored Tolstoy to answer his question: "Is it true or not that God loves war?" At such a perilous time in Russia, it took a great deal of personal fortitude to oppose his country's so-called patriotic war and to denounce — as Tolstoy did in the pamphlet — the Tsar and Aleksei Kuropatkin, commander-in-chief, for condemning thousands of peasants to futile slaughter.

The revolt that Tolstoy had warned the young Tsar would take place if social and political changes were not forthcoming broke out in 1904–1905. It required no prophet to foretell it. Though an unpopular and disastrous war hastened the outbreak, decades of reactionary rule and black oppression in a European time-scheme of relative progress had made an uprising of the Russian people inevitable.

This violent national activity had its repercussions in isolated Yasnaya Polyana. Alarms ran through the village. In remote districts the houses of landowners had been burned down and their owners, in some cases, murdered by the peasants. Serious strikes occurred at near-by Tula. Fears swept through the Tolstoy household. English, American, French, Spanish, and Hungarian correspondents rushed to Yasnaya Polyana to obtain the reactions of Russia's first citizen to these significant events. He received them with gracious politeness, though not untinged with the suspicion that he felt for all journalists. More often than not they found themselves talking about God and immortality rather than about the burning political events in Russia. Meanwhile, intellectuals hoped Tolstoy would head a petition to the Tsar for a constitutional government; others asked him to write an open letter to the Tsar's soldiers, pleading with them not to shoot down their brothers.

It was characteristic of Tolstoy that at a time of great crisis in his country he refused to throw his

tremendous influence on the side of any of the contending parties. He had repeatedly condemned the abuses of tsardom and he had no less uncompromisingly denounced the extremes of the radicals. The proponents of the middle way — the constitutional reformers — had some reason to hope for his support in their efforts to establish a government based on the democratic franchise and public opinion. But his instinctive dislike for all organized effort to solve the ills of mankind obliged him to go his lonely way. When the *North American Newspaper* cabled him for his reaction to current Russian agitation for representative government, he categorically replied that these efforts would only delay true social amelioration, which, he added, "can be attained only by the religious and moral perfection of all individuals."

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At least, Tolstoy's position in this national crisis had the dubious virtue of consistency. For years he had warned his country of the danger of revolution, and on several occasions he had made direct appeals to the Tsar to correct what he considered to be the abuses that were leading to social revolt. He did so not because he had any love for autocracy, for he condemned all governments. But he was willing to compromise with his own ultimate ideals, for he feared the violence of revolution and what he believed to be the illusory hopes it offered the people more than he hated the abuses of autocracy. His warnings had been ignored, and now that revolution had come, he felt it necessary to revert to his original Christian anarchist position. In his eyes all governments were ultimately despotic, and he saw no point in changing one for another. When one of his questioners pushed him to tell what he thought of parliamentary government, he answered: "To ask me what I think about parliamentary government is just like asking — I won't say the Pope — but some monk his opinion as to how prostitution ought to be regulated."

With some justice Tolstoy's critics among the liberals charged him with evading the principal issue that the country had to face — autocratic rule or constitutional rule. In a period of emergency they considered the antithesis he set up between politics on the one hand and individual religious and moral regeneration on the other as highly unrealistic. But he doggedly adhered to the one unchangeable conviction that he had been advocating for the last twenty years — nonresistance to evil by force. This was the axiom by which all political, social, and economic questions were to be solved. Tolstoy did not preach that it was right not to resist evil. Quite the contrary, one should resist it spiritually, passively, by civil disobedience, but not by force, that is, by violence.

It made no difference to him what the motive for the use of physical force might be, or that constitutional governments might employ it in the interests

of the good of the greatest number. All governments owed their very existence to the use of physical force, therefore all governments were evil.

Both radicals and liberals were disgusted with Tolstoy's stand. They understood little about his ideological consistency; they knew only that the doctrine of the moral self-perfection of man became ridiculously quixotic in a time of grave revolutionary crisis. In particular, the Marxian Social Democrats, who had wooed him for some time because more effectively than any of their members he had widely exposed the evils of the Russian government, the Orthodox Church, and capitalism, now turned on him with fierce criticism. In his writings he had repeatedly made clear his objection to materialism as a philosophy of life. "Socialism," he once said, "is unconscious Christianity," and he frankly accepted the fact that some of the aims of the socialists were his own. In a sense, he and the Marxian socialists might be said to have shared the same ultimate ideal — the withering away of the state. But for Tolstoy, this ideal could be realized only by man's moral self-perfection and not by an organized communistic process of material development. "Economic ideals," he wrote, "are not ideals."

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FROM the Marxian point of view, perhaps the fairest and most understanding appraisal of Tolstoy's contribution to the Russian revolutionary movement was made by Lenin himself. In his first article, "Leo Tolstoy as a Mirror of the Russian Revolution," written in 1908, he summed up the contradictions in Tolstoy's doctrines as follows: "On the one hand, an artist of genius, contributing not only incomparable pictures of Russian life, but literary productions of the first rank that belong to world literature. On the other hand, a landowner, wearing the martyr's crown in the name of Christ. On the one hand, an extraordinarily powerful, direct, and sincere protest against social lies and hypocrisy; on the other, a Tolstoyan, that is, a worn-out, historical sniveler called the Russian intellectual, who, publicly beating his breast, cries: 'I am bad, I am vile, but I am striving after moral self-perfection; I no longer eat meat and now live on rice cutlets.'

"On the one hand, relentless criticism of capitalist exploitation, the exposure of governmental violence and of the comedy of justice and governmental administration, revelations of all the depths of contradictions between the growth of wealth and the achievements of civilization, and the growth of poverty, the brutalization and suffering of the working masses. On the other hand, weak-minded preaching not to resist evil by force. On the one hand, the soberest realism, the tearing away of all masks of whatever kind. On the other hand, advocacy of one of the most corrupt things existing in the world, that is, religion — an attempt to replace the official

state clergy with priests by moral conviction, that is, cultivating a clericalism of the most refined and hence most loathsome kind."

Lenin maintained that Tolstoy had thoroughly identified himself with the peasants, with their moods, hopes, and aspirations. In fact, he declared that Tolstoy's contradictory views were a veritable mirror of the contradictory conditions surrounding the historical activities of the peasantry in the revolutionary movement, which in turn accounted for their failure as a class in the 1905 Revolution. Tolstoy, like the peasants, concluded Lenin, was unable to realize that the old order which all abhorred could be destroyed only by a class-conscious socialist proletariat. While recognizing the great debt of the revolution to Tolstoy's writings, Lenin flatly declared that "Tolstoyan nonresistance to evil [was] the most serious cause of the defeat of the first revolutionary campaign."

Lenin, however, did not give sufficient weight to the significant part played in Tolstoy's thinking by his utter repudiation of violence in any form. It was the keystone of his whole doctrine. Had he been inclined to compromise with it, he might have met the radicals halfway on certain levels of activity.

"It is difficult, Leo Nikolayevich, to remake me," wrote one of his radical friends from exile. "This socialism is my faith and my god. Of course, you profess almost the same thing, but you use the tactic of 'love,' and we use that of 'violence,' as you express it."

This was a pithy summing up, in Marxian terminology, of the essential difference between the doctrine of Tolstoy and that of the revolutionists. Curiously enough, future history seemed to be on the side of both, for if the "tactic of violence" brought about a positive good in the 1917 Revolution, it resulted in a negative evil in the terrible Second World War that followed, which Tolstoy prophesied in January, 1910, when he wrote in his diary: "Anarchism is not the teaching by which I live. Rather it is the fulfillment of the eternal law, not permitting violence or participation in it. Will the consequences be either anarchism or, on the contrary, slavery under the yoke of the Japanese or the Germans?"

Violence creates violence and there is no end save universal destruction, and the only alternative to this, Tolstoy said, is the eternal law, the "tactic of love." Many of his friends among the Social Democrats also detested violence, but they were inclined to forgive it if the motive in their opinion was a good one, such as the killing of those in power who opposed the revolution. When this proposition was put up to Tolstoy by one of his socialist-minded friends who asked: "Is there not a difference between the killing that a revolutionist does and that which a policeman does?" Tolstoy answered: "There is as much difference as between cat dirt and dog dirt. But I don't like the smell of either one or the other."

With the bloody events of 1904–1905, the power of Tolstoy's pen over the Russian people began to wane. Widespread violence seemed to break the magic spell of his doctrine of non-violence, and thousands of the little people, whose hopes were lost in the ultimate failure of the rebellion, licked their wounds in no spirit of Tolstoyan Christian charity. They had learned from bitter experience the physical law that when two forces meet the greater will prevail. Next time the greater force would be on their side. Passive resistance in the face of bayonets or bullets took more moral courage than they possessed. As for peacefully waiting for change — well, time flies and death also waits. Tolstoyans quietly began to join the ranks of radical revolutionists.

But Tolstoy was serving God, not the leaders of the revolution. He was passionately concerned with all the unfinished business of world thought — those insoluble questions about God, life, death, violence, and poverty, which the leaders of mankind, like bored parliamentarians, always lay on the table for future consideration. He once related, by way of illustrating the fact that even geniuses err, a conversation he had had with the skeptical and pessimistic old butler of the Olsufyevs. It was in the country and he remarked to the servant, referring to the weather and the gathering of the harvest: "God knows what He does." To this the butler replied: "Yet He too makes mistakes!" Whatever God's failings, Tolstoy refused to admit any mistake in the doctrine he preached in His name. And in the midst of the turmoil of 1904–1905, he doggedly continued to belabor the public with his polemical articles, though they could reach the Russian people only in contraband copies.

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ACTUALLY, the lone position Tolstoy had taken in the bitter social and political struggle served to increase his loneliness in the family circle. The spirit of revolt against authority in the country in general seemed to have invaded the household. During the summer of 1906, for example, the wrangling became almost unbearable to him. Leo and Andrei gave their allegiance to the most reactionary political thought and treated their father's sincerest beliefs with scant respect; and Sonya insisted upon her property rights in utter disregard of her husband's feelings.

Overt acts on the part of members of the family threw Tolstoy into despair. On one occasion a letter arrived from a peasant youth, expressing Christian views close to his own. After tea, he began to read it to the family. Andrei noisily jumped up from the table and brusquely announced that he was not interested in the letter. And his brother Leo demonstratively arose and followed him out of the room.

Incidents such as this were not casual quarrels. They marked an intensification in the development of the family tragedy, in which certain of the sons

openly identified themselves with their mother's cause in the struggle with her husband. They were on the side of property; they aimed to protect their interests in the estate and to defend established law and order against their father's "anarchism."

A danger affecting all the members of the household suddenly cleared the atmosphere of strife. At the beginning of September, an illness that Sonya had been complaining of for some time took a critical turn. A physician from Tula and Dr. Makovitski, who had become Tolstoy's house doctor, diagnosed a tumor of the womb. An operation was essential. The distinguished surgeon V. F. Snegiryov was hurriedly summoned and soon arrived with assistants, a nurse, and even an operating table.

Telegrams brought absent members of the family to Yasnaya Polyana. The house filled up and took on the aspect of a medical clinic. Tenseness gripped everyone. In the face of death Sonya seemed transformed, sloughing off all earthly dross, and humbly composing herself to meet the end.

Tolstoy rejoiced over this sudden change in his wife, and there arose in him once again, as at the time of Vanichka's death, the hope that she was undergoing a spiritual rebirth. The fussing of the doctors, the thoughts of the operation, all these efforts to frustrate one of life's greatest experiences disgusted him. When Snegiryov asked Tolstoy's permission to operate, saying that it was a matter of life or death, he was reluctant to give his consent. If her time had come, then an operation seemed to him like an unholy interference with the will of God. In the end, he evaded the issue, declaring that the decision must rest with his wife and children. Preparations were made. Tolstoy went to Chepyzh, a forest adjoining the estate, to be alone and pray. He left directions to ring the big bell outside the house twice if the operation were successful, if not . . . well, he would come anyway.

The operating table was set up in the middle of the room; physicians in white coats talked in whispers and moved about softly; then Sonya, moaning in pain, was carried in and the door was shut. Soon all was silent. Then Dr. Snegiryov's loud voice could be heard, first severe, later nervous and irritated. Suddenly Alexandra heard him burst into vile and indecent swearing. ". . . you German mug . . . son of a —, accursed German!" The catgut which a German dealer had supplied for stitching the wound turned out to be poor in quality and tore in Snegiryov's hands. Finally, the door flew open and the doctor, exhausted and purple in the face, dashed out. Someone threw a wrap over him and led him downstairs, and someone else followed with a bottle of champagne. The operation was pronounced a success.

Alexandra ran off to Chepyzh to tell the glad news to her father. So did Ilya and Masha. They saw him at the edge of the woods.

"Successful! Successful!" they shouted.

"Good, go back, I'll come in a minute," he replied

with suppressed emotion, and turned back into the woods again to pray.

Later, when he emerged from his wife's room, after she had recovered from the anaesthetic, Ilya recalled that he was choking with indignation and declared: "My God, what a horrible thing! A human being cannot even be left to die in peace! A woman lies with a slit stomach, tied to a bed, without pillows, and she groans more than before the operation. There's torture for you!"

Perhaps because he was expecting it, Tolstoy soon detected Sonya's reversion to type. Only two days after the operation he entered in his diary: "It's terribly sad. I'm sorry for her. Great sufferings and virtually in vain." For him spiritual harmony had become more desirable than life itself. Perhaps his deepest yearning had been to find in this woman whom he had once so passionately loved the perfect spiritual mate of his old age. That hope now seemed lost forever.

And now, after Sonya's peculiarly delicate operation, her seventy-eight-year-old husband at last repudiated that sensual intimacy with her that had meant so much to him in the past. He told Makovitski: "I've been in love many times, but I can say that I never remember about love. . . . Perhaps this is not an important matter." And in his diary, before Sonya had fully recovered, he wrote the following passage, which may well have come under her own eye: "What can be more vile than sexual intercourse? One need only describe this act with preciseness in order to invoke the most terrible repulsion. Therefore, among all people who have emerged from an animal condition and entered a spiritual life, shame has always manifested itself among its members in connection with the sexual act."

Shortly after his wife's illness, his daughter Masha, that spiritual child searching with him for the unattainable, died from pneumonia (November 27, 1906). Though the passing of no one in the family could have left him with a greater sense of personal loss, Masha's going did not shake his conviction that death was an unfolding, the beginning of life.

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THE family griefs and quarrels of 1906 and also of 1907 must be viewed against the thunder-and-lightning background of national strife, for, as in the preceding two years, the tension that continued to exist everywhere was still reflected in the Tolstoy household. Though the revolution had been crushed, the government's bungling attempts to introduce reforms merely succeeded in stirring up further social opposition without being able either to control or to satisfy it.

Tolstoy realized that one of the most difficult things for man to do is to change his pattern of thought, especially when it has been sanctioned by time and experience. People in the government, he

said, were always telling him how necessary government was, just as the owners of pubs and keepers of brothels consider their establishments necessary. In dismay he watched while the revolution, instead of replacing a bad old idea with a good new one, strove merely to sugar-coat the old conception of governmental power with glittering promises. The reformers were beginning to loom in his eyes as a graver danger than the defenders of tsarist bureaucracy. Both sides justified the killing of each other in the struggle for power by the same argument -- they killed for the common good.

In the present struggle Tolstoy saw the dilemma of his country as an obligation to select one of two paths of social existence: either to limit the power of government by transferring more of it into the hands of the people, or to eliminate all power on the basis of the dominance of one religious-moral law in the hearts of people. His own choice was clear; it involved one of those new ideas which mankind found so difficult to accept in place of the old idea of rule that for centuries had dominated the mind. Though he was discouraged with his previous efforts, and somewhat skeptical of the value of the printed word, his conscience obliged him to continue to appeal to the people in another series of articles and pamphlets during 1906-1907.

It never occurred to Tolstoy that in the realm of political and social thought life had outstripped him, and the wave of history had carried far beyond him. Politics, which he loathed, and which his own generation mostly ignored, had become the passion of an aroused nation. It was a dirty but necessary business, in which the end justified the means. Born an aristocratic landowner, he had lived most of his life in a little village in the middle of Russia, isolated from the new developments and thoughts that were filling men's minds. His own class, and the peasantry among whom he lived, he understood from long experience, and with his rare powers of observation and psychological penetration he made scores of representatives of these classes live in his fiction with a wonderful truthfulness to life. And even in his controversial works, his arguments carry a convincing authenticity when based upon a knowledge of those layers of society with which he was entirely familiar.

But neither in his fiction nor in his controversial writings does Tolstoy evince any deep knowledge or understanding of the rising middle class and the proletariat which were beginning to dominate the future destiny of his country. Lenin put his finger on precisely this fault in Tolstoy's relation to the revolutionary movement. How little he grasped the thought, temper, and desires of the young members of the proletariat who were to forge the successful Revolution of 1917 is strikingly illustrated by an incident that took place in the summer of 1907. In a village near Yasnaya Polyana, he engaged in a discussion with several youths on the theme of how the workers might best free themselves. He first made

the point that the workers had confirmed their own slavery by serving the rich and the government, and that they would free themselves only when they refused such servitude and lived according to the law of God, of love.

Tolstoy tried to implant in the souls of these young men a sense of humility and a belief in service to others and in love for their neighbors. But they had experienced hunger, they had been kicked around, they had read revolutionary pamphlets, they knew what they wanted from life, and it had little relation to what Tolstoy wanted. Yet these were the youths who in ten short years would destroy the whole flimsy superstructure of the old Russia he knew and build on its foundations a new civilization. And they were fully aware then, in 1907, that a revolution could not be won on Tolstoy's slogan of "God's law, humility, and love," instead of *liberté, égalité, and fraternité*.

Like some sage whose wisdom is timeless, however, Tolstoy would have been no more convinced by the successes of the 1917 Russian Revolution than he had been by the accounts he had read of the French Revolution. He knew only that power corrupts and that this was just as true of a democracy or a socialist state as of an absolute monarchy. For him political progress could not be measured in terms of democratic or socialist progress, for he saw both the hypocrisy behind universal suffrage and the ever present danger of power, even though held by the few elected by the many.

His writings are full of prophecies of democratic and socialist states turning into monstrous dictatorships; of nonmilitary democracies becoming powerful military states; of civilized countries championing fiendish theories of racial superiority; of all the wonderful advances of science being turned into frightful instruments of war to kill most expeditiously millions of peoples. All this, he foretold, will be achieved in the name of political, social, and scientific progress. And there will be no end of such "progress," he warned, while humanity continues to worship the law of man as higher than the law of God.

71

THE news that most excited Tolstoy in the summer of 1907 was that Chertkov, who had finally been permitted to return to Russia from exile in England, planned to spend a couple of months in the neighborhood of Yasnaya Polyana. Chertkov now felt it necessary to be close to his spiritual father and made arrangements to rent a house for the summer near Yasenki, a village about three miles from Yasnaya Polyana.

Since his daughter Masha's death and the family's increased hostility to his views, Tolstoy, in his spiritual loneliness, tended to turn more and more to the masterful comfort of Chertkov. Though perhaps inevitable in the circumstances, it was a fatal tendency

for all concerned, except Chertkov. For this huge, handsome man with the suffering eyes of a saint and the iron will and temperament of a Savonarola had the habit of quarreling with those whom he could not dominate and of absorbing utterly those who submitted to his powerful personality. Few were more capable of unintentional wrong in the name of righteousness.

When Tolstoy received a telegram announcing the arrival of Chertkov and his wife and son, he was agitated to tears and rode horseback to Tula to meet them. They remained at Yasnaya Polyana until their own house was put in order.

It had been a long time since so much Tolstoyan atmosphere had hung over the neighborhood. Besides the Chertkovs, sympathizers or fervent followers such as Goldenweizer, Gorbunov-Posadov, director of the *Intermediary*, and Nikolayev, the Henry George specialist, settled down for the summer in houses near-by. Visits were exchanged between Tolstoy and Chertkov nearly every day. There were long serious discussions on doctrine and publications. Tolstoy inspected the prodigious and still growing manuscript of the "Vault" of his thoughts, which Chertkov had been compiling for years, and tears came to his eyes as he viewed this huge labor of love. The devoted friends had a spiritual feast, and frequent were the notations on "joyous meetings with Chertkov" in Tolstoy's diary.

Sonya felt that the "dark people" had taken over the estate, and she resented them more than ever. She could not fail to notice her husband's changed disposition and new interest in life when surrounded by his followers, as though he had been starved for their kind of Tolstoyan affection and interest. Nor could she fail to notice and to be jealous of these almost daily visits to Chertkov by a husband who seemed to have so little time to spare for her.

Sonya resented Chertkov's attitude towards her husband and his assumption of privileges, such as interrupting Tolstoy in his study, which not even members of the family dared to do. In fact, Chertkov's whole behavior was arousing her suspicions of his ulterior motives. Their ancient quarrel over the publishing rights of her husband's works still smoldered, and she suspected that Chertkov was trying to procure for his own future private use all of Tolstoy's manuscripts that he could lay his hands on. In April of 1907 she wrote him a sharp note to ask if he did not have in his possession certain diaries of her husband that had disappeared from Yasnaya Polyana. This action irritated Tolstoy, who was finding it increasingly difficult to keep peace between Chertkov and Sonya.

At the beginning of fall the storm clouds broke in fury. For some time tension had been growing between the Yasnaya Polyana peasants and the stewards of the estate. In order to increase profits, the stewards had raised the peasants' rent, fined them heavily for spoiled crops, and impounded their animals for wandering in the estate gardens. One night

in early September a caretaker surprised several peasants attempting to steal cabbages from the Tolstoy garden. Some shots were fired, whether by the peasants or the caretaker was not definitely proved. This incident, along with other misdeeds of the peasants, prompted Sonya, with the support of Andrei, to appeal to the governor of Tula for protection. The authorities, only too happy to render such assistance in this particular instance, promptly arrived, investigated, arrested several peasants, and left two armed policemen on the estate to keep order.

A report of the affair got out to the public. Newspapers printed sensational accounts under such headlines as "Home of L. N. Tolstoy Attacked!" And conservative and religious periodicals ran articles in which they maliciously pointed out that the great teacher of nonresistance to evil by force had cried to the police for help the moment his own skin was in danger.

The skirmishing that had been going on in the family for years on this question of property was now ended and the lines had been formed for the final battle. Tolstoy believed that property was the root of all evil, and it had now become the chief evil in his relations with his family. His position was anomalous. He had legally signed away all his rights to his estate to the family and had publicly renounced the copyrights of his works. Yet old Yasnaya Polyana peasants whom he had known as boys often took him to task for not giving away his land; disciples sometimes reproached him for continuing to live on a wealthy estate when he had repudiated property; and there was constant bickering going on over the rights to his books.

No doubt the accumulation of vexations, and the harassment of family quarrels over the question of property during 1907, prompted Tolstoy to make a public statement. And he also wanted to put an end to the interminable requests he received from all over the world for gifts of money.

He sent to the newspapers the following letter: "More than 20 years ago, because of certain personal considerations, I renounced the possession of property. Real estate belonging to me I transferred to my heirs, just as though I had died. I also renounced property rights in my productions, and those written after 1881 became public property." He then added that he sometimes received money from abroad and from people in Russia for charitable purposes, and this he distributed to the poor, as the need arose, to the best of his ability. And after requesting people not to turn to him for material aid, he concluded: "I less than anyone am able to fulfill such requests, for if I have really acted as I here testify, i.e., I have ceased to possess property, then I cannot help with money those who appeal to me. If, however, I am deceiving people in saying that I have repudiated property and really possess it, then it is even less likely that they should expect aid from such a person."

Public reaction to this attempt to clarify his posi-

tion was hardly an anodyne to his painful feelings on the subject. He received malicious and ridiculing letters; and newspaper reactions were equally scurrilous, playing largely on the theme: Was the great man being simply naïve or hypocritical?

Tolstoy had made his point at the expense of public ridicule. In some respects the effort was intended as much for his wife and sons as for the public. Yet Sonya, when her husband had renounced his estate, had assumed all the responsibility for it in the interests of the family. But the more faithfully she tried to fulfill her duties in this respect, the wider grew the rift between her and her husband. What was she to do? Only that which duty obliged her to do — fulfill her responsibilities to herself and her family. They had been the responsibilities of her whole married life. She had not changed. Only her husband had changed, and because of it she seemed to him always at fault. Yet every new resolute step she took to resolve the problems of the family's existence caused him moral suffering, undermined her own spiritual equilibrium, and served to aggravate her tendency to hysteria.

72

By 1908 Premier Stolypin's forces, apparently fully entrenched in power, felt safe in reverting to many of the repressive measures practiced before the revolution. The civil liberties promised the people were now curtailed, and any infringement of law and order was punished, often with severity. Opposition was outlawed, and it seemed that the radicals' distrust of the liberal promises of the Tsar's government had been fully justified.

Tolstoy now became a special object of attack by reactionary authorities who once again felt secure in their power. Still afraid to strike a person of his international renown, they continued their old policy of wounding him by striking at his followers and all who deliberately or unwittingly furthered his beliefs. Those caught publishing, possessing, lending, or distributing his anti-government or anti-military works were prosecuted. As always, nothing could be calculated to wound him more deeply, and each such case threw him into a turmoil of moral agitation. He wrote again and again to government officials and influential friends to ask their assistance for these victims.

Those final acts of violence — executions — distressed Tolstoy most of all.

"Today, May 9," he read in a newspaper, "on the Strelbitski field at Kherson, twenty peasants were executed by hanging for a bandit attack on the estate of a landowner in the Elizavetgrad district." This was more than Tolstoy could bear. He began his famous article, "I Cannot Be Silent." A weight fell from his shoulders as he set to work. The self-assurance and satisfaction of an effective participant in a noble cause took possession of him. In a little more than two weeks he finished "I Cannot Be Silent"

and sent it off to Chertkov with the plea that it be published at once.

On July 3 several leading Russian newspapers dared to print selections from the article, and for weeks it continued to appear in fragmentary form in the provincial press. At Tula a complete version was issued by an illegal press. Owners of nearly all the newspapers that handled the article in any form were either fined or imprisoned. Abroad, the article appeared in translation in hundreds of newspapers and periodicals in various countries.

The immediacy of the theme and the emotional intensity and high seriousness with which it was handled contributed to the tremendous success of "I Cannot Be Silent." Tolstoy's great literary talent, his sense of drama, of vivid description, of human psychology, made doubly impressive this anguished outcry against man's inhumanity. He struck a note that won a response from all thinking people. The crimes of the revolutionists are terrible, he declared, but they do not compare to the criminality and stupidity of the legalized violence of the government. The delusion, however, is the same on both sides. And the excuse, he added, "is that an evil deed committed for the benefit of many ceases to be immoral; and that therefore, without offending against the moral law, one may lie, rob, and kill whenever this tends to the realization of that supposed good condition for the many, which we imagine that we know and can foresee, and which we wish to establish."

Since the government claimed that these executions were carried out for the good of the Russian people, then, as one of the people, Tolstoy insisted that he could not escape the feeling that he was an unconscious participant in these terrible deeds, that his personal safety and chattels were protected by the horrors being perpetrated by the government.

"And being conscious of this I can no longer endure it, but must free myself from this intolerable position!

"It is impossible to live so! I, at any rate, cannot and will not live so.

"That is why I write this and will circulate it by all means in my power both in Russia and abroad — that one of two things may happen: either that these inhuman deeds may be stopped, or that my connection with them may be snapped and I put in prison, where I may be clearly conscious that these horrors are not committed on my behalf; or still better (so good that I dare not even dream of such happiness) that they may put on me, as on those twelve or twenty peasants, a shroud and a cap and may push me also off a bench, so that by my own weight I may tighten the well-soaped noose around my old throat."

The article created an uproar. As the famous painter Repin put it, in a statement for the newspapers, Tolstoy voiced the things which had been boiling in the hearts of all Russians. A stream of letters poured in to Yasnaya Polyana, by far the ma-

jority of which acclaimed his courage and applauded his uncompromising condemnation of the government's executions. The sentiments of most of them are reflected in the words of one humble correspondent from Moscow who wrote: "You have removed a stone from our hearts, as it were, for you seem to speak as a symbol of faith and we repeat your words in our hearts, because we are unable to speak so and can only feel."

A few of the letters, most of them anonymous, abused Tolstoy and his article. A neat box arrived which contained, if not a "well-soaped noose," a stout coil of rope with an accompanying message: "COUNT. An answer to your article. Without troubling the government you may do it yourself; it is not difficult. In this way you will do good to both our country and our youth. A RUSSIAN MOTHER." He humbly replied, regretting any unhappiness he had caused, and beseeching her to write him and explain the cause of her unkind feelings towards him.

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PREPARATIONS for celebrating Tolstoy's eightieth birthday on August 28 had already got under way as early as January 7, when an Initiating Committee was set up in Petersburg. The idea caught like wildfire and spread throughout the country. The progressive press responded enthusiastically and organized a large meeting with delegates from various newspapers and periodicals. A "colossal" and "super" celebration was planned, something far surpassing the celebration in honor of Pushkin.

Tolstoy was not merely a national but an international figure, and members of the press waxed lyrical over the publicity possibilities. Soon there began to appear in the newspapers nearly every day, under such headings as "Tolstoy Jubilee," "A National Holiday," and "Grandiose Celebration," accounts of preliminary plans and interviews with celebrities on the significance of Tolstoy.

After various unsuccessful efforts to halt the proceedings, which Tolstoy felt would stir up more hatred than love for him, he wrote an open letter to the press to beg that the preparations cease. Confronted with this public request, the Initiating Committee had no alternative other than to desist.

Nevertheless, August 28 brought a flood of birthday greetings from Russia and all over the world, and they continued to arrive for days. Some two thousand telegrams alone were received. They came from institutions and organizations, from all manner of individuals — titled nobility, great public figures, and even members of the Church, and convicts in prison. An Englishman presented in person a message of greetings and lofty praise signed by hundreds of his countrymen, including such figures as Meredith, Hardy, Wells, and Shaw. Ironically enough, his old Sevastopol battery sent congratulations to this man who now loathed war, and from the students of

the University of Kazan came greetings to one of its dismal failures as a student but now its most illustrious alumnus.

It seemed as though the whole world had united in honoring this man, not simply as the author of universally loved novels, but as a great moral teacher, the articulate conscience of humanity, the symbol of mankind's ceaseless striving for moral improvement. The thousands of messages clearly indicated that those beliefs closest to his heart, which he had advocated untiringly for almost thirty years — the purifying of religion, nonresistance to evil by force, and the freeing of the soil from private ownership — had found a response in the hearts of people all over the world.

Tolstoy could not help but be affected, even to tears, as he read communication after communication expressing sympathy for his ideas and admiration and love for him. Unlike most great moral teachers, he had received visible evidence before his death that his teaching had won a world audience.

74

CHERTKOV, having finally cleared up his affairs in England, had settled near Yasnaya Polyana in June, for what seemed a permanent stay. He had bought part of Alexandra's Telyatinki farm and set about building a large house that would accommodate his numerous entourage. Tolstoy viewed the project with misgiving and the considerable expenditure of money with dissatisfaction. Wryly he remarked to his secretary: "Chertkov is building next to me, but my abode will soon be far away."

Now Chertkov went into the business of Tolstoyism on a big scale. As heir apparent, he had to have his own little court. He made converts easily out of the local peasantry, for he paid quite well for their services, and few served him on the farm without finding it personally advantageous to adopt the outward aspect of the conventional Tolstoyan, however deficient they were in the spiritual observance of doctrine. His household soon contained more than thirty people, from farm workers and domestics to typists and secretaries, who were always mysteriously busy with copying Tolstoy's manuscripts and working on the seemingly endless "Vault" of his thoughts, the usefulness of which the master was now beginning to doubt.

The wellspring of all wisdom for Chertkov was only two miles from Telyatinki, and he felt the urge to imbibe almost daily, especially since Tolstoy's health at this time prevented him from visiting his friend. He "is virtually living in our house and hardly ever leaves Leo Nikolayevich alone," Sonya complained in her diary. Often he came shepherding a barefoot brigade of novices to meet the master. If Sonya happened to enter the room when her husband was talking to these converts, "he grew silent, looked at me questioningly, so that I, understanding his

desire that I should not be present, felt it necessary to leave." Chertkov sometimes brought an English photographer to snap Tolstoy in various aspects for his collection of pictures of the master.

Chertkov read every word from Tolstoy's pen, often suggesting changes with an unctuous insistence that forced compliance. And he followed him around with a notebook in hand, taking down any of his conversation that he thought significant. Visitors to Yasnaya Polyana who did not evince commendable respect for Tolstoyan principles would sometimes provoke his displeasure. Tolstoy's secretary, Gusev, tells of the visit of a neighbor, Mme. A. E. Zvegintsev, whose company Sonya enjoyed as one of her own social set. Because of the disturbances in the neighborhood at this time, she came well protected by guards and carrying a small revolver, which she deposited on a shelf in the entrance hall. Chertkov, arriving after her, spied the revolver with horror.

"What effrontery to visit Leo Nikolayevich with a revolver!" he exclaimed to Gusev. "Have you a copy of 'Do Not Kill'? Bring it here, please." And he wrapped the pamphlet about the handle of the revolver, and copies of other forbidden literature of Tolstoy were stuck into the pockets of the unsuspecting lady's coat.

"What a limited creature is Chertkov and what a narrow point of view he has in everything!" Sonya wrote in her diary, after she had overheard him warn her husband that his habit of occasionally making the sign of the cross might lead people to think he had returned to the Orthodox faith. "All Chertkov has to do is to take notes, to collect, and to photograph, and that only."

With Chertkov as a constant irritant in the matter, the old quarrel over publishing rights took a serious turn. During an illness in August, Tolstoy, thinking that he might die, dictated several wishes to Gusev for his diary, among which was the hope that his heirs would make all his writings public property. If this wish were carried out, of course it would mean that Sonya would have to surrender the rights he had given her to his works written before 1881. That all his productions should become public property had long been one of his fondest desires.

Sonya had no intention of doing anything of the kind. More than ever she jealously guarded her rights to the early works. The quarrels over this subject between husband and wife during 1908 were frequent and bitter in the extreme. Often all present were drawn in, including Chertkov, who customarily took out his little notebook and jotted down bits of the argument for his diary.

The public protest evoked by "I Cannot Be Silent" had no effect on the government's harsh policy towards those who opposed its power. And Tolstoy's followers and those who published or distributed his banned works continued to suffer, for such persecu-

tions mounted during 1909. The police, on directions from above, were obviously conducting a planned campaign against the spread of his influence.

At the beginning of March the police struck their hardest blow — Chertkov was given three days to clear out of the province of Tula. The vague charge of “pernicious activities” was lodged against him; it was also rumored that a neighboring landowner had complained to the authorities of his proselyting among the peasants of the district and of his urging them not to pay taxes. Any reason would have been sufficient for the police if they had decided that it was desirable to prevent the chief disciple from being so accessible to the master. So great was Tolstoy’s indignation that he actually refused to shake hands with the officer who came to arrange Chertkov’s departure, for him an unforgivable act of impoliteness that made him groan at night when he woke up and recalled it. Chertkov and his numerous menage moved to Kryokshino, the estate of his relatives the Pashkovs, situated in the Moscow district.

Early in June Tolstoy set out to visit his daughter Tanya at Kochety, her husband’s estate. He undertook this tiring trip of almost a hundred miles partly because, with the coming of summer, the domestic atmosphere at Yasnaya Polyana had again grown troubled, and partly to see Chertkov. For Kochety was on the edge of Tula Province, and by renting a hut just inside the boundary of the neighboring Orlov Province, he was able to have two of those “joyous meetings” with his devoted disciple without breaking the law.

Tolstoy prolonged his stay at Kochety, much to Sonya’s annoyance. She had accompanied him on his journey but returned alone, and now the big house seemed dismal and empty without him. All the glory and excitement had vanished. With this grim foretaste of what his death or going away would mean to her, she sadly wrote him: “Dear Lyovochka, we live without you at Yasnaya Polyana like a body without a soul.”

On Tolstoy’s return, life began again at Yasnaya Polyana — and so did the family bickering. Whenever it was possible Tolstoy kept out of the quarrels and brooded in silence. With misgivings he had noticed his wife’s growing nervousness and her hypercritical attitude to much that went on in the house.

One thing Tolstoy decided in the course of these quarrels — to make his works public property after his death by drawing up a legal will. Whether this crucial idea was first proposed to him by one of his friends or disciples will never be known for certain, though it appears likely. As early as June 23 of this year he wrote to Chertkov, who had apparently already broached the idea, that it was repugnant to him, and that he would rather send all his writings to the devil if it would prevent any hard feelings.

But shortly after this he appears to have come to the conclusion, because of the many discussions and quarrels on the subject, that he could not fully trust

his heirs to carry out his wishes concerning the disposal of his literary property. Ordinarily he would have instinctively rebelled at calling to his aid the law, an arm of the government. But he had compromised with the government before on issues that seemed to make for the greatest good of the greatest number, and ensuring that his works would become public property after his death would appear to be such an issue. He would use the law not to protect private property, but to safeguard his works as public property.

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IT WAS partly with the purpose of drawing up a legal will that Tolstoy set out to visit Chertkov at Kryokshino on September 3. With him went Alexandra, Dr. Makovitski, and a family servant. Tolstoy, in excellent spirits, was as excited as a child over the trip, which would take him to Moscow for the first time in eight years. Persistent movie photographers pestered him at the station, and so did numerous people on the train who recognized him.

At the Moscow terminal Chertkov and a delegation from the *Intermediary* welcomed him. A murmur of “Tolstoy!” ran from person to person on the platform, and only with difficulty did the carriage make its way through the crowd shouting greetings to him. That night he stayed at the family’s old Moscow house. The next morning, at Goldenweizer’s suggestion, he went to Zimmerman’s music store to see the latest in mechanical inventions — a player piano. On the way, the swarming streets and city din filled him with horror and confirmed his disgust for modern civilization.

Arriving at the station, the party boarded a third-class carriage and was soon at Kryokshino, only some twenty miles distant.

The Chertkovs lived in the “Tolstoyan” fashion that had prevailed in their establishment at Telyatinki. A host of assistants, laborers, and servants dined with the family, a custom that much embarrassed the old Tolstoy retainer who kept leaping to his feet every time any of the gentlefolk came near his chair.

In this atmosphere, saturated with his own moral and religious influence, the low spirits that had depressed Tolstoy during recent months vanished. He was surrounded by loyal followers who accepted his every word as law and revered him as a living saint among sinning mankind. Visitors from near-by Moscow who had learned of his presence there were endless. He sometimes avoided them in long solitary walks through the countryside, though he was usually followed at a respectful distance by the devoted and devious Chertkov.

When Tolstoy had been at Kryokshino about ten days, Sonya arrived, having been delayed by an ailing leg. Her nervous presence introduced an alien element into the harmonious Tolstoyan atmosphere. Though everything was done to mollify her, an un-

pleasant scene took place. She insisted that they go home on the eighteenth and stay overnight in Moscow. Tolstoy wished to remain until the nineteenth and return directly to Yasnaya Polyana in order to avoid any possible demonstration that his appearance in the city might cause. A fit of hysteria on Sonya's part decided the matter.

Before he left, however, Tolstoy planned to finish up the business of the will, which he had discussed with Chertkov. He drafted the contents himself and a clean copy was made by Alexandra. In it he stated that all his published or unpublished works, written after January 1, 1881, and all unpublished works written before that date, "constitute, after my death, no person's private property, but to be freely publishable and republishable by all who may desire so to use them." He further requested that all his manuscripts and documents extant at the time of his death be handed over to Chertkov, "to the end that, after my decease, he may dispose of them as heretofore, and that they may be freely accessible to all who may desire to make use of them for publication." And he finally requested Chertkov to select a person or persons who, in the event of his own death, would carry out Tolstoy's behests.

On the day of departure from Kryokshino, Tolstoy and the witnesses gathered in a small room. He was agitated, partly perhaps from a fear that Sonya would enter and surprise them at this business. He read over the text of the will, signed it, and so did three witnesses, friends and followers — A. B. Goldenweizer, A. V. Kalachev, and A. P. Sergeyenko. Tolstoy believed that he had executed a legal document.

The time had come for leaving. At the little station a small crowd had gathered, including movie photographers. Sonya asked her husband to walk up and down the platform so that they might be photographed together, and he complied unwillingly. A larger crowd and more photographers awaited them on their arrival at Moscow. At home the telephone rang continually and utter strangers kept inquiring about Tolstoy, for this time the news had spread all over the city that he was there. In fact, the newspapers announced the time of departure of the party on the morrow.

The next morning crowds began to gather outside the house, among them the ubiquitous motion-picture photographers. Tolstoy with Sonya, Alexandra, and Chertkov left in a carriage. People in the crowd bared their heads. Tolstoy kept bowing. The photographers in another carriage dashed ahead, grinding away on their mounted camera.

At the station a crowd had long since assembled and kept growing by the minute. All classes of the city's population were represented. As the carriage approached, the cry went up: "He's coming! He's coming!" Several hundred dashed forward and surrounded the carriage. All hats came off and a loud "Hurrah!" roared from thousands of people who had jammed the square and station.

The Moscow triumph almost proved fatal, for the excitement and strain on Tolstoy's feeble strength had been too much for him. Soon after the train pulled out he slipped into unconsciousness. They thought he was dying. When they got him home Dr. Makovitski and Alexandra worked frantically to bring him to, while Sonya hovered over him, begging him to tell her where the key to his drawer was, for she feared he would die and the manuscripts would be stolen.

With his still remarkable recuperative powers, however, Tolstoy quickly recovered and again plunged into his literary labors, beginning several articles and a short story. Towards the end of September he wrote Chertkov: "A letter from a Transvaal Hindu moved me." The unknown correspondent was none other than M. K. Gandhi. He had been deeply impressed and influenced by Tolstoy's writings, especially *The Kingdom of God Is Within You*, and in a subsequent letter to Tolstoy, he called himself "a humble follower of yours." His civil-disobedience campaign and his passive-resistance doctrine owe much to Tolstoy, though the master would no doubt have disapproved of Gandhi's later political activities and dealings with the British government.

But the tense feeling in the household was not conducive to the peace of mind Tolstoy required for his literary work. If anything, since his return from Kryokshino, the domestic situation had deteriorated. Sonya's nervous habits increased, her criticism of her husband and his disciples grew more bitter.

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THE question of inheritance rose once again to plague Tolstoy. Before Alexandra left Moscow, on the return from Kryokshino, she had taken the precaution to submit the will drawn up at Chertkov's estate to a lawyer, N. K. Muravyov, to determine its legality. After examining the document, he decided that it would not be accepted by the courts for various reasons, but principally because, according to Russian law, property could not be left to "no one"; it had to be left to some definite legal person who would dispose of it as Tolstoy wished. Subsequently several consultations were held in the lawyer's office by Chertkov, his close friend and assistant F. A. Strakhov, and Goldenweizer, and several drafts of a model will were drawn up by the lawyer to be submitted to Tolstoy. He was to be asked to select one or reject them all if they did not meet with his approval.

Strakhov arrived at Yasnaya Polyana on October 26, when, according to information he had received, he believed that Tolstoy's wife would be in Moscow. By chance, she was returning home on the same train that brought him there. He managed to fulfill his commission, however, without revealing to Sonya the purpose of his visit. Alone with Tol-

stoy, he explained in detail the legal objections to the previous will and presented the drafts of the model text.

Tolstoy read over the drafts, selected one, and wrote at the bottom that he agreed with this form. But after thinking a little, he said: "The whole affair is very painful to me. And it is all unnecessary — to secure the spread of my ideas by such measures. Now Christ — although it is strange that I should compare myself with him — did not trouble about anyone appropriating his ideas as his personal property, nor did he record his ideas in writing, but expressed them courageously and went on the cross for them. His ideas have not been lost. Indeed, no word can be completely lost, if it expresses the truth and if the person uttering it profoundly believes in its truth. But all these external measures for security come only from our non-belief in what we are uttering." And with this statement he left the room.

Strakhov was in a quandary. He felt that Tolstoy now wished to drop the whole matter of a will. Before he reported to Chertkov that his mission had been unsuccessful, he decided as a last resort to present fully the views of the little group of friends on this subject. When he could get Tolstoy alone again, he brought up his previous statement. You mentioned Christ, he argued with him. He did not have to trouble about the dissemination of His ideas because He did not write and received no payment for His ideas. But you write, he continued, and now your family receives payment for your works. And if you do not secure the public use of your writings, you will be indirectly furthering the rights of private property in them on the part of your family.

It has been painful to your friends, said Strakhov, to hear you blamed because you transferred your estate to your wife, in spite of your denial of private property. Now it will be even more painful to them to hear people say that in spite of his knowledge that the public repudiation of his copyright had no legal validity, Tolstoy took no steps to ensure that his wish would be carried out, and thus assisted the transference of his literary property to his family.

Tolstoy admitted the strength of Strakhov's arguments and asked for some time to think the matter over. After several hours he called Strakhov and Alexandra into his study and said to them: "I shall surprise you by my final decision. . . . I want, Sasha, to leave everything to you, understand, everything, not even excepting what I reserved in the declaration in the newspapers." Did this mean that his wife would have to forfeit the income from those works which she had been accustomed to regard as her own, the astonished Strakhov asked. Tolstoy hastily added: "All this Sasha will arrange for her [Sonya] during her lifetime in accordance with my desire, in short, arrange things so that my will does not bring about any change in relation to her."

Strakhov hurriedly telegraphed the triumphant

news to Chertkov. The friends were delighted with this new decision. It meant that Tolstoy would leave all his works, not even excepting those published before 1881, which he had formerly assigned to his wife, to his daughter Alexandra, who, with Chertkov as a literary executor, would faithfully fulfill Tolstoy's determination to make all his writings the property of the public.

Muravyov drew up a new will with these specifications. On November 1 Strakhov and Goldenweizer went to Yasnaya Polyana with the document. All felt uneasy, even guilty, about the unsuspecting Sonya. Tolstoy carefully locked the two doors of his study, and after reading over the text signed it and the two witnesses signed.

In a household where there had never been any secrecy, especially between husband and wife, there now existed a kind of conspiracy. Sonya quickly sensed this fact, even if she could not at first understand all its reasons and implications. And it completed her isolation in the family. She felt desperately lonely. Her husband was surrounded by devoted followers who now regarded her with open hostility, the wife who was "poisoning" the last days of her saint-like husband. With a pain in her heart, she saw how happy he was in their company, how gloomy in hers. When she entered the room the conversation stopped among these disciples, the cheerful expressions on their faces turned sour. She felt hopelessly alone in her struggle against these followers of her husband, who, she believed, had designs on her property and that of her children.

When Sonya took her complaints to her husband, he would grow furiously angry and threaten to shoot himself, and then she was terrified that he might do it. His own efforts to be kind and considerate — and there were some — were now fumbling and inadequate. Their forty-seven years of married life seemed to her a dismal failure, and her only comfort was to dwell upon the happy early part of that union. In these circumstances Sonya's behavior grew more and more irrational as her nervous forces were exhausted by factors that she could neither control nor understand.

77

EXISTENCE at Yasnaya Polyana was daily becoming less compatible with the serenity Tolstoy sought. His wife's nervous energy kept the household in a state of constant activity. Things often went badly with the management of the estate. Two of his sons, in financial difficulties, were pressing her for loans.

Every small circumstance seemed to increase the old, gnawing dissatisfaction that Tolstoy felt over the disparity between the life around him and that which he wanted to lead.

Though obviously against Sonya's wishes, Tolstoy decided to escape again from the trying situation at Yasnaya Polyana and visit Chertkov, who had moved to Meshcherskoye in the Moscow district,

in order to be nearer the master. He left on June 12, accompanied by Alexandra, his new secretary, Bulgakov, and Dr. Makovitski, and he represented the visit to his anxious wife as a brief one. However much he yearned to leave permanently, he could not take this step. That year (1910) an earnest Kiev student and disciple had enthusiastically written him: "Abandon your estate, give your property to your relations and the poor, leave yourself without a kopek, and as a mendicant go from town to town."

Tolstoy answered: "Your letter has profoundly moved me. What you advise me has been my sacred dream, but up to this time I have been unable to do it. There are many reasons . . . but the chief reason is that my doing this must not affect others."

As at Kryokshino, Tolstoy's spirits rose as he settled into the pleasantly familiar atmosphere of Chertkov's household at Meshcherskoye. Here was the calm and discriminating solicitude he needed for spiritual concentration. He could even overlook the unique annoyance perpetrated by Chertkov's semi-invalid wife: a ladder from Tolstoy's second-story window to the ground, which had to be used by his visitors during the invalid's rest hours for fear of disturbing her by going up and down the stairs. In fact, despite his age, he longed to try the ladder himself. His recovered gayety served to remind the severe sectarians surrounding the host that they ought not to live by Tolstoyism alone. He soon had them laughing at his sallies and singing cheerful songs of an evening, led by Bulgakov's strong tenor.

At home Sonya's rage was increasing. She had the house filled with painters and plasterers, was rearranging all the furniture, and staying up till the small hours of the morning working on her edition. Tolstoy's kind letters from Meshcherskoye were not any palliative. Her brief answers gave no hint of the coming storm, which apparently burst in full fury over the bit of information he unsuspectingly wrote her in his letter of June 19. He had just received "the welcome news," he said, that the authorities had permitted Chertkov to be at Telyatinki during the period of his mother's visit there, which was to begin on June 27.

Something snapped in Sonya after she got this letter. She reacted in a violent manner, physically and emotionally. On June 22 Tolstoy received a telegram: "Sofya Andreyevna intensely nervous attack, insomnia, weeping, pulse hundred. Asked me to telegraph. Varya." This telegram had been dictated by Sonya to Varya M. Feokritov, her typist and a close friend of Alexandra, but Varya added the last four words on her own as a hint that the message was really Sonya's. Detecting this hint, Alexandra pointed it out to her father, and after talking it over and deciding that Sonya was in all probability simulating illness, he sent a wire to the effect that it would be more convenient to come on the twenty-fourth.

According to Varya, when Sonya received this telegram she cried: "Don't you see that this is Chertkov's expression, that he won't let him go. They want to kill me, but I have some opium. . . ." And she ran to the cupboard, seized a vial of opium and spirits of ammonia, and declared that she would poison herself if her husband did not come back. Meanwhile, she had sent another telegram: "Implore you to come quickly, on the 23rd." And since Varya had by now become thoroughly alarmed over the threats of suicide, she agreed to send in her own name a third telegram, also dictated by Sonya: "I think it necessary."

When he received this message, Tolstoy decided to leave at once and reached Yasnaya Polyana late at night on the twenty-third. He wrote in his diary: "Found things worse than I expected. It is impossible to describe the hysteria and exasperation. I restrained myself pretty well, but was not gentle enough."

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SONYA'S behavior was not merely the result of Tolstoy's failure to return immediately. A complex of psychotic wounds combined with adverse material factors over the whole course of her married life had brought an inherently unstable nature to the point of mental and emotional collapse. A morbid purity fixation had been outraged before marriage by reading, in her future husband's diary, of his youthful debauchery, and this condition had been further aggravated by the events of the wedding night and the nature of subsequent sexual relations. Tolstoy's virtual repudiation, after his religious experience, of the kind of existence they had been living for years tremendously widened the rift between them and increased Sonya's feeling of material insecurity, just as his struggle at that time to cease sexual intimacy increased her sense of emotional insecurity.

With the coming of old age, the severance of the sexual bond, and his desire to withdraw within himself spiritually, Sonya's isolation from her husband was complete. Since she could not share his spiritual life, she was denied the usual compensations that old married couples enjoy. And now, on top of all this, the fear that he would leave her had entirely undermined what little stability she had left. In a frenzy of desperation she sought for a symbol of her failure and found it in Chertkov. She wrote in her diary: "I was wretched because of this long, unaccustomed separation from Leo Nikolayevich. He has a repulsive, senile love for Chertkov (in his youth he used to fall in love with men), and he is completely subject to his will. . . . I am insanely jealous of Leo Nikolayevich's intimacy with Chertkov; I feel that he has taken from me all that I have lived for during 48 years."

The situation that had developed at Yasnaya Polyana would probably have been rejected by

Tolstoy the novelist, as "too sensational," "untrue to the experience of life." Here was a woman of sixty-six who, after being married for forty-eight years, was accusing her eighty-one-year-old husband of homosexual relations with a man of fifty-six! Sonya was now willing to go to almost any lengths to drive the hated Chertkov out of her husband's life.

In her moments of mental derangement, often accompanied by physical illness, she unquestionably suffered terribly. In her calmer moments, however, she was overwhelmed with remorse and pity for her husband. Some in the household were convinced that her ravings and absurd actions were cunning dissimulation, practiced to gain her own ends, not realizing that dissimulation was a symptom of her peculiar illness. Desperately she tried to enlist all on her side, freely pouring forth her woe even to complete strangers. But the only real supporters she had were her two sons Leo and Andrei, and motives other than those of devotion to their mother played a part in their defense of her cause.

However exaggerated were Sonya's fears of Chertkov, she had real reasons to dislike and distrust him. But even though his relations with Tolstoy were by now most unusual, only the overwrought mind of Sonya could have detected anything perverted in them. Tolstoy once wrote in a light vein: "If there were not a Chertkov, it would be necessary to invent one; for me, at least, for my happiness." Chertkov was his special defender before the world, and no man knew so intimately the master's teaching or could interpret it so successfully.

Chertkov seemed to be the principal irritant in the unhappy domestic strife at Yasnaya Polyana. But the assumption that peace would reign if he removed himself from the scene, as a gentleman normally would in a quarrel between husband and wife, was altogether too simple. The causes of the dissension went much deeper. Besides, he had a spiritual vested interest in Tolstoy and his teaching. He had given up the best years of his life to this cause, and now he had no intention of allowing "the crazy will of a woman," as he expressed it, to endanger his favored position at the right hand of the master. As the chief editor of Tolstoy's enormous literary production and the continuator of his teaching after his death, Chertkov looked forward to occupying himself for the remaining years of his life with a most congenial and sacred trust. And he was prepared to exert himself to the utmost to defend these prerogatives against Sonya and any members of her family — even against Tolstoy himself.

With Chertkov's return to Telyatinki, a feeling of tension gripped all in the family in expectation of another mad scene as Sonya continued in a highly nervous state. She turned every visit of Chertkov into a painful experience for all. Whenever a carriage drove up, she began to tremble, fearing her "enemy" had arrived again. She shadowed him and her husband through the house, refusing to let

them talk alone for a moment. If Chertkov delayed his departure in the evening, she would ostentatiously arise and loudly announce: "It's time to go to bed!"

This campaign did not daunt Chertkov, though it kept Tolstoy in a continual state of worry. But Sonya failed to stop with these tactics. She shouted threats against Chertkov, that she wanted to kill him, to drive a knife into his fat body. Losing all sense of discretion, she plotted with her neighbor Anna E. Zvegintsev, who disliked Chertkov, to denounce him to the authorities and have him again removed from the district. Still more disturbing, she read aloud to members of the family and guests a passage in Tolstoy's diary, which he wrote at the age of twenty-three, of his love for men, and she openly accused him and Chertkov of unnatural relations.

Tolstoy and the older children thought the time had come to call a physician to examine Sonya. On July 19, Dr. D. V. Nikitin, a family friend, and Dr. G. I. Rossolimo, a neuropathist, arrived. Dr. Rossolimo's diagnosis of the illness was: "A degenerative dual constitution: paranoial and hysterical, with a predominance of the former. At the present time there is an episodic aggravation." Separation from her husband for a period, and baths and walking, were prescribed. Sonya was outraged.

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A CRESCENDO of scenes culminated in her leaving home on July 25, because her husband, she said, had driven her out of the house and her daughter had spat at her. She wept at departing, forgave Alexandra, and took some poison with her. Behind her she left a letter for Tolstoy, in which she thanked him for her former happiness and declared that, since the doctors had advised separation, she was going away to leave him free to have all the secrets and meetings with Chertkov that he desired.

But Sonya was careful to depart in the carriage that was being sent to Tula to meet Andrei, and in a few hours she duly arrived back at Yasnaya Polyana with her son. She feared her husband's derision, but he came to her, she wrote in her diary, kind and touched, and thanked her with tears in his eyes for having returned. Then she immediately brought up the question of Chertkov again, and he grew angry.

Sonya, however, had won out once more, for the next day Tolstoy wrote Chertkov to say that, though it pained him, he felt that they ought not to meet as long as his wife's sickly condition lasted. His friend accepted the blow with bad grace, and took the occasion, in replying, to sermonize Tolstoy in Tolstoyan accents on the danger of abandoning the freedom of action necessary to accomplish, not his own will, but the will of Him who sent him.

The strain was telling on Tolstoy. His sleep was disturbed by worry and Sonya's frequent visits at

all hours of the night. It was impossible to work. His attempt to treat her tirades with silence only exasperated her the more. He began to feel that there was something ridiculous, humiliating, and shameful in allowing himself to be cut off from Chertkov. Death would seem to him like a welcome relief, he wrote in his diary. For some days he had been thinking about trying to get away from her and go to Kochety for a rest, and Tanya, who was visiting Yasnaya Polyana, strongly encouraged this step. But whenever it was mentioned Sonya had hysterics.

On August 14 Tolstoy wrote in his secret diary: "Always worse and worse. She did not sleep last night. She jumped up in the morning. 'With whom are you talking?' Then she told me horrible things: sexual irritation. Terrible to say. . . . Terrible, but thank God she is pitiful and I can pity her. I will endure. God help me. She has worn everybody out, and herself most of all." Shortly after this Tanya entered her father's room and found him with his face in his hands, sobbing. He repeated to his daughter some of the things Sonya had said to him. She had demanded that they resume what had long since ceased — marital relations!

This last experience was too much for Tolstoy, and he firmly decided to leave for Kochety the next day.

To the dismay of the whole family, Sonya insisted on accompanying her husband to Kochety. Tanya, feeling that the purpose of her father's visit to her estate would be frustrated, sternly warned her mother that she expected her to be on her best behavior.

For several days relations between husband and wife improved in the cheery surroundings of Kochety, until Sonya read a news account reporting that the government's ban on Chertkov's living at Telyatinki had been entirely removed. It almost seemed as though the authorities, aware that Chertkov's presence near Yasnaya Polyana was a vital factor in a scandalous family feud, had decided to let him remain there as a part of their indirect campaign against Tolstoy. He and his daughters had known of this news for nearly a week, but had feared to tell Sonya. Now her despair was terrible. "I will kill him!" she shrieked at her husband.

With a new firmness Tolstoy resisted all Sonya's hysterical attempts to get him to return to Yasnaya Polyana with her or even to name a definite date. Finally, "insanely sobbing," as she described herself, she left without him on September 12. He did not join her until September 22, in time to be on hand for their wedding anniversary.

Dressed in a white silk gown, Sonya stood with her husband before a screen on the day of their forty-eighth wedding anniversary. Bulgakov nervously clicked the shutter. But the picture did not turn out well, and the next day she insisted that another be taken. Tolstoy's dislike for this business made no difference to her. Had he not let Chertkov take scores of pictures of him?

Besides, a newspaper, she heard, had published a rumor that they were divorced. She would send this photograph to the press and prove to the world that Tolstoy still loved her. "She needs only one thing," he had written in his diary a week before, "that people should think that *I love her*. That is what is so terrible." She clung to his arm, turned her face full towards him, and tried to elicit with her faded smile an answering smile from him. But he stared stonily ahead, profound discontent frozen forever on his careworn face.

At this moment, however, Chertkov at near-by Telyatinki, sulking like Achilles in his tent, was indignant over Sonya's blistering rejection of an attempt he had made at reconciliation. He testily wrote Tolstoy that he had made a big mistake in allowing "a spiritually alien person" to interfere in their relations. Depressed by reproaches and accusations from this quarter too, Tolstoy entered in his secret diary: "They tear me to pieces. I sometimes think I ought to get away from them all."

Finally Tolstoy, worn out with the emotional strain of the past months, fell dangerously ill. He had convulsions and a prolonged period of unconsciousness. Sonya, in a frenzy of despair, clasped her husband's twitching legs and softly whispered: "Lord, only not this time, only not this time!" And she said to Alexandra, who had been hurriedly called: "I suffer more than you. You will lose a father, but I will lose a husband for whose death I am to blame!" For all her sincere and terrible grief, she could not resist the desire to purloin Tolstoy's portfolio, containing papers; she hid it in her cupboard. The children observed her in this act and hastened to secure from her his secret diary and the key of his desk. When Tanya demanded the portfolio, she returned it, saying that she did not want Chertkov to get it.

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TOLSTOY made a quick recovery. But Sergei, Tanya, and Alexandra held a council, and Sergei warned his mother that if she did not come to herself, the family would place her under the control of doctors and separate her from her husband. For if Tolstoy died, said Sergei, the whole world would believe that it was her doing. Thoroughly contrite now, Sonya a few days later even melted to the point of inviting Chertkov to call.

Any hope of tranquillity Tolstoy expected was blasted, for Sonya found a misplaced copybook containing the entries, running from July 29 to September 22, of his "Diary for Myself Alone." She came upon this little book which he had tucked away in one of his boots. Of course, she did not scruple to read it, despite the plain statement on the first page that it was intended only for himself. In it were various frank reflections on the family strife and also plain allusions to his will and to some of its terms.

The hysterical scenes began all over again. Sonya's

discovery confirmed all her suspicions, which was a typical reaction for a person with her mania. For days, she wrote in her diary, she went about with only one thought — suicide. Her husband would give all his works to the public and thus would take “the bread from the mouths” of her twenty-three children and grandchildren. He was holding a threatening dagger over her — if he should die before her edition of his works was published, she might well lose all the income. Of course, that “wicked Pharisee,” Chertkov, was the cause of it all. “I must end these tortures more quickly,” she wrote, “or tomorrow Mr. Chertkov will be carrying away not manuscripts, but *me* to a lunatic asylum!”

At last Tolstoy had begun to feel the futility of continuing this seemingly endless struggle with Sonya by love and kindness. He wondered whether his very presence was not actually hindering her recovery.

He had begun to make secret plans, to tell Alexandra and to ask her to inform Chertkov. Should he go, each of them would use a pseudonym in all communications. A feeling of tense expectancy took possession of him. Habit, duty, and love for Sonya demanded that he stay. When he whispered his intention to dear old Marya Schmidt, this frightened worshiper exclaimed softly: “Darling Leo Nikolayevich, this will pass; it is only a momentary weakness.” And he replied: “Yes, yes, I know that it is a weakness, and I hope that it will pass.” He sincerely hoped. But at the same time he waited for a real reason for leaving Yasnaya Polyana forever, and he knew in his heart of hearts that he would take advantage of it. And the unfortunate, tragic Sonya soon gave him that reason.

On October 28 Tolstoy wrote in his diary what had happened in the early hours of that morning: —

“I lay down at half-past eleven. Slept till three o’clock. I awoke, and again, as on previous nights, I heard the opening of doors and footsteps. On other occasions I had not looked at my door, but now I glanced at it and saw through the crack a bright light in the study and heard a rustling. That was Sofya Andreyevna searching, probably reading. The day before she had asked, insisted, that I should not close my doors. Both her doors were open, so she could hear my slightest movement. Day and night my every word and movement must be known to her and under her control. Again footsteps and a cautious opening of doors, and she went out.

“I don’t know why this aroused in me an unrestrainable aversion and indignation. I tried to go to sleep again but could not. I tossed about for an hour, lighted a candle, and sat up. The door opened. Sofya Andreyevna came in and asked: ‘How are you?’ and she was surprised to see my light. My aversion and indignation grew. I choked and counted my pulse — 97.

“I could lie there no longer and suddenly took the final decision to go away. I wrote her a letter and began to pack only what was necessary for the trip. I woke Dushan and then Sasha, and they helped me

pack. I trembled at the thought that she would hear and come out — scenes, hysteria, and then there would be no getting away without an uproar.

“By six o’clock everything was somehow packed, and I went to the stable to tell them to harness. Dushan, Sasha, and Varya finished the packing. It was still night — pitch dark. I missed the path to the wing of the house, stumbled into a thicket, pricking myself, ran into the trees, fell, lost my cap and couldn’t find it, made my way out with difficulty and got back to the house. I found another cap and with a lantern made my way back to the stable and saw to the harnessing. Sasha, Dushan, and Varya came out with me. I trembled, expecting to be pursued. But at last we drove off. At Shchyokino station we had to wait an hour, and I thought she would appear at any moment. However, we took our places in the railway carriage and started. My fear passed and pity for her arose in my heart, but no doubt that I had done what I had to do. Perhaps I am mistaken and am merely justifying my actions. But it seems to me that I have saved myself — not Leo Nikolayevich, but that something of which there is still a bit left in me.”

81

ON the morning of October 28 Sonya rose late, as was her custom. She went to greet her husband. He was not in his room — strange at that time of the day. An old fear gripped her. She ran to Alexandra.

“Where is papa?”

“He has gone away.”

“How has he gone away? When?”

“Last night.”

“Impossible! Sasha, dear . . .”

“Well, do you think I’m fooling? I’m telling you what has happened.”

“Has he gone away for good?”

“Probably for good.”

“Alone?”

“No, with Dushan.”

“Darling, Sasha, dear. . . ! Tell me — where has he gone to?” Sonya clasped her hands imploringly. Her knees sagged.

“I don’t know where he’s gone,” Alexandra answered. “He told me nothing, only gave me a letter for you.”

“My God!” murmured Sonya. She tore open the letter and began to read: —

“My departure will grieve you. I am sorry for that, but please understand and believe that I could not act otherwise. My position in the house is becoming and has become unbearable. Apart from anything else, I can no longer live in these conditions of luxury in which I have been living, and I am doing what old men of my age commonly do: leaving this worldly life in order to live out my last days in peace and solitude.

"Please try to understand this and do not follow me if you learn where I am. Your coming would only make your position and mine worse and would not alter my decision. I thank you for your honorable forty-eight years of life with me, and I beg you to forgive me for anything in which I have been at fault towards you, as I with all my soul forgive you for any wrong you have done me. I advise you to reconcile yourself with the new position in which my departure places you and not to have an unkindly feeling towards me. If you want to report anything to me, give it to Sasha. She will know where I am and will forward what is necessary. But she cannot tell you where I am, for she has promised me not to tell anyone."

Sonya could bear to read only the first sentence. She rushed out of the house and dashed towards the pond. Alexandra, Bulgakov, and several servants ran after her. Reaching the little platform from which the women rinsed the laundry, she slipped, fell on the planks, and rolled off into shallow water. Alexandra and Bulgakov with the aid of a servant pulled her out and with difficulty got her back to the house.

The hysterical Sonya's ravings and crude suicide attempts made the rest of that day at Yasnaya Polyana a mad experience for the whole household. She tried to jump out of the window; and again she dashed for the pond and was hauled back. A pen-knife, scissors, and heavy objects with which she feebly tried to injure herself were taken away from her. She had to be watched every moment. Roaming from room to room she wailed that she could not live without her husband. Her passionate outbursts of grief were a curious mingling of sentimentality and hate. Claspings to her breast her husband's pillow, a small one that she had made for him, she covered it with kisses, moaning: "Dear Lyovochka, where is your worn little head lying now? Do you hear me?"

And the next moment she screamed: "He's a beast! He couldn't have acted more cruelly! He deliberately wanted to kill me!"

In fact little serious concern for her absent husband was reflected in Sonya's grief. Her attention was centered primarily upon herself, an accepted phase of the derangement from which she suffered. She seemed now to realize the awful truth that the glory in which she had basked for years had vanished, and that the world would attribute Tolstoy's flight from home to her behavior. She sent a servant to the station to find out what train Tolstoy had taken and dispatched a telegram to it: "Return at once. Sasha." But the servant revealed this fraud to Alexandra, who exposed it by a telegram of her own. To a chance reporter disguised as a friend, Sonya did not hesitate to show Tolstoy's farewell letter, apparently believing this to be her best defense before the world. To Alexandra, however, she declared her intention of running down her husband. If she found him, she said that would be the end of his es-

capades, for she would watch him day and night, even sleep at his door if necessary.

All the children except Leo, who was abroad, were summoned in this emergency. They quickly gathered at Yasnaya Polyana and decided to send for a doctor and a nurse to keep their mother under constant observation. This new doctor, a mental specialist, found no evidence of paranoia in Sonya, but rather a neuropsychic hysteria.

Her agitation hardly lessened. She wrote Tolstoy a pathetic letter the day after his flight: "Lyovochka, darling, come home and save me, dear, from a second attempt at suicide. Lyovochka, friend of my whole life, I will do everything, everything you wish; I will renounce all luxury entirely; I'll be friendly with your friends; I'll cure myself; I'll be kind. Dear, dear, come back; you must *save* me. Even the Gospel says you can never, in *any circumstances*, desert your wife. My dear, darling, friend of my soul, save me, return. Come back if only to say farewell to me before we part forever." Poor Sonya's repentance was too late.

82

AT LAST he was on the road! The great adventure had begun. But the setting was not the one he had so often imagined — of the Brahmin, bent with years, trudging his solitary way along a dusty path to some lonely wilderness refuge. Tolstoy sat gloomily in a smoky, crowded, noisy, third-class railway coach. He seemed more like some aged modern Don Quixote with Dr. Dushan Makovitski, his faithful Sancho Panza, off on a hopeless quest of spiritual knight-errantry.

What a complex series of material circumstances, psychological factors, rational speculation, and moral urges had created this unique situation. On the one hand, from the time of his youth Tolstoy had indulged in dreams of abandoning civilization and living like a peasant, joining the carefree Cossacks, becoming a holy pilgrim, or entering a monastery. And after his spiritual regeneration these dreams found real substance in his desire to lead a simple life of "bread-labor" and service to others, which was so much at variance with his comfortable Yasnaya Polyana existence. In one form or another both the dreams and the positive plans for an entirely different life were reflected in the hopes and yearnings of his imaginary characters — Olenin, Pierre Bezukhov, Kornei Vasilyev, Saryntsov, and Father Sergei.

On the other hand, unhappy experiences of Tolstoy's married life both aided and hindered the fulfillment of his dreams and spiritual desires. They aided in the sense that he often felt he could no longer live with his wife and must go away, and always, of course, it was to go away and realize his ideal existence. Again and again he expressed this intention in his diary, and on several occasions, notably before Alexandra's birth in 1884, and at the height of Sonya's affair with Taneyev in 1897, he very nearly

left home. And in the latter instance, it is significant that he never destroyed the farewell letter to his wife, as if he sensed that his determination, though unfulfilled, was unaltered.

Yet these unhappy experiences also hindered him from going away, because he accepted them as a cross he must bear, out of love for Sonya and duty to his family. The unpleasant incident in his study in the early hours of the morning of October 28 suddenly simplified this inhibiting complex and provided the essential impulse to action. He left home to get away from Sonya, whom love and kindness could not change, but he had left also to realize his dream of a new life. On his own moral terms it was a weakness, as he had admitted to Marya Schmidt. He had lost his spiritual struggle and regained his humanity.

How hard it had been to take that step after so many years of doubt and hesitation. And somehow Tolstoy felt that it was irrevocable — there was no returning. Conscience, however, still tugged at him. He had been on the train only a short time when he turned to the silent, faithful Dushan and said mournfully: "I wonder how Sofya Andreyevna is now? I'm sorry for her."

With an effort Tolstoy finally put these sad thoughts out of his mind. "How fine it is to be free," he declared, as though trying to cheer up his anxious companion rather than himself. Soon he began to take an interest in the passengers sitting around him. The coach was full of peasants and workers. They had long been taking an interest in him, for some had recognized him and the word had gone around that this was the great Tolstoy. Naïvely he had imagined that he could escape from Yasnaya Polyana and hide himself from Sonya in some remote place, forgetting that his face was one of the best known in Russia. Reporters and police agents were quickly on his trail, and headlines — "Leo Tolstoy Leaves Yasnaya Polyana!" — shouted their news to the world before he even had time to select that peasant hut to which he would withdraw from the world "to live out his last days in peace and solitude."

If Tolstoy's features had failed to betray him, his conversation would have given him away. For he was soon engaged in an animated discussion with a peasant, a surveyor, and a student, and the subjects of course were his favorite ones — religion, the single tax of Henry George, the use of violence, and education. Warming up to the debate, he rose to his feet in order more forcefully to drive home his points, almost shouting so that he could be heard above the customary medley of train noises.

The discussion turned into a lecture as passengers from both ends of the coach left their seats and gathered around to listen to Russia's most famous man. The student assiduously took notes. This man, who a few hours before had stealthily run away from his wife to seek a peaceful retreat, now stood in a crowded third-class railway coach and expounded the eternal law, like some Biblical prophet

with his massive, gray-bearded head, emphatically declaring that he did not believe in a God who created the world but in One who lived in the consciousness of people.

After an hour of this Tolstoy grew weary and was content to sit quietly and listen approvingly to the accordion playing and tuneful songs of a group of workers at the rear of the coach. He had decided to visit his sister at the Shamardino Convent. The nearest station was Kozyolsk. Although it was only some seventy miles from Yasnaya Polyana, the trip consumed more than six hours. Dr. Makovitski, who detested Russian trains, bitterly declared that this incredibly slow ride under the most uncomfortable conditions helped to kill the ailing Tolstoy. Reaching Kozyolsk late in the afternoon, they drove by cab to Optina Monastery near Shamardino. Going to the monastery inn and asking for a room, Tolstoy said to the monk in charge: "My being here may perhaps be disagreeable to you. I'm Leo Tolstoy, excommunicated by the Church, and I've come to talk with your elders and tomorrow will go to my sister at Shamardino."

The monk politely replied that all were welcome there, and Tolstoy was assigned a comfortable room. He had sent a telegram and a letter to Alexandra to inform her and Chertkov of his whereabouts, and after posting his diary, he went to bed, "to try to sleep," as he wrote his daughter.

83

EARLY next morning A. P. Sergeyenko, one of Chertkov's assistants, arrived at the monastery inn for the obvious purpose of obtaining information on Tolstoy's condition and state of mind, which he would report to his employer. Chertkov had already written a letter for the press to explain the reasons that had obliged Tolstoy to leave home, and to express his own joy over this event. Sergeyenko's account of what had happened at Yasnaya Polyana after Tolstoy's departure, especially Sonya's attempt to drown herself, depressed Tolstoy. And in this disturbed frame of mind he wrote Alexandra a rather bitter letter, in which he said: "The chief thing is that they [his children] should understand and try to suggest to her [Sonya] that for me — with her spying, eavesdropping, eternal reproaches, her ordering me about, her constant control over me, her feigned hatred of the man nearest and most necessary to me, together with her evident hatred of me disguised as love — life was not merely unpleasant but simply impossible. If anyone should wish to drown, it is certainly not she but I. Let her know that I desire only one thing — freedom from her, from this falsity, pretense, and the hatred which fills her whole being."

Tolstoy walked around the familiar grounds of the monastery. If only they would not require him to go to church, he thought, how pleasant it would be to live the peaceful life of these monks. He wanted

very much to talk with the celebrated ascetic, Father Joseph, but as an excommunicate he felt awkward about intruding where his presence might not be desired.

In the afternoon he visited his sister Masha at Shamardino Convent. They both wept as he told her of his life at Yasnaya Polyana over the last few months and why he had felt it necessary to leave. Masha did not criticize his decision; she had long been aware of Sonya's hysterical behavior.

The next day, while he was again visiting his sister, Alexandra arrived with Varya Feokritov. The distance between Yasnaya Polyana and his first haven seemed to be lessening. Though he had asked his daughter not to attempt to join him until he summoned her, she had felt it necessary to come. The detailed account she gave of events at home alarmed him even more than the recital of Sergeyenko. And when she said that her mother had guessed where he was and threatened to pursue him, a kind of panic seized him. He decided to push on as soon as possible.

Alexandra brought her father several letters from the family, which did nothing to raise his drooping spirits. Tolstoy replied in a general letter to all the children. He wrote in a kindly spirit and tried to explain why he could not have acted otherwise. At the same time he also answered Sonya's letter which she had written on the day he left home. Any lingering hope she may have cherished that he would quickly return to her was stifled in the first sentence: "A meeting between us, and still more my return *now*, is entirely impossible." He pleaded with her to reconcile herself to his absence and try to understand his position. Her present mood and attempts to commit suicide, he said, made his return unthinkable, for she obviously still lacked control of herself, which had been the reason why he had gone away.

Yet he held out hope for her: "Try to direct your strength towards pacifying your soul," he wrote, "and not towards getting whatever you want, and then you will obtain what you desire. . . . Do not think," he added, "that I went away because I do not love you. I love and pity you with all my soul. But I cannot do otherwise than I am doing. . . . Farewell, dear Sonya, and may God help you! Life is not a joke, and we have no right to throw it away at our own caprice, and to measure it by length of time is also unreasonable."

That evening Tolstoy, Alexandra, and Dushan sat around the table in his room at the inn and with the aid of maps and train schedules planned their next move. He decided to go south to Novocherkassk and stay with relatives, the Denisenkos. From that point the plans became vague.

At four o'clock the next morning Tolstoy woke Alexandra. They must be off. He had already aroused Dushan. Sleep had deserted him that night, for the fear that Sonya might arrive at any moment tormented him. They were soon on their way to the Kozyolsk station, where they boarded an early morn-

ing train. The last lap of his great adventure in search of peace and solitude had begun.

84

THERE were no peasants and workmen in the second-class car, in which Tolstoy now traveled, to engage him in heart-warming discussions about religion, the land question, and education. He asked Alexandra for a newspaper and was much chagrined at reading all about his flight from home. In fact, nearly everybody on the train was reading and talking about it. His daughter overheard cynical remarks of unsuspecting passengers concerning her mother and father. In no time the news ran through the whole train that Tolstoy was on board, and Alexandra had to speak sharply in order to drive away would-be visitors from her father's compartment. A man with a red mustache walked up and down the aisle, stupidly disguised, now in the uniform of a railway employee, now in civilian clothes — the ubiquitous police agent. Tolstoy's secret plan of escape seemed to have become the common property of all.

Late in the afternoon Tolstoy experienced a severe chill. Dr. Makovitski took his temperature. It was slightly over a hundred. His fever rapidly increased. Fear gripped the little group, but Tolstoy, sensing their worry, tried to cheer them up. It seemed dangerous to continue the journey. Since the train stopped at Astapovo for a considerable wait, Dr. Makovitski hunted up the stationmaster and persuaded him to provide a bed for Tolstoy in his little house on the side of the railroad tracks. The sick man was at once helped to bed.

After a spell of slight convulsions, Tolstoy slept quite well and awoke the next morning, Monday, November 1, feeling much better and with a lowered temperature. He dictated a telegram to Chertkov about his illness, but declared his intention of continuing his journey. When Alexandra suggested that she inform the family, as she had promised to do if he should become seriously ill, he implored her not to. The only person he had any desire to see, he said, was Chertkov, and she at once telegraphed him to come.

Towards evening Tolstoy's condition grew worse; pneumonia had set in. Now thoroughly alarmed, Dr. Makovitski and Alexandra decided to call Dr. Nikitin from Moscow without seeking Tolstoy's permission. Alexandra sent a telegram to Sergei to ask him to secure the services of the Moscow physician at once.

Chertkov arrived with Sergeyenko on Tuesday morning. The two friends greeted each other with deep emotion. Chertkov kissed his hand and they both wept. Tolstoy plied him with questions about Yasnaya Polyana and the family. The agony of his past experiences with Sonya apparently still fresh in his mind, he asked him, according to Chertkov's account, to do everything possible to prevent her

from coming to him. When Chertkov reported that Sonya had agreed not to try to see her husband against his wish, he grew calmer. What Chertkov did not report was that Sonya, in the midst of her first grief over her husband's departure, had made an effort to be reconciled with his friend and her enemy. She had sent Bulgakov to Telyatinki to ask him to call.

"Why should I go?" said this high priest of spiritual love. "Merely in order that she should humble herself before me and ask my forgiveness? . . . It is simply a trick to get me to send a telegram to Leo Nikolayevich for her." He refused to go. But Sonya was so convinced he would grant her wish that she had already indiscreetly sent a telegram to her husband to announce that she had become reconciled with Chertkov.

That evening Tolstoy's son Sergei arrived. He had set out for Astapovo at once upon receiving his sister's telegram asking him to send Dr. Nikitin. At first Sergei hesitated to enter the room, for Tolstoy was still under the delusion that the family knew nothing of his whereabouts. His father was happy to see him but obviously disturbed over his arrival. Sergei calmed his fears by saying what was partly true — that he had learned his father was at Astapovo from a conductor on the train.

Since the sick man's condition did not show improvement, a physician from a neighboring town was called in. Tolstoy hopefully asked if he would be able to resume his journey within two days. When the doctor said that it would be more like two weeks, he turned his face to the wall. He was entirely unaware that the secret he so wished to preserve was humming in all directions on the telegraph and telephone wires. Police officials demanded to know from railroad officials why Tolstoy had not been removed to a hospital. Reporters from Moscow and Petersburg wired the stationmaster for detailed reports of the sick man. And one of these reporters had already informed Sonya that her husband was dangerously ill at Astapovo. She immediately hired a special car for herself, members of the family, and her doctor and nurse. They arrived at Astapovo very late at night on Tuesday.

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STILL fearful that Sonya would come, Tolstoy had asked Alexandra to wire his sons to prevent this, "because my heart is so weak that a meeting would be fatal, though otherwise I am better." This message was handed to Sonya after she arrived. On Wednesday morning the family held a council in the special car and decided that a meeting of their mother and father might be injurious to him. So long as there was a chance of his recovery, they would allow her to see him only if he desired it. All the doctors, and there were eventually five of them in attendance, emphatically supported this posi-

tion. With some complaining, Sonya agreed, for she said that she did not wish to cause her husband's death. They further decided that they would keep from their father any knowledge of the presence of the family at Astapovo, since he would guess that his wife was with them. Arrangements were made to live in the special car, which was placed on a siding. By now the stationmaster had moved out of his little house and given it up entirely to the sick man and his attendants.

By Thursday the attention of the world press centered on little Astapovo. The place swarmed with reporters, smoking, drinking, bored with the hourly bulletins and the absence of any sensational news. They held up anyone coming out of Tolstoy's room for a story, or ran down members of the family for a bit of human interest. Sonya was the only one willing to talk, and she talked to them at random, in her most irresponsible manner, even declaring that Tolstoy had left home as a kind of publicity stunt to attract attention to himself. Embittered by the fact that she was not allowed to see her husband, she persuaded the unsuspecting Alexandra to let her into the anteroom so that cameramen could film her as though she were really going to see Tolstoy. She wandered aimlessly around the station under the guard of her sons or her nurse.

At times she was escorted to the stationmaster's little house and would peer hopelessly through her husband's windows. Then the window in one of the other rooms would be opened and she would learn the latest news of his condition. Returning to the special car she gave vent to her tears. If only he could have read and answered the last letters she had written him. In them she had begged for mercy, protested her innocence in everything, and tried to explain away all her recent suspicions, spying, and eavesdropping as a result of "an irrational and passionate love" for him that had suddenly taken possession of her during those last months!

The tiny station restaurant labored overtime to feed the crowds and even tried to serve vegetarian meals for the Tolstoyans. The telegraph office was swamped with messages from all over the world. Government officials and police were frantically communicating with one another, wondering whether extra precautions should be taken to preserve order.

Meanwhile, Tolstoy, lying in his sick room, constantly attended by doctors and nurses, with Chertkov, Alexandra, Sergei, and Tanya in the anteroom, ready for any call, was entirely ignorant of all the worldly commotion over his illness. There was something tragically ironic in his leaving his beloved Yasnaya Polyana to seek an obscure life of peace and solitude only to find himself as never before the center of attention, care, and international interest.

From Thursday to Saturday Tolstoy's condition fluctuated, inspiring alternate hope and despair among all who attended him. The pneumonia was

accompanied by violent hiccoughing and severe heartburn, which caused him much discomfort, and the accumulated nervous exhaustion of the past months left him no vitality to combat disease. There were extended periods of delirium and semi-consciousness. He kept asking for someone to write down his thoughts. Though he struggled hard to dictate, nothing came or only a jumble of words. Then he would demand to have his statement read back to him and grew agitated when this could not be done. Chertkov solved the difficulty by reading back passages from his *Circle of Reading*, which calmed him.

Once, in a delirious state, he implored Alexandra to catch his words. She could make out nothing of what he said. "Come closer," he begged, "it is so simple." She bent down and strained at the sense, but all she could understand was: "To seek, always to seek." At another time he tried to say something to Tanya. She asked him to repeat it and finally caught the words: "On Sonya . . . on Sonya much is falling. We have arranged badly . . ."

On Saturday Tanya sat by his side while one of the doctors prepared a camphor injection. Shortly after the injection he suddenly sat upright and said in a distinct voice: "But I advise you to remember one thing: there are a multitude of people in the world, but you regard only one, Leo."

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DURING all his illness Tolstoy showed no fear of death, nor any regret over the thought that he might die. In a letter to Chertkov shortly before he left home, he had expressed the hope that he might meet his end in full possession of his faculties so as not to be deprived of the precious moments of dying, which may be so beautiful. But those beautiful moments were now denied him. His mind was often clouded and he was tormented by the memory of the recent tragic struggle with his wife and the fear that she might confront him with another hysterical outburst.

That Saturday night, when his condition was very bad, he said to his son Sergei: "I will go somewhere so that no one can interfere with me." Then he added in a loud tone of conviction: "To escape . . . I must escape!" Soon afterwards he called to Sergei and muttered some words which only Dushan could make out: "Truth . . . I love much."

Towards midnight Tolstoy began to sink very rapidly and the doctors lost all hope. Since he was now in much pain, they decided to give him a morphine injection. He objected to this but after the injection he grew quiet for several hours. The room was in semidarkness, illuminated by a single candle. Chertkov sat at the head of the bed, Sergei at the foot. The door leading to the next room had been opened. In there waited several people, among

them Tanya, Alexandra, and the brothers. Doctors came and went quietly. Only the labored breathing of the dying Tolstoy could be heard in the oppressive stillness.

At about two o'clock in the morning one of the doctors suggested that Sonya be called. Chertkov at once left the room. She entered, her face frozen in grief, and for a few moments stared at the bed from a distance, as though afraid to approach. Then she swiftly went to her husband, kissed his forehead, sank on her knees and murmured: "Forgive me!" Fearful that he might wake and recognize her, a doctor led her into the next room.

The effects of the morphine wore off about three o'clock, and Tolstoy began to move about and groan. His pulse action was barely perceptible and he did not regain consciousness. His breathing became slower and softer. Sonya came in again, knelt by his bed, and uttered words of love that he could no longer hear. His breathing ceased. Complete silence reigned, suddenly broken a few moments later by the sharp voice of one of the doctors announcing: "A quarter to six." It was November 7. Dr. Makovitski, "holy Dushan," faithful to the last, went up to the bed and closed Tolstoy's sightless eyes.

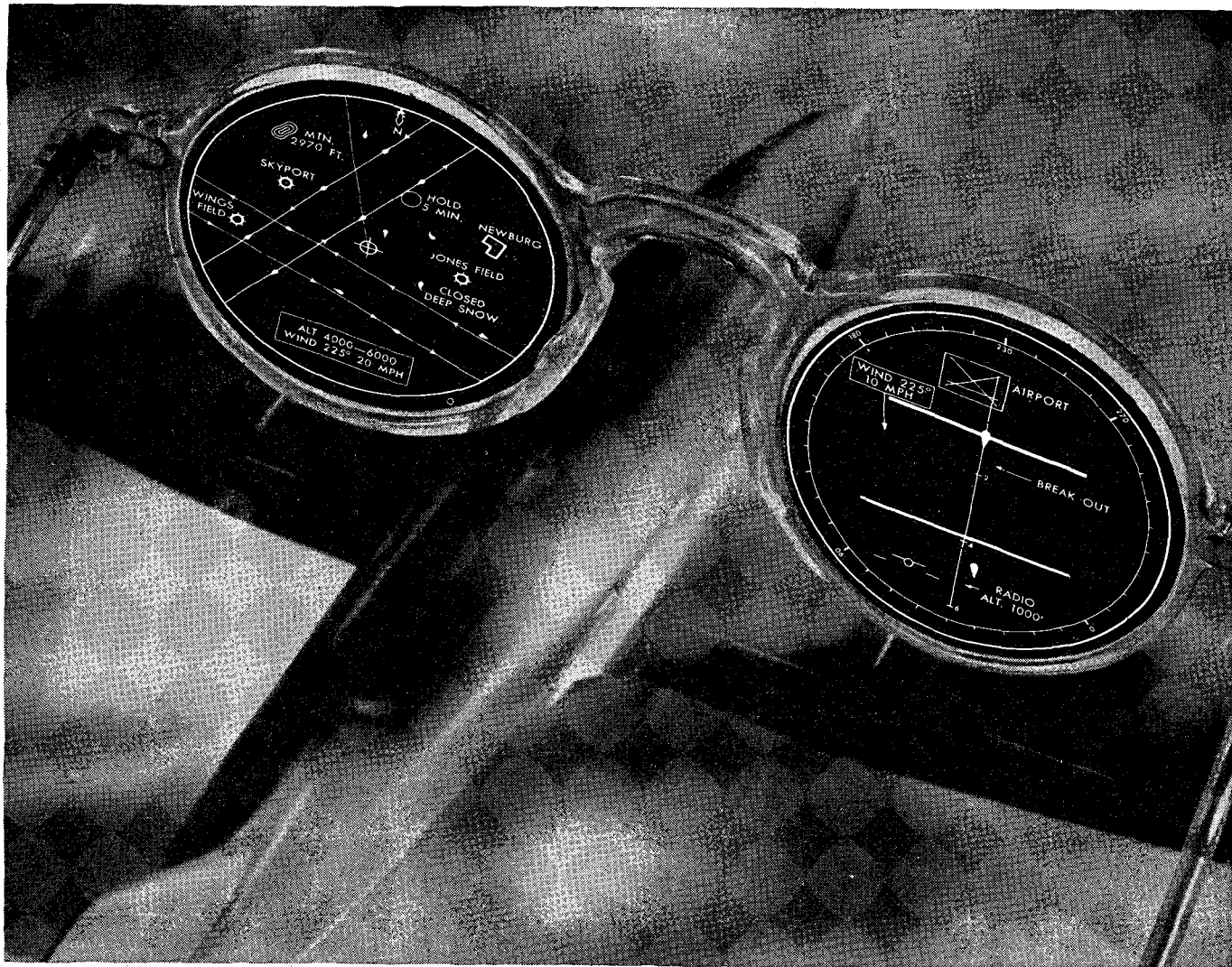
Throughout cities and towns of Russia hundreds of thousands of people waited patiently before the news centers, anxiously following the frequent bulletins from Astapovo. Finally the flash came: "Tolstoy is dead!" A hush fell over the crowds. All took off their hats. Some wept softly.

Two days later the train bearing the coffin arrived at Zaseka station near Yasnaya Polyana. Several thousands of people had assembled. Many thousands more would have come if the government had not forbade the railways to supply extra trains. Stout shoulders carried the coffin all the way to the house. A long file of silent people marched behind. In front two villagers bore a banner on poles, on which was inscribed: "Leo Nikolayevich, the memory of your kindness will not die among us orphaned peasants of Yasnaya Polyana."

For hours people filed by the open coffin in the house to take their last farewell. Then the coffin was closed and carried by Tolstoy's sons to the Zakaz woods near-by. All knelt bareheaded. "Eternal Memory" was sung, but no priests were present at this first public funeral in Russia without religious rites. Sonya stood with her family. She bore herself silently and with restraint. Chertkov was not present.

They buried Tolstoy in the spot he had selected, where his beloved brother Nikolai, when they were children together, had hidden the little green stick. On it was written that wonderful secret which, when known to mankind, would bring about a Golden Age on earth. Then all human misery and evil would vanish, and all men under the wide dome of heaven would be happy and love one another.

(The End)



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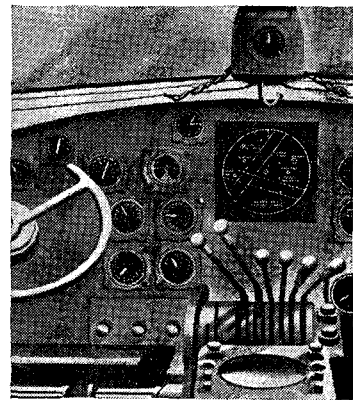
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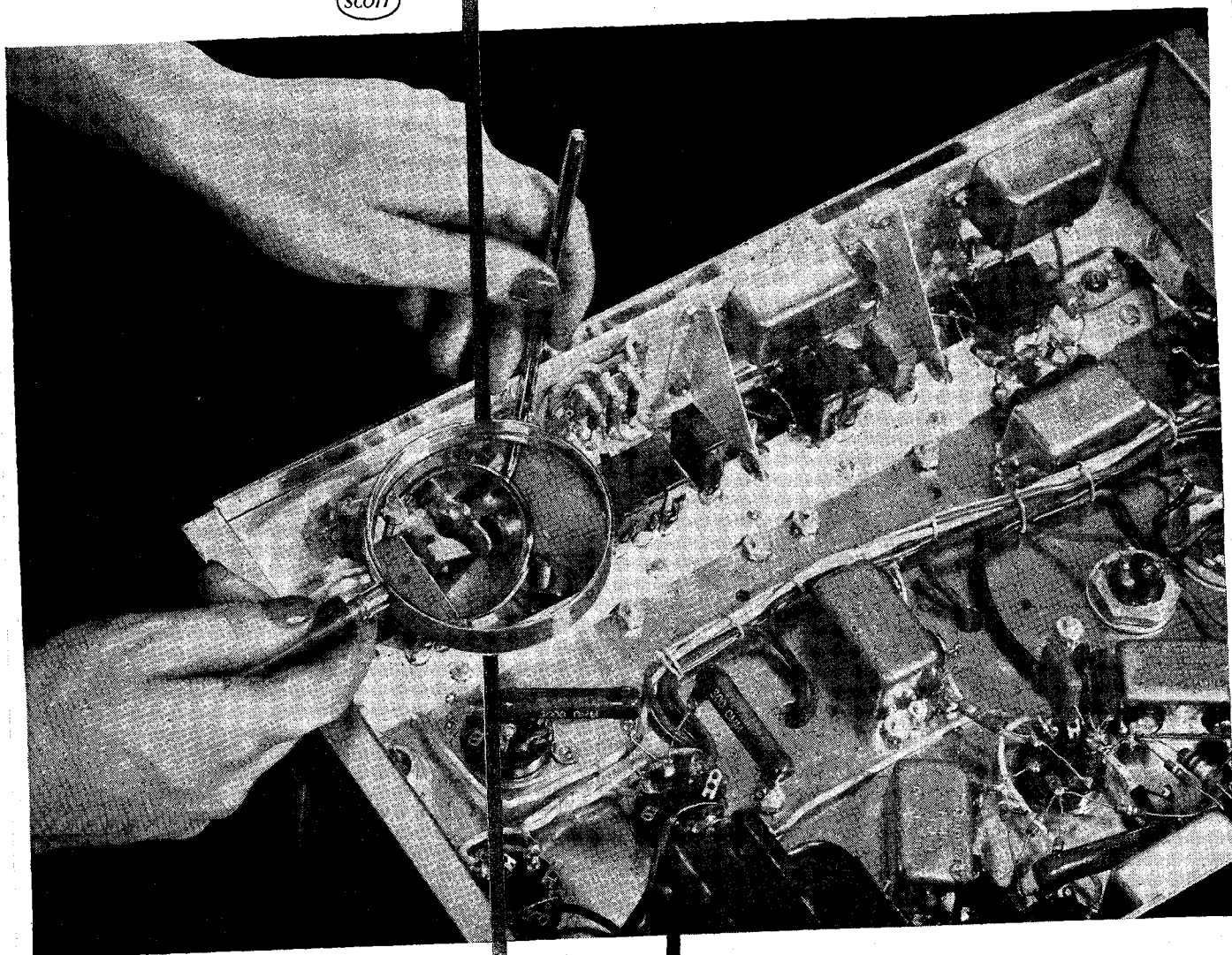
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